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MEMORIES OF ROME.

ST. PETER'S.

MEMORIES OF ROME.

BY

DENIS O'DONOVAN, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "HORÆ JUVENILES," ETC. ETC.

"Oft have I dreamed of thee!"—BYRON.

"Terrarum Dea, gentiumque, Roma,
Cui par est nihil, et nihil secundum."
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of works which have been already written on the Eternal City. "How," I may be asked, "could you resolve to write on Rome, a subject which has been exhausted by so many writers more illustrious, who have counted, one by one, every stone in its ruins, and measured every pillar and arch from St. Peter's to Santa Croce,—from the Villa Borghese to the Pyramid of Caius Cestius and the Thermæ of Caracalla?" To this objection, and to all those of a similar class, there is but one answer to be given—*they are obsolete.* In these days of ours, if it were permitted to describe those places only which are unknown, or nearly so, who would dare to lift the pen? The perfection of locomotion has rendered the universe too small; since the invention of steam, men make three steps like the gods, and they touch the extremities of the earth. We have *trains de plaisir* from Paris to Jerusalem; we picnic on the Pyramids, and have boating-parties on the Nile; we drink soda-water in the desert, and are as familiar with the Prater of Vienna and the Prado of Madrid as with certain quarters of the towns in which we habitually reside. There is, then, no longer any country which may be called unknown—the last veil has been drawn from the statue of Isis, and now we are better acquainted with the *mirabilia* of the antipodes than our ancestors were with the wonders of Naples or the Rhine.

There can be, then, no more valid objection to Rome, as the subject of a work, than to Tunis or Constantinople; all have alike been long since explored and accurately described.

Nay, further, it were not difficult to show that, in the case of the former, it is even of less value than in that of either of the latter; for Rome is a city whose interest is so much deeper, whose treasures are so much more multitudinous and various than any other on the earth, that even when the capitals of the Sultan and the Bey are worn-out and threadbare themes, the Mistress of the World will be still as inexhaustible as ever. The beauty and dimensions of its public edifices, which form the principal charm of ordinary cities, being but *one* out of the thousand attractions which belong to Rome, how precisely soever they may be all described,—the wonders of interest, which are connected neither with their form nor their height, and are in many instances distinct from them altogether, would still remain untouched. The minutest features, both of the ancient and modern city, may be portrayed with the nicest accuracy—not a balcony in the Corso nor a weed upon the Coliseum being forgotten,—and the mere *Guides aux Voyageurs* and the handbooks may be multiplied *ad infinitum*, and, as a usual consequence, *ad nauseam;* but still the secret of association which attaches even to names—the world-history written on its soil—the aims and results of generations worked upon its monuments—the wondrous influence of fascination exercised by the genius of the place—these, and many other mysteries of the Eternal City, will ever remain unfathomed, and but imperfectly revealed. "Il semble," says Madame de Staël, "qu'il est encore nécessaire d'être initié dans le secret de cette ville,"—a remark (including the pro-

voking *encore*) which will apply to Rome ages hence, as well as in the days of Oswald and Corinne.

Again, the very fact that Rome is a city of which so much has been said and written—which in all times since its foundation has commanded so much attention—seems to me but an additional argument in favour of the interest which such a subject, however viewed, must always continue to possess. Scarcely any two individuals will view the same locality, and bring away exactly the same impressions. Nature, that has not wished even two leaves to be alike, has put the same diversity between the minds of men. We must, then, always receive with a certain curiosity, at least, the account which each one has to give of the places he has visited; and more particularly so, when the spot described has, as in the present instance, such incomparably larger claims upon our interest than any other in the world. Indeed, I may here remark, that it is influenced by this argument, more than by the former, that I venture to offer the following pages to the public. I had neither the desire nor the leisure to compose a bookful of profundities—to reveal the *arcana* of recollections and associations—to disclose abstruse and hidden things, which are, perhaps, only felt, and will never be completely understood.

The scope of this work has been far a humbler one, as might have been expected, when the circumstances are considered under which it was commenced. I will not, however, make further allusion to my object here, as it has been fully described in the first of the following chapters, to which the reader is referred; but I

will merely add, with regard to this subject, that if the perusal of the present volume shall fill a few idle hours for any one as pleasantly as its composition has done for me, I shall have fully accomplished the only object for which I wrote; and if it shall correct a single false notion, or give one more accurate idea concerning any subject of which it treats—if it shall increase in the slightest degree the respect and veneration which is due to Rome, not only as the capital of religion, but also as the parent of civilization—or, if it shall help a single individual to understand more clearly the amiable character, the lofty qualities of head and heart with which its illustrious ruler is adorned, I shall feel myself rewarded even beyond my highest expectations.

D. O'D.

38, Main Street, Kinsale,
March 25th, 1859.

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MEMORIES OF ROME.

CHAPTER I.

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STRANGE things are those old thoughts that so often knock for entrance to the heart!—those memories that crowd around us with their precious store of relics gathered and saved as we pass along upon the road of life! That sweet, faint remembrance of the past, with what a spell it sways us! Thought follows thought; each brings something with it—a pearl upcast from waves that are now dim and distant—a flower from fields that have long since been trodden—and many, many sweet pictures of the loved olden times;—some, gay scenes, and fringed with light and gold; others, sad, and bound in darkness and ebony,—all loved and treasured by the heart. We first *think* of these things—we *dream* of them—and then the rest is feeling—deep, silent! From this we sometimes wake

to weep; but while it lasts how sweet it is! And this is not confined wholly to persons of a rich imagination; the poorest and the lowliest one has its bits of sunshine—its ancient bliss and sorrow, its old rude pictures of events and places. The peasant loves "the house where he was born;" he thinks with affection of the hills around it, which are radiant for ever with the brightness of his youth, and the river, whose familiar voice had once chimed into every sound of his lamentation and his joy. That summer lane is for ever beatified and canonized in his mind with the flood of a great happiness; and those dim, silent places are ever dark to him with the shadows of distress and death that once were on them. But meanly stocked, indeed, is the memory of the poor, illiterate, untravelled peasant, compared with the stately well-furnished recollection of him who has culled his treasures with care and taste amongst the brightest countries in the world. A thousand visions move his heart, which are not dreamt of by the natives who have never been expatriated from their home-soil. For it is not alone by the associations connected with our own existence that we are moved; scarcely less are we interested in localities sacred to the heroes of our race,—storied ground, peopled with names and persons famous in the world's annals,—the home of influences that have swayed the human kind, the repositories of the sublimest works of human genius. It is natural for us to seek these spots with eagerness,—we feel ourselves brought nearer to the great spirits which seem ever to linger amongst them in the glory with which they are invested.

Memory loves to dwell on them, and the mind is refined and exalted by the ideas which they suggest. It is of one of the most remarkable of these that I now propose to gather some recollections. I do not intend to write a history or a guide-book, but I will merely sketch a few of the thousand pictures of the Eternal City, on which I love to dwell in thought, and sometimes add what information my memory affords me at the moment.

Considered in almost what light you will, there is no city in the world more famous, more wonderful, than this city of Rome. Jerusalem has a greater attraction, in one point of view; but many of the most important relics which once made Jerusalem the universal centre of pilgrimage are now to be seen in Rome; and in any other way the Syrian village cannot bear a moment's comparison with "the mistress of the world." In Rome,—

> "As though
> Grandeur attracted grandeur, are beheld
> All things that strike, ennoble; from the depths
> Of Egypt, from the classic fields of Greece—
> Her groves her temples—all things that inspire
> Wonder, delight! Who would not say the forms
> Most perfect, most divine, had by consent
> Flock'd thither to abide eternally
> Within those silent chambers where they dwell,
> In happy intercourse?"

In Rome is crowded together all that is most interesting and most glorious to behold; the most valuable museums and the richest libraries, the finest pictures and the noblest statues, the most graceful fountains

and the most beautiful columns, the proudest temples and the most magnificent chapels, the most gorgeous palaces and the most splendid ruins. And then what associations hang about that name of Rome! City of glorious memories! how often my bosom thrilled as I trod your streets, and said, like Rogers, "I am in Rome."

> "Whence this excess of joy? What has befallen me?
> And from within a thrilling voice replies,
> Thou art in Rome!"

Looking at the Colosseum, I could not but be reminded that I stood in a city which was once the "Mighty Heart," not of one kingdom only, but of the whole earth. Strolling through the Forum Romanum, what a multitude of thoughts would force themselves upon me! Now I listened in imagination to the eloquent harangues of Cicero, and then the bloody tragedy of the innocent Virginia was before my sight. Now I saw the temples, the military columns, the rostra with which this "field of freedom, faction, fame, and blood" was dotted in the later years of the Commonwealth; and then the more splendid edifices and the statelier objects which were erected during the Empire, when the virtues that could cast a charm on lowly walls had taken their departure. Rambling along the Via Sacra, I could almost imagine that I sometimes heard the "*Quid agis?*" of my friend Horace, with whom it was a favourite promenade.

> Ibam forte Via Sacra, sicut meus est mos.

And then, turning to the living city and gazing at

St. Peter's, or wandering through the halls and chapels of the Vatican, other thoughts would come—thoughts more holy and not less sublime. In a word, looking where I would, I could not but feel the deep-seated, tremendous, enduring interest with which this wonderful city is invested, and admire the glorious works of human genius and the stupendous relics of human power with which it is filled to overflowing. Pagan times, middle ages, *renaissance*—all are there epitomized and represented; and for years you might dwell on—finding ever some new subject for thought or for wonder. Music, painting, sculpture, architecture—all the arts have done their utmost to make Rome attractive; and while Rome sings the *Miserere*, while she preserves the "Apollo" and the "Transfiguration," and while the dome of St. Peter's crowns that gorgeous church, thither students and men of taste will gather from every clime to be instructed and delighted.

But perhaps the interest of Rome is greater considered as the capital of Christendom, than even when viewed as the queen-city of the arts or the metropolis of the pagan world. We cannot, however, expect all to be as enthusiastic upon this point as we who believe Rome was the See of St. Peter, and that Pius IX., his successor, is, like him, the Vicegerent of Christ upon earth. But no one will deny the influence which the Vatican exercised upon the destinies of the world. Princes and people looked with equal reverence to the ecclesiastical palace where spiritual arms—the cross, the signet-ring, and the pen—wielded by a few venerable old men, decided the fate of nations. And few

will doubt that this power, exercised with the judgment, the mild virtues, and the truly Christian character for which the Roman pontiffs were generally remarkable, produced effects the most beneficial to society.

Consider it, then, how you may, be your faith what it will, you must acknowledge the greatness, the glory, and the interest with which is hallowed the name of Eternal Rome; and if you are liberal and enlightened, you will have little to find fault with in the city of the Popes. You cannot but be struck with the great decorum that everywhere meets you; no sights by day or night are suffered to offend your eye. The streets are early silent; the air is ever melodious with church or convent bells; from early morn till mid-day crowds are to be seen in every church performing their devotions before commencing the labours of the day. Every street corner, every shop, every private house, every public office has its Madonna, speaking of the piety of Rome; and if you spend the evening with any Roman family, you cannot but be edified, when the sweet voice of the *Angelus* bell floats through the open window, to find that every tongue is hushed in prayer; and when the bell once more is silent, to hear the words of peace and good-will—the affectionate *felicissima notte* with which each one greets the others, as though they were inspired with this kindliness of feeling in the moment of devotion that preceded its expression. And later, when refreshments are handed round, the chances are that two or three will touch them not. Inquire the reason, and some one may tell you that it is because this is Saturday, and they fast in honour of "La Santa

Vergine." Returning home, in all probability you may meet "Il Santissimo Sacraménto," which a priest is bearing to some obscure death-bed in a remote and dingy corner of the city. A few pious men precede it, with lighted tapers in their hands, and from every window hangs a lamp, to make bright the way of this lowly procession; and every head is bare, and every knee is bent as it slowly passes by. But I must not pursue this theme too far, though I confess my love for it would induce me to do so; and I know so much more that I might say in favour of the Romans that I feel anxious to give it utterance. If you look on what I have said with a one-sided glance, you may discover nothing but superstition, or perhaps idolatry, in the devotion of the Romans; but I believe that every man whose mind is not trammelled by sectarianism will agree with me in reverencing and admiring the profound sentiment of piety of which those acts are the expression.

Let those, then, who are burdened with such unworthy feelings shake them off; and if anything in Rome should appear contrary to their notions of fitness, let them believe that there is a reason for it, which would satisfy them if they knew it; and let us all be willing, largely and liberally, to give to Rome all the praise and all the admiration that the greatest minds have bestowed on it in every age. Every other spot in Europe is insignificant compared to Rome. Naples, with its dazzling bay, its islands, mountains, and promontories, is brilliant as the morning. I have the sweetest memory of Florence, lying at either side of that magnificent Arno, and stretched out at the foot of

and its beautiful granite obelisk—the majestic colonnade and the wondrous glorious dome. *Là voilà!* Who could look on this *ensemble* and not be moved? I was suddenly struck with awe and admiration. I gazed—I strove to grasp all in that hurried glance—my eye flew over its exact and harmonious proportions—it strained on the cupola,—a glimpse at the tops of the Vatican, and all was over! Our carriage drove rapidly on. One more glorious view from the Ponte S. Angelo, and we dashed into some narrow streets, which led to our hotel.

Next morning, at an early hour, I was again before St. Peter's, determined on gratifying somewhat further my curiosity, which was only awakened by the passing glance of the preceding night. The piazza of this masterpiece of architecture is altogether sublime;* the two semicircular rows of quadruple arches resting on more than three hundred pillars and pilasters, and adorned with nearly two hundred statues of colossal size, are grand and beautiful in the extreme. But that which mainly gives St. Peter's its sublimity is the towering dome.

> "The vast and wondrous dome,
> To which Diana's temple is a cell."

Passing by the Egyptian obelisk, which had once

* "The square before it," says Count Stolberg, "is worthy of the temple; the temple of the square—each of its kind is the most magnificent in the world."

This square was formerly so venerated, that Pius V. gave some of the earth from it to a Polish ambassador who had asked him for relics, saying to him, "Take this, I cannot give you anything more precious."

adorned the centre of Nero's circus, and still remains standing on its original site, I mounted the splendid flight of steps and reached the vestibule* of "the largest and most magnificent temple on the earth." Judge my emotion as I lifted the heavy veil of one of the inmost doorways. A moment I paused, looked back on the massive bronze gate with its beautiful bassi-relievi, then let fall the veil behind me, and all the glories of Saint Peter's burst upon my sight!

My eye shot up quick through the grand semicircular vault, with its sunk panels, and rich sculptures, and golden ornaments, and was only arrested by the gilt bronze spiral columns of the *baldacchino*.† I was impressed at once with the matchless sublimity of this

* The vestibule is entered by five openings. At the sides of this vestibule are two galleries, which present at their extremities an equestrian statue of heroic appearance, placed in a deep recess, covered with a canopy and drapery. On the right is Constantine, on the left Charlemagne. Constantine is represented at the moment when he beholds the cross under which he is to conquer; Charlemagne is crowned with laurel, after the manner of the Roman emperors. This portico is of such extraordinary magnificence, that a Swiss who had left his country expressly for the purpose of seeing St. Peter's, is said, after having examined it, to have been so delighted that he returned without thinking of entering the church, which he considered he had seen.

Corresponding with the five gates of the façade are five doors which open into the church. That on the right is walled up; it is called the Holy Gate (*la Porta Santa*), and since the year 1500 the solemnity of the Jubilee is commenced every twenty-five years by the opening of this gate, which ceremony is intended to represent the opening of a time of grace and mercy. It is again shut at the termination of the Jubilee.—*Journey from La Trappe to Rome.*

† These columns are of the Composite order, and covered with the richest ornaments and foliage. The canopy is over ninety-five feet high, and cost nearly £22,000.

wonderful church. I stood fixed to the spot. Long and ardently I drank in the wonders of the scene before me, and by degrees the greatness of the mighty building seemed to grow upon me; for, like all who look on St. Peter's for the first time, its proportions are so correct that I failed to appreciate its noble dimensions until I discovered by comparison the measurement of some of its details.* Thus the cherub supporters of the holy-water vases, which at first sight appeared but the ordinary size of infants, grew to the respectable altitude of about six feet each when I saw a human being beside them; and though St. Mark looks no larger than life, the pen in his hand turned out to be seven feet in length when I made a similar reference to the stature of some persons in the gallery overhead. In this way the gigantic structure insensibly enlarged itself on every side, and improved on the eye every moment.

It was not, however, till I examined more closely still, each of the different objects by which I was surrounded, that I obtained a correct idea of the astounding magnificence of this gorgeous basilica. Every chapel was filled with works of art of the greatest men that have

* This may in some measure be accounted for also by the elegant notion of Madame de Staël, who fancies the objects are not so much diminished as the spectator's faculties are elevated and enlarged when he finds himself for the first time within the precincts of this extraordinary edifice. Forsyth's remark upon the same subject is a very just one too. "Greatness," says that accurate observer, "is always relative. St. Paul's is greater because everything around it is little. At Rome the eye is accustomed to nobler dimensions, and measures St. Peter's by a larger scale."

lived in the tide of times. The fine arts seemed to have lavished all their riches here—on canvas or in mosaic, in marble or in bronze. There was the "Pietà" of Michael Angelo; the "Transfiguration" of Raphael; the "St. Sebastian," the "St. Jerome," and the "St. Francis," of Domenichino; the "Deposition" of Caravaggio; the "St. Petronilla" of Guercino; the "St. Peter" of Guido; the "Conception" of Bianchi; and the "Tomb of the Stuarts" by Canova. I walked up through that glorious avenue of wonders, and arrived at that part of the building which is so incomparably beyond all the rest—the spot immediately before the High Altar, and beneath the splendid crown of the whole—the great soul of the composition—Michael Angelo's cupola, which is raised over the centre of the plan. How shall I describe my feelings, as, standing over the grave of the Apostles, before which burned a hundred gilded lamps, I looked through that wide uninterrupted void to the height of more than four hundred feet? The effect is almost overpowering! Architecture can boast of nothing so sublimely impressive as this! There man shrinks, as it were, into nothingness before the wondrous work of man! All is sublime—and a sublime, as Forsyth remarks, peculiar to the genius of the immortal architect, and only comprehensible on the spot. Before the time of Michael Angelo the dome of the Pantheon had excited the wonder and admiration of mankind, and this Bramante, the first planner of St. Peter's, would have imitated in the modern church. But the dome of the Pantheon rested on columns, and attained no striking elevation.

To the illustrious Florentine it was reserved to conceive the daring idea of raising a similar cupola in the air,—a work which is one of the proudest triumphs ever achieved by human genius. The chair of St. Peter, at the extreme end of the church, supported by Bernini's four bronze statues, each twenty-two feet in height, next attracted my attention; and on my return a group of picturesque-looking peasants who surrounded it drew my notice to the bronze statue of "Jupiter Capitolinus," which has been recast into a "St. Peter." I strolled back, my eye catching at every step some new ornament in gold, in marble, or in lapis-lazuli; and once more I reached the piazza, my mind improved and elevated by my visit to St. Peter's. With an eloquent French writer, I must say that all the time I was there my thoughts were on God and eternity.

A few days after, I was invited to accompany some friends who had procured permission to ascend the dome; and here it was that I became fully aware of the magnitude of St. Peter's. Mounting the steps, which are so easy that mules are driven up them with their burdens, it seemed to me as if I had entered a small town. Everywhere I met houses, which served either as repositories of implements and materials, or are inhabited by the extensive population that dwell upon the roof of this stupendous church. On arriving at the foot of the dome, one of the inhabitants of this aërial village conducted us to an inside gallery, from which we had a view of the interior. And now we commenced the arduous task of ascending the dome. The higher we went the more uncomfortable we found ourselves,

on account of the oblique walls over the narrow staircase; and often when obliged to lean with our whole bodies to one side, our only encouragement and consolation were the marble plates, which told of royal and imperial personages who had performed the task before us. At length we reached the lantern, and the sight which there awaited us was one which well repaid our exertions. Beneath our feet was Eternal Rome,—

> "The city that by temperance, fortitude,
> And love of glory tower'd above the clouds,
> Then fell—but falling kept the highest seat.
> And in her loveliness, her pomp of woe,
> Still o'er the mind maintains, from age to age,
> Its empire undiminished."

Away on every side stretched the broad flat of the *Campagna*, bounded by the Tyrrhene gulf of the Mediterranean, whose bright blue waters mingled softly with the liquid light of that Italian sky; and nearer were the beautiful princely villas, the stately pine groves, the yellow vineyards, and the mountain convents scattered in profusion round the walls of the glorious city, and all seen through the medium of that pure transparent atmosphere without a cloud, without a vapour, or a smoke-wreath.

Before reaching this point, I should have said that a small door led from the stairs to another interior gallery, from which we had a second view into the church. The elevation of this point is so great that some of the ladies of our party could not be induced to venture out on the gallery; and even I myself felt my head grow dizzy as I gazed into the mighty depth, and beheld

human beings reduced to mere specks so many hundred feet below me.

But we had not yet completed our undertaking. We had still to penetrate the ball. Considering its appearance from the ground, we at first thought that it would not contain more than one or two persons, but were surprised to find that our whole party, which was twelve in number, could enter without the least inconvenience.

The same day we descended into the crypt, where we visited the shrine of the Apostles. So vast are the substructions of this mighty church, that it is said there is actually more material unseen below the surface of the ground than in the parts above which meet the eye.

On another occasion I visited the sacristy, which in itself is a very splendid edifice. Here I saw the gorgeous vestments of the pope,—the Dalmatica worn by Leo III. at the coronation of Charlemagne, over a thousand years ago,—the golden rose, which is blessed on the mid-Sunday of Lent, and sent as a present to some Catholic sovereign,—the costly altar-plate, and many other rich and interesting objects, of which I cannot attempt a catalogue here.

Thus I had "done," in tourist phraseology, the whole of St. Peter's. I did not, however, limit my visits to those I have mentioned. I have seen St. Peter's under every variety of circumstance,—when like a garment it wore the beauty of the morning,—when the sweet vesper song floated solemn through its vast extent,—when it was clad in the awful grandeur of night,—and when bathed in the brightness of the mid-day sun. I have

seen it when not a single individual paced its pavement, and when it was filled with all the pomp of the papal court, and the Roman hierarchy. I have seen it on days of humiliation, when the cardinals came in mourning robes to pray before its altars; and on days of triumph, when the imposing ceremonies of the Catholic Church had collected within its sacred precincts a vast crowd from every nation of the earth. I have seen it when the thrilling supplication of the far-famed "Miserere" wailed through its length and breadth, and when the joyous blast of the silver trumpets re-echoed through the dome. I have seen it from all the most advantageous *points de vue* within the city; from the tower of the Capitol, the front of the Quirinal Palace, the bridge of St. Angelo, the villa Pamfili Doria, and the public promenade on Monte Pincio; and I have seen it at the greatest distances from the hills of Baccano on the north, from the lower Apennines on the east, from the volcanic ridges of the Alban Mount on the south, and from the masthead of a ship at sea on the west,—distances so great that "the seven hills" themselves are scarcely more perceptible than distant waves, and the solitary dome alone meets the eye.

The best point of view, however, is that obtained from the Pincian Hill; and the best moment for enjoying it is towards sunset, as the dark mass then projects a bold and graceful outline against the bright western sky, and the horizontal rays of the sun piercing through and brilliantly lighting up the windows of the lantern produce quite a magical effect.

But the most gorgeous effect of all is that obtained

by the illumination of the church. At one hour of the night, in Italian time, or an hour after sunset, the whole splendid edifice is instantaneously lighted by four thousand lamps and two thousand fire-cups, and the glorious dome is converted into a hemisphere of liquid light. About an hour later every eye is watchful—scarce a sound is heard—anxious expectation is marked in every face—at length, boom! boom! goes the cannon, and in a moment every light on St. Peter's has changed its colour, and the deep golden hue it has assumed looks rich beyond description in the falling night. A murmur of applause bursts from the vast and varied concourse that fills the square. Awhile every tongue is loud in expressions of admiration. For a moment guttural German alternates with terse French in accents of delight, and sonorous Spanish mingles with mellifluous Italian in exclamations of surprise. And then the great crowd moves slowly off to enjoy the view from every possible elevation within and without the walls of the city.

A great inducement to make frequent visits to St. Peter's is the delightful temperature of the air within its vast enclosure,—it is cool in summer, and comfortably warm in winter; it is, in fact, almost invariable. Nothing can well be more exquisite than to escape on a hot summer's day from the streets of Rome, the glaring light and oppressive heat, and to seek refuge in the cool atmosphere of St. Peter's. And the winter at Rome is sometimes sufficiently severe to enhance the value of its mild and genial temperature at that season also. A similar advantage is enjoyed in

most of the great churches in the south of Europe, but in none to such a degree as in St. Peter's, where a perpetual spring may be said to reign. Nor is this produced by any actively artificial means: there are no fires or other modes of warming in winter, and there are no peculiar processes for ventilating or otherwise cooling in summer. It arises solely from the enormous thickness and solidity of the walls throughout; from the comparatively few and small apertures communicating with the external atmosphere; and from the immense bulk of the air inclosed within the temple that neither parts with nor receives heat in sufficient quantity to affect in any perceptible degree the equability of its temperature.

In a brief sketch like this, I cannot enter on any of the architectural details. Criticism has detected some minor faults, of which the greatest is the heavy structure of the façade, which more than half hides the cupola from the spectator in the square. But absolute perfection is not a faculty of man. As it is, however, a visit to St. Peter's is an exquisite pleasure, and one calculated to improve and elevate the soul of man. "No work of man," says Count Stolberg, "ever seized upon and filled my mind like this." Here, Byron says, the mind grows colossal,—

"Expanded by the glories of the spot."

CHAPTER III.

A WALK TO THE COLISEUM.

The Coliseum—Admiration of this glorious ruin—Comparison with St. Peter's—Walk from my hotel—The Gesù—Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus—Now occupied by the Church and Convent of the Ara Cœli—The *Bambino*—The Capitol—The Forum—Ruins of the Imperial Palace—Basilica of Constantine—Reflections—Arch of Titus—Arch of Constantine—Meta Sudans—The Coliseum—A few figures—Some description of the building—Fine masonry—Obligation to the Popes for the preservation of this noble Monument—Admirable idea of Pius IX—The Arena—Reflections—Wild beasts—Human victims—Bull-feast in the Fourteenth Century—The Coliseum placed under the protection of the Holy Martyrs—Various purposes to which it has been converted—Its present state—Origin of its name.

THE next great object of attraction was the Coliseum, the noblest and most stupendous work of the kind that antiquity can boast. I was not long in Rome when I paid my first visit to this magnificent amphitheatre; and though I had long before learned from Ammianus that "the human eye scarcely measures its height," no idea I had formed of it, however great, was for a moment disappointed. As I approached the majestic ruin, I was filled with no other feeling than the most unbounded admiration of the sublime spectacle that stood before me. Never before was my mind so suddenly and enduringly struck with the grandeur of any single object. St. Peter's is a prouder achievement of architectural skill, but it requires time to comprehend

fully its greatness; the Coliseum impresses you with its glory at once and for ever.

Starting from my hotel near the Pantheon,* I walked for over two miles upon the dust of a mighty empire, and gazed upon the most interesting relics of its power; yet I felt that everything I saw "hid its diminished head" before the vast and venerable figure of the Coliseum. Passing by the Gesù, which is one of the most magnificent modern churches in Rome, you soon reach the famous temple of Capitoline Jove,—at least, the site on which it stood, for the temple itself is no longer in existence.† It is now occupied by the church and convent of the "Ara Cœli," and the poor sons of Saint Francis minister here now to Christ, where once the patrician *pontifices* sacrificed to the king and father of their thirty thousand deities.

Seeing a large number of persons enter, I followed, and it being some day within the octave of Christmas, I had the pleasure of seeing the celebrated *bambino*,‡ or

* The *Albergo della Minerva*, in the Piazza of the same name, conveniently situated for those who devote more attention to the ancient than the modern city, but not as comfortable in some respects as other hotels of the same class in Rome.

† St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, and several other fathers of the Church, mention this temple as existing in their times; but after the eighth century we find no notice of it in any authorities which we possess. It was founded by Tarquinius Priscus, and was 200 feet in length and 185 feet in width. It was in this temple that the celebrated wolf of the Capitol was struck with lightning, as described by Cicero. (See Chap. XXII. for some further account of the Wolf of the Capitol.)

‡ The miraculous figure of the *Santissimo Bambino* is held in great veneration in Rome, on account of the many and extraordinary cures which it is well known have been effected by its agency. It is said to have been carved out of a tree which grew upon the Mount of Olives.

representation of the Infant Saviour in the manger, which is exhibited during that time. I also heard the children preach, which is really a treat to those who have the slightest knowledge of the language. The gestures and the *spirit* of eloquence displayed by those little ones are truly admirable.

Descending from the Capitol, which is principally a modern building, we arrive at the Forum, where the beautiful triumphal arch of Septimius Severus, some scattered pillars, remnants of the proud temples which once stood here, the "nameless column with a buried base," and a few mutilated porticos, are the sole existing, but precious relics, spared by the hand of time or excavated at the expense of the reigning pontiff.

From this, wending your way along the foot of the Palatine Hill, which is covered with the ruins of the Imperial Palace, you catch a passing glance of the Basilica of Constantine on your left, whose enormous arches, standing without the support of a single pillar, and the marble fragments on its sides, prove it to have been, at least, one of the largest and most magnificent temples in ancient Rome.

We linger about this spot—it is the tomb of the past—the burial-place of a sovereignty which once scarcely recognized a boundary. On every side are scattered in profusion the broken memorials of that universal empire whose spendid capital once sat upon this very ground we tread. The southern sun is bright upon them; but they look up to it sadly from their desolation,—pale, beautiful, scarred images of a glory that is gone. As I stand here, echoes of dead genera-

tions fall upon my ear, and the spirits of the past stalk before me, till I hesitate to say to which epoch of the world I belong. I think of that haughty race whose banners flaunted triumphantly on every shore; and then the silent records before me are eloquent with the lesson of their fall—the doom of all things mortal—decay and death! hastened sometimes, as perhaps in the present instance, by imprudence, but always inevitable as the decree of God. To the artist, the antiquary, and the moralist, this spot must be alike dear.

But let us not remain too long, else our "walk" will never have a termination. As we are not Jews, I suppose we will have no objection to pass beneath the arch of Titus; and whether we are Jews or Gentiles, we will be struck with the grace of its beautiful outline. Farther on, to the right, is the noble arch of Constantine, with the remains of the Meta Sudans before it, and fronting you stands the object for which we set out—the most wondrous sight of all—the glorious ruin of the Coliseum! There is no mistaking it; it is the vastest and sublimest of all the ruins. To this the mind unhesitatingly gives assent, and closer examination does not change its first impression. The ground on all sides has grown above the level of its foundation; yet the towering height and undoubted sublimity of the Coliseum seem to suffer no diminution from such a disadvantage.

But it is impossible to convey an adequate idea of this majestic building to him who has not seen it. The following figures, however, may enable the reader to realize in some way its giant extent. In round num-

days, during which time, according to Dio Cassius, 9,000 wild beasts were killed. But this was only a feeble commencement of the sanguinary sights that were to follow. Human victims came next, and captives and Christians in turn drenched the amphitheatre with their blood till the civilizing influence of a religion, which they first persecuted and afterwards embraced, elevated the Romans above such cruel and disgusting tastes. In the commencement of the sixth century these barbarous combats were for ever abolished; and, I believe, the only conflict which took place in the Coliseum since that date was the famous bull-fight in the fourteenth century, when the fair Jacova di Rovere led her band of matrons from beyond the Tiber to view the perilous engagement; and the congregated ladies of Rome smiled approvingly at the deeds of daring and of knightly address that were performed beneath their scarlet balconies. I do not approve of bull-fights, yet I would not for a moment have such a festival as this classed with the spectacles which once disgraced the Coliseum; for we cannot but feel that the noble volunteer who offers himself freely and fearlessly to contend for fame will excite a more generous sympathy than "the captive and malefactor who was reluctantly dragged to the scene of slaughter."

However, even the bull-fight fell before the advance of religious feeling; and in the seventeenth century Clement X. placed the Coliseum under the protection of the holy martyrs, thus rescuing it from the uses for which it had been constructed, that it might serve other and more worthy ones. It is strange, indeed, to con-

sider to what various purposes this noble building has been converted. It was by turns a fortress,—an hospital for the pest-stricken,—an asylum for robbers,—a den of forgers,—a *champ-clos,* where cavaliers did battle for their ladies,—and a quarry, which afforded material for the extensive residences for some of the most powerful nobles. To-day, however, the cross which hallows the centre of the amphitheatre, and the stations of the "Via Crucis" which encircle the arena, are the silent but efficient safeguards which protect the Coliseum from any similar desecration for the present or the future.

But now we have seen and talked enough of the Coliseum for the first visit. Returning home, we may speculate on the origin of its name. It is called the Flavian Amphitheatre, evidently from the fact of its being founded by the emperor Flavius Vespasian; but the origin of the word Coliseum is not quite so clear. Some say that the people called it the *Colosseum,* of which the modern name is a corruption to express their idea of its gigantic proportions. According to others, this title comes from a colossal statue of "Nero" 120 feet high, which stood near it. I am inclined, however, with the Marquis Maffei, to adopt the former supposition as the more probable, the amphitheatre at Capua having been also called the Colosseum, though no remarkably large statue stood in its vicinity; and the figure of "Nero" having been first put up at the top of the Via Sacra, and not transported to the Flavian Amphitheatre for some time after its erection.

CHAPTER IV.

OTHER VIEWS OF THE COLISEUM.

Italian moonlight—Extraordinary Phenomenon—Visit to the Coliseum by Moonlight—Peculiarly beautiful and impressive aspect which it then presents—Opinion of Matthews—Lord Byron's description—Devotions of the "Via Crucis"—Reflections—Historical Reminiscences—Religious Discourses in the Coliseum—Reference made to one in particular—The Franciscan Father—Leaving the Coliseum—Words of the Venerable Bede—(Quotation from Madame de Staël in the note).

BYRON makes all who go to Rome anxious to see the Coliseum by moonlight;* and as I shared this feeling in no small degree, I accepted with readiness an invitation to join a party who were about to avail themselves for that purpose of the opportunity afforded by a particularly favourable night. We started early, so that

* Madame de Staël has also had a considerable share in producing the desire that is felt to visit this wonderful ruin *au clair de la lune*. The following passage on the subject is highly picturesque, and a good specimen of her style:—

"Ce n'est pas connaître l'impression du Colisée que de ne l'avoir vu que de jour; il y a dans le soleil d'Italie un éclat qui donne à tout un air de fête; mais la lune est l'astre des ruines. Quelquefois à travers les ouvertures de l'amphithéâtre, qui semble s'élever jusqu'aux nues, une partie de la voûte du ciel paraît comme un rideau d'un bleu sombre placé derrière l'édifice. Les plantes qui s'attachent aux murs degradés, et croissent dans les lieux solitaires, se revêtent des couleurs de la nuit, l'âme frissonne et s'attendrit tout à la fois en se trouvant seule avec la nature.

"L'un des côtés de l'édifice est beaucoup plus degradé que l'autre; ainsi deux contemporains luttent inégalment contre le temps: il abat

we had the pleasure of enjoying that peculiar phenomenon which has rendered Italian moonlight so celebrated—I mean that beautiful mixture of daylight and moonlight, producing an effect which must charm every one who visits this favoured clime.

In our country the moon shines only when the sun is down; but in Italy they shine together in beautiful rivalry, and the effect of both is at the same time clearly perceptible. Here we sometimes see the light of the moon mingling with the twilight: in Italy there is little or no twilight; so that when the moon comes out

le plus faible, l'autre résiste encore et tombe bientôt après. Lieux solennels, s'écria Corinne, où dans ce moment nul être vivant existe avec moi, où ma voix seule répond à ma voix! Comment les orages des passions ne sont-ils pas apaisés par ce calme de la nature qui laisse si tranquillement passer les générations devant elle? L'univers, n'a-t-il pas un autre but que l'homme, et toutes ces merveilles sont-elles là seulement pour se réfléchir dans notre âme?"

One never knows the impression which the Coliseum can produce from seeing it in the daylight; there is in the sun of Italy a splendour which gives everything on which it shines a festive appearance; but the moon is the star of the ruins. Sometimes across the openings of the amphitheatre, which seems elevated to the clouds, a part of the heavens appear like a dark blue curtain behind the building. The plants which cling to the broken walls, and grow in the solitary places, are clothed with the colours of the night, and the soul shudders with emotion in finding herself alone with nature.

One side of the building is much more dilapidated than the other; thus two contemporaries struggle with unequal success against the ravages of time; the feebler one yielding first, the other resisting for a while and falling immediately after. "Solemn places," cried Corinne, "where at this moment no other living being exists with me, where my voice alone answers to my voice! How the storms of passion are appeased by this calm of nature, which allows generations to pass so quietly before it. Has the universe no other end than man, and are these wonders here only to be reflected in our soul?"

early, her light unites with the daylight, and causes an appearance which is the most attractive I have ever beheld. During the continuance of this phenomenon, all objects seemed without shadows, and illuminated by a peculiar light that looked artificial or supernatural. The colour of every object, as well as its form and detail, was as distinctly visible as at noon, and a second day seemed to have arisen on the one that was disappearing; but everything looked strangely transparent, as it was clothed in this extraordinary union of the two differently-coloured lights. The people that passed at some distance from us seemed not to touch the ground, but to be borne through the air with a pedestrian movement; and the scenes around us on every side seemed to be invested with a magical or fairy existence which I had never before seen, and which was beautiful beyond description. My imagination often loves to paint that sweet, blue, lucid day and moonlight eve; and I believe none who see it readily forget its charms.

But the sun had set before we arrived at the Coliseum, and the widowed ray of night's fair queen alone shone upon its hoary head. Hours and hours we stayed to admire the grand and solemn aspect of the old ruin, bathed in the tranquil splendour of that silvery light. The broken wall, with its fretwork of cold flowers, the moss-grown shaft, the shattered architrave, grew bright beneath its influence; and the mouldering arch and ruined pillar were flooded with a stream of gold and mystery. The poetry of the moon had touched with its inspirations the realities of the scene, and pro-

duced an illusion of the most pleasing kind—an illusion by which the bloom of youth was for a moment shed upon the face which time had furrowed; and the brow of death was transitorily flushed with the light of life. As the moon drifted slowly towards the zenith, outlined against a heaven of cloudless blue, the intense tranquillity of the hour, the witchery of the scene, and the associations of the spot combined to fill my soul with thoughts and images which are still present to my memory, but which no pen or pencil could reveal. . . . . The screech of the owl, as he fluttered through the ivy in some dark corner, or the sweet song of the nightingale from out some neighbouring vineyard, alone disturbed my meditations; and it was long after midnight when my friends and I left the Coliseum. Even then we quitted it reluctantly, promising ourselves to come often during our stay in Rome, to enjoy a treat so peculiarly delightful.*

* Il n'est point à Rome de champ plus fécond pour l'artiste, que cet amphithéâtre énorme, avec ses galeries à demi-ruinées, dont la végétation semble vouloir s'emparer. A toutes les heures du jour, elles se montrent sous des formes sublimes; mais c'est la nuit, au clair de la lune, ou à la lueur des flambeaux, que leur aspect prend ce caractère de grandeur terrible. Je n'ai point vu que la peinture, avec toutes ses couleurs, ait produit de plus grands effets que quelques dessins au simple bistre, rehaussés de blanc, qui représentent des parties de ces corridors ainsi éclairées.

On a bâti à Rome des palais entiers avec des fragments du Colisée. Le temps a pu l'outrager, les barbares du Nord y ont porté le ravage, et cependant le Colosse est encore debout. Toutes ces catastrophes ont pu lui nuire, mais non pas l'anéantir. Ces masses des rochers entassées pourront durer encore des siècles quoiqu'il s'en détache tous les ans quelques parties. Ce sont de faibles pertes, si l'on considère la grandeur du tout.

But the author of "Manfred" alone could do justice to the midnight glories of the Coliseum. "What can I say of the Coliseum?" asks Matthews, in the "Diary of an Invalid." "It must be *seen;* to describe it I should have thought impossible, if I had not read 'Manfred.' To see it aright, as the poet of the North tells us of the fair Melrose, one 'must see it by the pale moonlight.' The stillness of night, the whispering echoes, the moonlight shadows and the awful grandeur of the impending ruins, form a scene of romantic sublimity, such as Byron alone could describe as it deserves. His description is the very thing itself."

"The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful!
* * * * * * *
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering—upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome.
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bay'd beyond the Tiber; and
More near, from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song,
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appear'd to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bow-shot where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night amidst
A grove which springs through levell'd battlements
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths.
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;—
But the gladiators' bloody circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!

While Cæsar's chambers and the Augustan halls
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.
And thou didst shine, thou rolling Moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which soften'd down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up
As 'twere anew, the gap of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old!
The dead but scepter'd sovereigns who still rule
Our spirits from their urns."

Beautiful, however, as is the aspect of the splendid amphitheatre by moonlight, there are no circumstances under which it is more interesting than when religion has entered within its precincts, and the arena is hallowed with the footsteps of a prayerful multitude, as they follow the barefoot friar through the mournful stations of the *Via Dolorosa*. Any Friday and Sunday, between three and four o'clock, if you are walking near the Coliseum, you may catch the soul-touching words of the *Stabat Mater* as they float melodiously through arch or window; and entering, you may behold some poor Franciscan father, with coarse brown garb and shorn head, leading a pious and attentive congregation through the beautiful form of devotion I have mentioned. If we have any desire for the triumph of religion and the fall of pride and cruelty, we must be pleased indeed at this holy sight. Here, on this very arena, which was once red with her blood, the Church of God is now victorious; and the great monument of fallen power that so often resounded with the barbarous applause

of the Pagan Romans, now re-echoes with no other sound save the pious chant or solemn prayer of their Christian descendants. You will easily represent to yourself the purposes for which this devout band would have appeared here in other days: the poor monk perhaps to be consumed by fire or torn by the jaws of ravening beasts, and his followers to fall beneath the sword, or to expire amid the more horrid tortures which the odious spirit of persecution and fanaticism sometimes invented. The groups around will help you to form many a picture, too, of those cruel days when the mild spouse of Christ was infamous in the eyes of a Roman. You may imagine that strong man with arms folded on his breast, some heroic youth, who with firm determination stands prepared to meet all the fury of his relentless persecutors; and the tender girl by his side you may fancy some feeble virgin, whose burning faith inspires her with courage, beyond her age and sex, to endure the inhuman sufferings which await her. That aged couple, bent in prayer, will bring to your imagination scenes where a long life, adorned with every virtue, received its final reward in the crown of martyrdom; and the infant that clings to its mother's knee will remind you that not even the innocence of children sheltered them from that hell-born hate and rage which pursued everything that bore the name of Christian. And then looking to the ruined benches, you may picture to yourself the brutal crowd, who, with scoffing shout and gesture of scorn, applaud the horrible spectacles enacted for their amusement, and insult the agonized victims of their cruelty.

From these thoughts, perhaps, you are awakened by the impressive voice of the friar, who is delivering a discourse to his attentive auditory; and at such a moment how striking is the contrast to the subjects of your imagining! You start from your awful dreams to rejoice that they are no longer true, but that the very persons whom in fancy you saw "butchered to make a Roman holiday," enjoy the benefits of their religion on the same spot where their forefathers, in terrible reality, shed the last drop of their blood for professing it. I well recollect, one bright spring evening that I came here, how much I was pleased with the simple but touching sermon of one of those good fathers. He spoke on "Humility," and eloquently, indeed, he drew for his hearers an appropriate lesson from the fall of their proud ancestors, whose greatness of power and vastness of dominion were typified by the splendid ruin in which they stood. He exhorted them to put their glory in naught save the Cross of Christ, and to pursue with patience the way of suffering and humiliation which He had traced for them with His blood. His words were peculiarly affecting, and coming from such a man, whose order is one of the most zealous in cultivating this heavenly virtue, I am sure they made a deep impression on all who heard them. When he descended from the pulpit to perform the "Stations," looking at his poor dress and mild demeanour, I could not but feel that *he* at least practised what he preached.

And now let us take our leave of the Coliseum. As we follow the procession that moves slowly out through its mighty arch, and glance at the massive masonry and

enduring grandeur of the stupendous amphitheatre, we feel inclined to cry out in the proverbial language of the Venerable Bede :—"*Quamdiu stabit Colyseus, stabit et Roma; quando cadet Colyseus, cadet Roma; quando cadet Roma, cadet et mundus.*"—"As long as the Coliseum stands, Rome shall stand; when the Coliseum falls, Rome will fall; when Rome falls, the world will fall.'

CHAPTER V.

MY FIRST VISIT TO THE VATICAN.

The Royal Staircase—Reflections—The *Sala Regia*—Brilliant Assembly —*Capella Sistina*—The Frescoes—The Last Judgment—The Cardinals—Anecdote of an Englishman—The Pope—Feelings on first beholding the Sovereign Pontiff—His Appearance—Opinion of a Protestant Clergyman—Anecdote of a noble Lady—Allusion to the Generosity of the Pope towards the Irish—Dignified Assembly of the Pope and the Princes of the Church—Midnight Mass—Mass at S. Luigi—Remark of a French Gentleman on the Appearance of the Holy Father and the Cardinals.

I ENTERED the Vatican* for the first time on the night of the Vigil of Christmas,† having come thither to attend the mass which is celebrated in the Capella Sistina on that occasion. Passing by the party-coloured halberdiers that kept guard upon the entrance, I soon reached Bernini's wonderful staircase—*La Scala Regia*, the royal staircase! and truly a royal work it is. With a bold spring it reaches the great entrance-hall by four majestic flights of marble steps, adorned with a double row of beautiful Ionic pillars, and, taken altogether, it

* The name of this palace, which it takes from the hill on which it stands, will not fail to remind the reader of these beautiful lines of Horace:—

"Ut paterni
Fluminis ripæ, simul et jocosa
Redderet laudes tibi Vaticani
Montis imago."

Od. xx. lib. i.

† The Christmas of 1857.

probably the most magnificent structure of the kind in the world. Mounting this noble staircase, I had time to reflect on some of the associations connected with the world-famed palace I had entered. Events, ranging in their dates from the days of Leo the Isaurian and the Second Gregory to those of Napoleon the Third and Pius the Ninth, passed across my mind. I saw in imagination the Lombard Luitprand once more lay his cuirass and golden crown at the feet of the successor of Peter, and the brave and virtuous Pepin standing by the side of Stephen, of whose throne he was the strong and generous defender. I saw the mighty Charlemagne dismount from his horse and kiss the threshold of the apostles; and I heard the Cæsars of Franconia, at the bridge, the gate, and on the stairs of the Vatican, thrice pronounce the royal oath, by which they bound themselves to maintain the liberties of Rome. Later I saw the chair of the Sovereign Pontiff transported from the Tiber to the Rhone, and brought back again when Urban was devoutly saluted in the Vatican by the king of Cyprus, the queen of Naples, and the emperors of the East and West, as their common and venerable father. And in our own days I recollected the workings of evil men, by which affliction was for a time brought upon the generous heart of the present Pope, and the most interesting city in the world turned into a Pandemonium, in which were let loose all the demon passions of perverted human nature. And then I dwelt with fondness on the beautiful picture of France giving peace and the Pope again to Rome, and the French officer, with joy and veneration, laying the keys of the liberated

city at the feet of the Vicar of Christ. I was commencing to reflect on the fame of the great palace that was so intimately connected with all those various events, and whose name is still as significant and imposing to the Christian world as that of Rome itself was to the Pagan nations, when I entered the great hall which leads into the Sistine chapel, and which, like the staircase, has deservedly received the epithet of *royal*. This splendid apartment was filled with a large and gorgeous assembly, that awaited, in full dress, the opening of the *Capella*. Lay and ecclesiastical dignitaries, the gay and the noble, the grave and the devout, all pressed for the nearest position to the door of the "Sistine;" and when at length entrance was permitted, a rush was made, in which I fear that not even lace and crinoline were respected. In a moment every available space was occupied, and as I was fortunate enough to obtain an excellent position, I was able to occupy the time that elapsed before the arrival of the cardinals in satisfying a long-cherished desire to examine the renowned frescoes which adorn the walls and ceiling of this chapel; and surely the sublimity of conception, the grandeur of form, the anatomical perfection, and the breadth of manner which characterize these noble works of the immortal Buonarotti must strike with admiration even those of the most uncultivated taste. Magnificence of plan, amid endless variety of subordinate parts, the most perfect ease joined to the most perplexing difficulty, and the union of greatness with simplicity in the style, are features scarcely less remarkable; while the consummate skill and correctness displayed in the foreshorten-

ing of some of the figures will astonish and delight every lover of the arts.

On the flat central portion of the roof is a series of subjects from the Creation to the Deluge. In one of these the serpent is curious, being represented with the body of a female, after the manner of the early masters; and the Eve is remarkable as the most faultless personification of female beauty which the pencil has ever produced. The curved portion of the ceiling is filled with colossal figures of prophets and sibyls, represented in sitting posture; and nothing can be imagined finer or grander than these glorious compositions. Joel and Daniel, Ezekiel and Isaiah, glow with that prophetic inspiration which Angelo alone could portray; while the "Sibilla Erithræa" and the "Sibilla Lybica" seem very incarnations of feminine dignity and grace. How my eyes drank in that gorgeous universe of thought and colour! Those mighty sibyls!—those wondrously glorious prophets!—the magnificent processions!—the beautiful groups of angels!—they seemed to stand and live before me! The rich tree of knowledge—the Creator floating over the waters, and the celestial companies that rested on His flowing robes! How deeply I felt it all! what impressions they produced! Like Raphael, I stood amazed at the contemplation. The power of genius, the might of thought appeared to me grander influences at that moment than perhaps I had ever before imagined them to be!

At the four corners of the roof are represented four scenes from the history of the Jews; namely, "David and Goliath," "Judith and Holofernes," "The Healing

by the Brazen Serpent," and "The Punishment of Haman;" and in the arches over the windows, and the recesses between the prophets and sibyls, are some delightful illustrations of the life of our Blessed Lady, which are by no means least deserving of attention.

The walls are decorated with remarkable frescoes by other masters of the fifteenth century, and between the windows is a series of popes painted by the same eminent artists.

But the most extraordinary production in the chapel is certainly the "LAST JUDGMENT," which entirely covers the end wall opposite the entrance. In this great fresco, which is sixty feet high and thirty feet broad, Michael Angelo has traced with unequalled power the master-trait of every passion that dwells within the human heart. Nothing can surpass the adoring joy which beams upon the countenances of the just, and the agony and despair which darken the brows of the damned; while the expression of those who have just arisen from the graves, the feelings of those who meet, the sympathy of the angels, the imploring attitudes of the apostles and the other saints, and the appearance of Christ himself, the Judge of the living and the dead, are touched with a vigour of pencil, and a truthfulness to reality, that can never be too much admired.

It is, without doubt, a vast and marvellous composition; and spite of the criticisms of cold-blooded *cognoscenti*, and the minor faults it involves, it will ever continue, like the poem of Dante, whence the illustrious painter drew a large portion of his inspiration, to com-

mand the praise and wonder of all men who have taste and education to admire such things. I must confess, however, that I was more pleased with each figure and group individually, than with the composition as a whole. It seems to me that the different parts are wanting in that dependence on one another which they should possess; but I believe that this must be considered a defect in the art, and not in the artist, as it is beyond the power of painting to unite a multiplicity of figures in one view with the subordination and keeping which can be introduced into a smaller group.

While I was engaged in my criticisms of this sublime fresco, the cardinals commenced to make their appearance. Cardinal Gaudi was the first that arrived; and I well remember the active and graceful carriage with which he walked to his seat, and the winning expression of his agreeable countenance, which ever attracts the attention and admiration of all who behold him.

On seeing Cardinal Gaudi, a fidgety old Englishman near me, who seemed anxious to display his knowledge on these points, remarked to another who was with him, and was evidently a new arrival in the Eternal City, that he was "sorry for his sake, the cardinals did not wear their scarlet robes on that occasion, as they were much more magnificent than the white ones." He did not seem to be aware that Cardinal Gaudi, being a Dominican, is never robed otherwise than in *white;* and he was not a little astonished when the lively Prefect of the Propaganda, the erudite and amiable Cardinal

Barnabo, who next came out, appeared, as usual, clothed in red. His surprise, however, was complete when the Cardinal-General of the Capuchins came robed neither in red nor white, but wearing, with the flowing beard, the *brown* habit of his saintly order. The Englishman was puzzled; he assured his friend that he never before saw the cardinals wear robes of different colours, and in his perplexity he applied for information on the point to an ecclesiastic who stood beside him. This gentleman, who happened to be an English priest, courteously explained that the Dominican and the Capuchin were the only cardinals who were attired differently from the others, and that they wore the garb of the religious communities to which they belonged.

The fidgety old gentleman thanked the priest, but he appeared crest-fallen before his friend, to whom he endeavoured to excuse his ignorance by suggesting the probability of the Dominican and Capuchin being absent when he had seen the cardinals assembled on former occasions.

The benches now begin to fill. Amongst others, you may notice the dignified and benignant countenance of the Pope's cousin, Cardinal Ferretti, the striking profile of Cardinal Medici, the venerable figure of Patrizzi, the Cardinal-Vicar, and the royal head of Cardinal Andrea, the Archbishop of Naples. One of the last that came was Antonelli, the famous Prime Minister and Cardinal Secretary of State; and when he appeared, every eye was fixed with eager interest on the eminently intelligent face that marked one

of the ablest and most distinguished statesmen of the age.

But suddenly there is a murmur, a rustle! that indescribable breathing which expresses the curiosity and expectation of a crowd! The Pope is about to enter! Amid the varied and brilliant assembly that surrounded me—people of every clime and every religious persuasion—there was but one feeling at that instant,—impatient desire to see the Sovereign Pontiff. None, however, experienced this feeling in a higher degree than I did myself. Coming from a distant country,—one, too, which has ever been famed amongst the nations for its unwavering fidelity to the chair of Peter, and it being the first opportunity I had of seeing the Holy Father,—the moment was perhaps fraught with even a greater interest for me than for most others who were present. Soon I was gratified. A gorgeous procession poured out from the door at the Epistle side of the altar, in the midst of which my eye at once caught the sweet lineaments of that benign countenance which so well becomes the Father of the Christian world. When he ascended the throne at the Gospel side, I had a nearer and more distinct view of his Holiness; and as he rose at certain times to intone part of the divine office which preceded the Mass, I felt how suitable was that glorious face, that noble figure, and that sonorous voice, to the great high priest of God, the supreme pastor of the faithful. To use the words of an intelligent Protestant clergyman, whom I knew in Rome, "mildness, dignity, and benevolence seem to be personified in the present Pope." Every

look, every gesture expresses the sweetness of character with which nature has impressed him. Gentleness is the unvarying expression of that tender mouth; and the profound piety and exalted holiness that reigns within, shines brightly through those calm blue eyes. As the lips move in prayer, and the eyes are cast up to heaven, and the breast heaves with some holy aspiration, you cannot imagine a finer type of the spiritual sovereign, nor a more beautiful expression of devotion. He looked to be what he was, the father of God's people on earth; and every swell and pulse of his great heart seemed a prayer breathed for the children of his love. My veneration for the Pope, like that of all Catholics, was great even before I had seen him; but the first moment I gazed upon his majestic figure, and handsome, mild, earnest countenance, it was suddenly and largely increased. And I believe that even those who deny his spiritual authority do not behold him without experiencing somewhat of the same feeling. A noble lady, who is a convert to Catholicity, and with whose acquaintance I was honoured during my visit to Rome, informed me that her first step towards becoming a Catholic was the conviction that the Pope, whose face was heavenly charity itself, could not be Antichrist —a conviction which, until she had seen him, no amount of argument could induce her to adopt. And I have reason to know that this case is by no means a solitary instance of good impressions produced by the countenance of this great and holy Pope.

But in addition to the feelings which are shared by all who see him, from me, as an Irishman, he seemed to

have an additional title to respect and affection. When I reflected on the large-heartedness, the generosity, and the compassion, which Pius the Ninth displayed towards Ireland in the dark hour of her affliction, my heart bounded with love for that good pastor whose kindness I considered almost personal, as bestowed upon my poor suffering fellow-countrymen. I looked, then, on the face of the venerable Pio Nono with mingled feelings of affection and respect almost indescribable. And I write this without any attempt at flattery, which I would scorn to use even when speaking of a Pope, and which I am persuaded no man living would repel with more honest indignation than the illustrious subject of these remarks.

In general, I may add, that no assembly I had ever before beheld struck me with such an exalted sense of its augustness as those dignified princes of the Church, with the Pope enthroned at their head. And what meeting, indeed, could be imagined more glorious? Whether we consider the men, their rank, or the object of their meeting, nothing can be grander or more imposing. As men, they were the chosen ones, whose distinguished piety, whose intellectual powers, whose vast erudition, both sacred and profane, and a thousand other exalted qualities, natural and acquired, had marked them out, even amongst the most accomplished members of the Church, to be raised to its highest dignities. Their rank was one of the most elevated with which man can be adorned. Decked in the royal purple, and robed in their high ecclesiastical ornaments,

they stand on the same level with the sovereigns of the earth. The object of their meeting is the noblest which could call them together—to praise, and honour, and glorify Him to whose service they have devoted their holy lives and their lofty intellects. Then at their head was a monarch above all monarchs, one who united in himself the highest authorities that man can hold—spiritual and temporal sovereignty. Considered, therefore, in every respect, it would be difficult to conceive a more illustrious and venerable assembly. And when one of their number standing before the altar held up the spotless Lamb in sacrifice to His Father, and that splendid group of intellectual heads was bowed in lowly adoration of Him whom they believed as really present there as He once was on the heights of Calvary or of Thabor, I think all who saw them must at least have felt convinced that a firm faith in this divine mystery is by no means incompatible with the most distinguished piety, the highest natural gifts, and the profoundest mental acquirements.

At about one o'clock the Mass was concluded, and I left the Vatican gratified in all my highest expectations. The wonderful staircase, the splendid "Sala Regia," the gorgeous and picturesque crowd, and the renowned frescoes, are sights which can be seen nowhere else. But much as these things pleased me, I was more particularly struck with the appearance of the Pope and cardinals than with anything else I had seen, and the impressions which they produced on my mind were of a better, a higher, and a holier character. And the

same, I perceived, was felt by others; for when later the same night I assisted at the solemn Mass in S. Luigi dei Francesi, I heard a French gentleman remark to another who was with him, "Le peu que j'ai connu ce soir du Saint Père et des cardinaux doit m'encourager dans le sentier du bien."

CHAPTER VI.

A STROLL THROUGH THE GALLERIES OF THE VATICAN.

The Sala Ducale—Galleries of Raphael—Rooms of Raphael—Remarks on Raphael's Style of Painting—Raphael compared with Michael Angelo—The "School of Athens"—Other Works of this great Master—The Library—The Stanza de' Papiri—Manner in which the Books are kept—Curious Works in Print and Manuscript—Books condemned in the Index—Beautiful Vases and other Ornaments—Sacred Objects, &c. of early Christian Times—Fine Collection of Byzantine and Mediæval Italian Painting—Various other curious and interesting Objects—The Librarians of the Vatican—Some remarkable ones.

OPPOSITE the *Capella Sistina* you enter the *Sala Ducale,* in which the public consistories are held, when cardinals are first admitted into the Sacred College; and thence you can pass to the *Loggie di Raffaelle,* or Galleries of Raphael. Hither, in company with an Italian friend, I bent my steps on the first Monday after my arrival in Rome, that being the "open day," or the one on which this portion of the Vatican is thrown open gratuitously to the public. Raphael and his scholars under his immediate superintendence executed only a part of the frescoes on the walls; but his tasteful, creative mind traced the designs for all.* From one of these galleries a door opens into

* "These are called the galleries of *Raffaelle,* because painted by that great master or by his scholars. The first gallery in the middle story is the one executed by Raffaelle himself, or, to speak more correctly, partly by him and partly by his scholars, under his inspection, and not unfrequently retouched and corrected by his hand. In the thirteen arcades

the *Camere di Raffaelle,* or Rooms of Raphael, and in these I spent the greater part of the first day. These rooms are totally unfurnished, the cabinet-maker and the upholsterer had no business here; the soul and hand of D'Urbino* fills and beautifies them. Whoever

that compose the wing of the gallery is represented the History of the Old and part of the New Testament, beginning with the Creation and closing with the Last Supper. The plan, the arrangement, the ornaments of these celebrated pieces are in general great and beautiful; the fancy and expression oftentimes rise to the grand and even to the sublime. . . . . To the encomiums passed in general on the decorations of these galleries, I need not add that the intermediate ornaments, such as the *basso-relievos,* which are supposed to be antiques taken from the halls of the different thermæ, and the arabesques which separate and grace the different compartments, are much and justly admired."—*Classical Tour.*

* Raphael was born at Urbino in 1483, and was the son of a painter of no great merit. He learned the rudiments of painting from his father, and was afterwards placed under Pietro Perugino, whose style he imitated to such perfection that their works could scarcely be distinguished. His genius soon taught him to soar far beyond his instructor. He studied with ardour the sculptures of the ancient masters; he minutely examined the works of Leonardo da Vinci and of Michael Angelo; he availed himself of all that could be collected from the artists of his age, and at last struck out a manner which has been acknowledged perfect. During his brief career he exhibited proofs that he was gifted by the hand of Nature with excellences rarely bestowed. His manners were in the highest degree attractive, whilst the beauty of his countenance and form struck every beholder. He died at the early age of thirty-seven, in the year 1520, and was buried with the greatest pomp and magnificence in the church of Santa Maria ad Martyres, formerly the Pantheon.

The character and merits of Raphael and his great rival, Michael Angelo, are pretty well described by the editor of the *Classical Tour.* "The latter," he says, speaking of M. Angelo, "may be compared to the Old Testament, the former seems to have sought a model in the New. The one condemned his enemies to the society of the damned; the other exalted his friends to the company of the philosophers and sages of antiquity. The women of Michael Angelo may be 'moulds of

has thought of Raphael as the greatest of artists, the divinest of painters, the most perfect in manner, the most admirable in design, and the most graceful in execution, let him come here to see all these highest and fondest dreams beautifully and completely realized. He will not behold Raphael's greatest works—to these we will come later—but he will see productions which no other hand could form, and no other head conceive. Michael Angelo was more sublime; but Raphael excelled in every other quality. All the delightful parts of the art were his. The propriety, beauty, and majesty of his characters, his judicious contrivance of composition and correctness of drawing, are unequalled by any other artist; while the purity of his taste, the ineffable grace and softness of his pencil, and the elegance of his finish, are beyond all praise. As you look around, and walk from room to room, you will mark the simplicity and dignity with which the minutest objects are expressed and disposed, and the truth to nature and to reason that reigns in all his works. You will also be struck with the skilful display of other men's conceptions to his own purposes, and the art with which he draws all your attention from his accessory figures

generation,' but those of Raphael are the mistresses of our affections, and exalt our nature even to idolatry. The children of the former may 'teem with the man,' but who shall attempt to describe the intelligence beaming in the countenances of the boys of Foligno. The Transfiguration of Raphael displays the divinity of Christ, and teaches the lesson of faith. It was reserved to the perverse genius of his rival to depict the Son of God in the act of cursing man, and the Saviour of the human race reels from his hands the terrible minister of divine vengeance."

to fix it on the principal object of the piece. His portraits are remarkable as the representation of the great men of the age in which he lived; and his "Meeting of Leo and Attila," for a particularly good one of himself, introduced as a "crucifer" in the Pope's train. He is excellent in the characters of philosophers, apostles, and the like, and he invests the popes and cardinals with wonderful dignity and expression. In composition he was distinguished by the highest merit —the power of giving the appearance of chance to the arrangement of his figures. In design, he was chiefly characterized by an elegant simplicity; we nowhere meet in him the affected contrasts of Michael Angelo, or the studied attitudes of Guido. In invention he is principally remarkable for the genius and sagacity with which he seizes the most striking and energetic moment of time for representation. He was the best ethic painter the world produced. No man ever expressed the sentiments so happily in visage, attitude, and gesture. His "School of Athens" is to all intents and purposes a school of expression. Its admirable variety in the air and countenance of those four boys is a very miracle of art. This, indeed, seems to me by far the most wonderful of all the frescoes; it filled me with higher emotions of veneration for its great author than any of the others. I looked with intense satisfaction on the "Judgment of Solomon," and was charmed with "The Angels delivering Peter from Prison," and the "Coronation of Charlemagne;" but it was with rapture that I gazed on the "School of Athens." Often I returned, after having examined the others, to study more mi-

nutely this glorious fresco, and I believe it can never be sufficiently contemplated. I was, however, at length obliged to force myself from this delightful occupation, when my friend, drawing out his watch, announced, to my no small surprise, that it was already two o'clock. "Per Bacco," he exclaimed, "sono già le due!" "Bagatella!" I replied, convinced that I was not above an hour in the Vatican; but on application to my own "time-keeper," I found he was correct. "The Vatican closes," he added, "at three; and I think you cannot possibly see more in the remaining hour than the Library." I was inconsolable. Visions of the "Apollo," and the "Laocoon," and the "Antinous," and a thousand other things that I had often read and dreamt of, passed across my mind; but there was no help for it. I contented myself with quietly remarking to my friend, "Mi rincresce di non poter vedere il rimanente oggi," and I followed to the Library.

This is a magnificent range of building, covered with paintings throughout, and more than a thousand feet long. Several apartments branch off from this grand line, which are also very beautiful. The Stanza de' Papiri, or room of manuscripts, in particular pleased me very much. It is covered with frescoes by Mengs, and with a happy appropriateness, the designs, decorations, and marbles, in this splendid room are all in the Egyptian style. The books in this library are not kept in shelves, as with us, but locked up in presses. By means of my friend, however, I was gratified with an examination of many rare and curious works, both in print and manuscript. I was shown a very rich collection of

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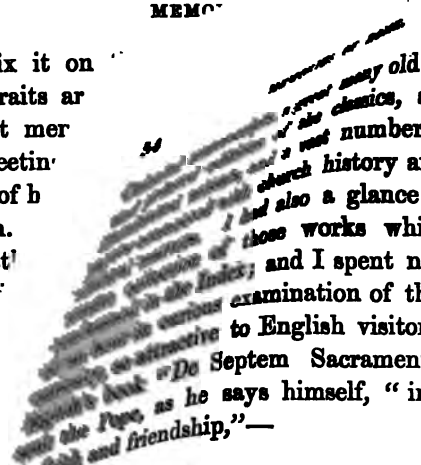

"Anglorum Rex Henricus Leo Decimo mittit
Hoc opus, et fidei testem et amicitiæ."

Besides books, there were many other things in the library that pleased and interested me. In particular, I may mention some of the beautiful vases, and other ornaments, presented by different sovereigns to the reigning Pope, some crosses and chalices used by the early Christians, and specimens of the instruments of torture employed in their persecution.

I was also interested with a view of St. Peter's, as designed by Michael Angelo, and one of the raising of the Vatican Obelisk by Fontana. Here, also, is a fine collection of Byzantine and Mediæval Italian paintings, and a curious Russian calendar of the seventeenth century in the form of a Greek cross. The celebrated fresco, called the "Nozze Aldobrandini," is also to be seen here. The bridegroom in this composition is considered by the accurate critic, John Bell, as the *finest*

thing he had ever seen! "His brown figure gives a singular appearance of hardihood, and token of having grappled with danger and felt the influence of burning suns. The limbs are drawn with inimitable skill,—slender, of the finest proportions, making the just medium between strength and agility; while the low sustaining posture resting firmly on the right hand, half turning towards the bride, is wonderfully conceived. A pleasing tone of purity reigns through the whole composition, in which nothing bacchanalian offends the eye or invades the chaste keeping of the scene." There is also here an interesting series of subjects from the "Odyssey," found in the ruins of a Roman house on the Esquiline, and a fine crucifix in rock crystal, with two medallions of our Lord's Passion, engraved in *intaglio*.

Altogether I must say that the hour I devoted to the Library on this occasion, and many hours which I passed there afterwards, were profitably and delightfully spent.

When three o'clock struck, I grumbled much at not having seen more of the Vatican. I was, however, somewhat pacified by the remark of my friend, which I believe was the only consolatory one he could have made under the circumstances. "Ci ritorneremo," said he, taking me by the arm, "ci ritorneremo un altro giorno." Returning home, the conversation turned on those who have held the office of Bibliothecarius in this famous library. It is usually held by one of the most learned of the cardinals, subordinate to whom are two sub-librarians and nine secretaries, distinguished for

their knowledge of Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Chinese, and various other languages. Amongst the celebrated librarians of modern times were Mai and Mezzofanti,—the former, from his skill and success in deciphering the "Acts of the Ancients," called the "Christopher Columbus of Libraries," and the latter well known as the celebrated possessor of over a hundred living languages. Holstenius, who was one of the most erudite men of the seventeenth century, was librarian of the Vatican. On his death, Leo Allatius succeeded; and the learned Evodius Assemani followed in the same honourable post. The last of these having been once a subject of the Ottoman Porte, and the others converts—Holstenius from Protestantism, and Allatius from the Greek Church—their appointment was celebrated by Pasquin in the following interesting distich :—

"Præfuit hæreticus, post hunc schismaticus, et nunc
Turca præest! Petri Bibliotheca vale!"

If my reader should regret, as I did, that we have not seen more of the Vatican in this "stroll," I can only say, for his satisfaction, like the Roman gentleman I have introduced, "We shall return to it another day,"—"Ci ritorneremo un altro giorno."

CHAPTER VII.

A FEW SKETCHES TAKEN IN THE VATICAN.

The "Apollo Belvedere"—Feelings on beholding this wonderful Statue—Lord Byron's Lines—The Laocoon—Compared with the Apollo—Opinions of Pliny and Michael Angelo—Description—Painful Appearance of Reality—View from the Balcony—Byron quoted again—The Antinous of the Vatican—General View of the Vatican Museum—Its glorious Treasures—Feelings experienced in walking through the splendid Halls—The Picture Gallery—The most wonderful Collection ever made—The Transfiguration—The Communion of St. Jerome—Admiration of these unrivalled Works—Comparison—The Madonna da Foligno—Remarks on the Figures of St. Francis and the Angel—Extent of the Vatican.

I HAVE reached the Belvedere gallery of the Vatican. I am standing in the sanctuary of its glory, alone with the divinity of the spot—alone, for I *see* nought else save him whose splendour abides within this shrine for ever! My spirit is disturbed—it seems to soar above its mortal bonds. I feel myself transported to Elysian bliss; I breathe the odour of ambrosia; I am intoxicated with the joys of nectar! My soul holds communion with divine intelligence, celestial power. It is the intelligence of Apollo, the power of art. With what majesty he moves! how noble is his gait! what proportion of limb! what beauty of countenance! Immortal serenity sits upon his brow; godlike disdain is on his lips; indignation and prowess distend his nostrils. And over all there is the flush of victory and the sweetness of the Delian god! . . . .

I have penetrated into regions of incorporeal beauty; I contemplate the glory of the supernatural; and yet this is the fairest form I behold. My mind wanders back to the far ages when the refined spirit of the Pantheistic Greek created such thoughts and shapes of attributes divine. I try to imagine the prophetic pattern, the visionary archetype, that existed in the artist's mind. My soul dwells upon the Integral Truth, which, in the system of Grecian mythology, was the innermost and formative nature of such a figure, the intactible essence that was thus typified, the depths of mystery thereby sought to be disclosed, and the unearthly influence worshipped under the sculptured semblance before me. . . . . I wake from my dreams; I wonder how men can talk of the advancement of an age, which, rejecting such things, would seek to give us in their stead, not, indeed, the holier notions by which they were once and for ever supplanted, but the atheistic beastliness of the socialist and the degrading indecency of the Mormon. Heaven help us! how poor a thing is human reason! What a mockery is the "march of intellect!"

Lord Byron's lines on this wonderful statue should be quoted by all who attempt to describe it:—

> "Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,
> The God of life, and poesy, and light—
> The Sun in human limbs array'd, and brow
> All radiant from his triumph in the fight;
> The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
> With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye
> And nostril, beautiful disdain, and might
> And majesty flash their full lightnings by,
> Developing in that one glance the Deity.

"But in his delicate form—a dream of love
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
Long'd for a deathless lover from above,
And madden'd in that vision—are express'd
All that ideal beauty ever bless'd
The mind with, in its most unearthly mood,
When each conception was a heavenly guest—
A ray of immortality—and stood
Starlike around until they gather'd to a God."

* * * * * *

I have left the "Apollo" and gone back to the "Laocoon." How different are the feelings it inspires! There is nothing of the godlike here, no supernatural dignity; I am transported to no unearthly sphere. Still the power and the capability of art is as manifest here as ever. It was not without reason that Michael Angelo called it a portentous work, and Pliny described it as the most excellent piece ever cut in marble. As a picture of distress, I can imagine nothing finer. Agony is written not only on the faces, but on every limb, on every muscle and sinew of this amazing group. Pain, like a shadow, overspreads the eyes—mortal pain! The languor of decaying strength is marked upon the fallen lip. Yet there is a vigour of mind expressed in the wrinkled forehead, and a power of resistance in the compressed eyebrow and the drawn-in loins. And that tenseness of every part, which shows the struggle that is waged within, is really inimitable. It is, next to the "Apollo," certainly the most remarkable work of sculpture that the ravages of time have spared us. The intense misery and suffering are so painfully real, that my eye steals out for relief through the

open balcony beyond, from the prodigies of art to the wonders of nature, to bright scenes tinged with the golden hues of this blissful clime. All is calm, balmy, beautiful! . . . . I am happy—gratified! . . . .

Byron has thrown the interest of his verse around this remarkable group also:—

> "Or, turning to the Vatican, go see
> Laocoon's torture dignifying pain—
> A father's love and mortal's agony
> With an immortal's patience blending:—vain
> The struggle; vain against the coiling strain
> And gripe and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
> The old man's clench; the long envenom'd chain,
> Rivets the living links,—the enormous asp
> Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp."

* * * * * *

The scene changes again—I am before the "Antinous," in whose justness of proportion, elegance of form, and youthful grace, are dreams of beauty which years of study may not fathom. That faultless figure, and its living posture, rich with so much ideal loveliness, shall ever remain amongst the worshipped visions of my memory!

* * * * * *

I stroll through the far-extending museum. Its impression never can be forgotten. Walls lined with marbles and rich in bassi-relievi; floors paved with mosaics—ancient and modern; ceilings glowing with painting and with gold; galleries filled with priceless gems and treasures! Statues, vases, candelabra; tombs, altars, medals, medallions; Egyptian, Etruscan, Grecian, and Roman

antiquities; plastic memorials, and catacombal inscriptions: all are found here. It is at once the grandest treasury of genius, and the noblest depository of art, of which the world in these days can boast. At the very entrance what sights await you! There is the sleeping Cleopatra, the wonderful "Nile," Michael Angelo's *torso*, which was called his "school." Wonder succeeds to wonder as you pursue the "labyrinthine courts;" galleries of treasure lengthen on your view at every step; and you feel lost in the exhaustless glory of the Vatican.

"Hall after hall, dome after dome,
Treasures of Egypt, Greece, and Rome,
Where all above, around, beneath,
The marble generations breathe,
And emptied tombs their wreck supply
To line the walls with imag'ry;
And golden roofs their radiance throw
O'er rich mosaics spread below,
And fountains in perpetual play
Temper with sparkling showers the day."

This is truly a triumph of art. My soul dilates as I pace those gorgeous halls and contemplate the glorious works—the sublime *chefs-d'œuvre* with which they are adorned. I know it is one of those pleasurable and spirit-stirring moments of existence to which memory will oft recur in days to come. I am exalted by the greatness of everything I behold. Amid such scenes I feel the chivalry of my nature excited, and the best qualities of my mind aroused! Here I feel like Hilliard beneath the dome of the neighbouring temple, that "to

act like the hero—to endure like the martyr," is but the natural condition of my existence.

* * * * * *

Beyond the halls of the Belvedere is the *Galleria dei Quadri* or picture-gallery. The collection is not so large as some others I have seen, but it is the most wonderful that artistic taste has ever made. There is not an indifferent picture in any room of this gallery, and some of the noblest creations of mortal genius are glowing on its walls. All the great artists are represented here in their mightiest works. I pass from the contemplation of Murillo's skill and sweetness to the truthful colouring of Titian; from the grace and delicacy of Corregio to the sublimity of Buonarotti; from the ease and dignity of Poussin to the wondrous lights and darks of Leonado da Vinci. But there is one room which is the chief attraction. Though small, the largest crowd is here. I enter—the cause at once is manifest. Here are enshrined the two most glorious paintings that the hand of man has ever formed—the "Transfiguration of Christ," by Raphael, and the "Communion of St. Jerome," by Domenichino. Every eye is bent on them. There are around me people of various climes—dusky Spaniards, florid Germans, lively Frenchmen, grave Britishers, gentlemen dangling *lorgnons*, ladies *operating* with *lorgnettes*, and all are riveted in contemplation of the master-works before them. Their earnest and attentive gaze expresses the tribute of homage which their tastes and feeling, otherwise so varying, conspire to pay those unequalled wonders of the pencil. They are both so perfect that it is almost

impossible to say which is the more excellent. For my own part, however, I give without question the palm of superiority to the "Transfiguration." In this piece the head and attitude of the Saviour are distinguished by a divine majesty and sublimity which are inconceivable; and the surprising lightness of the figure, that hovers like some bright exhalation in the air, is undoubtedly beyond imitation. Long and lovingly I dwell upon the glory of this wonderful production, till my soul seems lost in the celestial light before which the "well-beloved" veil their faces. My thoughts are elevated with the ascending figure. I drink in heavenly inspirations. My breast heaves, but its emotions are sanctified by the holiness of the scene, and I cry out from my heart with Peter, "Lord! it is good for us to be here!"

Fittingly, indeed, was this glorious composition suspended over the couch on which the dead body of its immortal author lay in state, and only meet was it that the citizens of Rome thronged around his bier to pay their last offering of respect to his remains, and of admiration to the greatest of his works.

"And when all beheld
Him where he lay, how changed from yesterday—
Him in that hour cut off, and at his head
His last great work, when entering in they look'd
Now on the dead, then on that masterpiece—
Now on his face, lifeless and colourless,
Then on those forms divine, that lived and breathed
And would live on for ages—all were moved,
And sighs burst forth, and loudest lamentations."

In this room is also Raphael's celebrated "Madonna da Foligno," a picture which is scarcely less remarkable

than either of the others. Never was character so admirably expressed, even by him who excelled all others in that respect. The figure of St. Francis is the perfect embodiment of all the devotion and severe sanctity of life for which his memory is holy, and the angel standing between the groups is the very personification of childlike sweetness and celestial beauty.

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Much are some of the many wonders of the Vatican! In a palace which contains no less than 4,422 rooms I cannot possibly refer to all. I am obliged to leave whole compartments untouched.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHRISTMAS IN ROME.

Ceremonies during the night—Beautiful singing of the French Nuns—Celebrations in the Choir-chapel of St. Peter's—The celebrated Offertory—Solemn appearance of St. Peter's by daybreak—Early devotion of the Romans—The Papal High Mass—Remarkable strangers present—The general assembly—Striking illustration of the unity of the Church—Strictures on the conduct of some non-Catholic strangers—Instances of their irreverent behaviour on some occasions—In most cases the result of thoughtlessness—Shown by their general readiness to desist when remonstrated with—Stringent measures should be adopted with those who will not be otherwise corrected—Social aspect of Christmas in Rome—Domestic festivities—The evening spent with a Roman family of distinction.

BESIDES the ceremonies in the Sistine, at which I have already glanced, there are a great many others during the night, which well compensate the stranger for his loss of rest.

At the French church of San Luigi, the Holy Sacrament was exposed in the form of the *Quarant' Ore,** during Matins and High Mass, and the splendour of the illumination produced an effect really gorgeous in the extreme. At Santa Maria Maggiore there was the procession of the cradle of our Lord, a richly-enshrined relic, brought to Rome by order of Pope Theodore, about the middle of the seventh century.† At Ara

* The Forty Hours' Adoration of the most Blessed Sacrament.

† This relic, which is called the *Presepe*, is composed of five boards of the manger in which our Lord lay after his birth. They are inclosed

Cœli the celebrated representation of the Nativity is first thrown open on this night.* At the church of the Trinità de' Monti, which belongs to French nuns of the Sacre Cœur, those who can obtain admission enjoy a musical treat, which is scarcely equalled by any other performance of the kind in Rome. For expression of tenderness and pathos it is certainly second to none.

But of all the celebrations which I attended this night those in the choir-chapel of St. Peter's struck me as far the most picturesque and beautiful. Indeed, few things I have ever seen more enchanted my eye and impressed my mind. Imagine the great edifice wrapped in midnight gloom, not even a faint ray struggles through the lofty windows of the cupola; a glimmering light alone strays from the lamps around the sepulchre,†

in an urn of crystal and silver, with a fine gilt figure of the infant Saviour on the top. It was brought from Bethlehem at the time that the remains of St. Jerome were also removed.

* This interesting church is, as I have mentioned before, built on the site of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. It derives its name from the altar erected by Augustus to commemorate the prophecy of the Cumæan sibyl respecting the coming of our Saviour. The Franciscan friars, who have their head-quarters in the adjoining convent, are famous for this representation of the Nativity, it having been originated by the seraphic founder of their order.

† The Sepulchre of the Apostle. It is also called the *Confessional*, "an appellation," says Eustace, "which it has communicated to the altar and the canopy. The descent to it is before, that is to the west of the altar, where a large open space leaves room for a double flight of steps, and for an area before two brass folding-doors, that admit into a vault, whose grated floor is directly over the tomb." It is surrounded by a circular balustrade of marble. On this are suspended ninety-three lamps, which are burning night and day. Here is the beautiful statue of Pius VI. by Canova, which is one of the finest sepulchral monuments in St. Peter's. The staircase, its balustrade, the pavement of the area,

all else is dark and silent; the mighty monument and the overwhelming crowd seem a presence felt rather than seen. Imagine then the fair sanctuary by its side, radiant with the dazzling light which a thousand torches fling from the beautiful clustering palm-like candelabra. The canons, robed in copes of gold and silver, chant the solemn lauds and matins, and two grand organs peal forth their glorious accompaniment. Looking from the nave outside through the open gates of this splendid chapel, how singularly striking and impressive is the contrast. Here, darkness, voiceless, rayless—there, light, and sound, and glory! Here, nothing—there, triumph!

But the chief attraction of this splendid solemnity is the far-famed "offertory," which is a setting of the beautiful sequence "Quem vidistis Pastores." Nothing I have ever heard surpasses the holy exultation, the sublime jubilee of this heavenly symphony. As I listen to its sacred strains, rendered with all the skilful taste and feeling of the papal choir, and gaze upon the unwonted grandeur of the scene, I feel raised above the affairs of mortals, I seem to join in the song of triumph which the Church in heaven unites with the

and the walls around, are all lined with alabaster, lapis lazuli, verde antique, and other beautiful and valuable marbles. The following lines referring to the precious relics which are here deposited are worthy of being remembered:—

"Nunc, O cruore purpurata nobili
Novisque felix Roma conditoribus
Horum tropæis aucta quanto verius
Regina fulges orbe toto civitas!"—*Brev. Par.*

Church on earth in pouring forth to the honour of Him on high the anniversary of whose nativity this night is celebrated.

* * * * * *

The first grey dawn of morning is stealing into St. Peter's. As it struggles feebly with the darkness through the vast aisles, the massive architecture and the great proportions of the mighty building seem strangely awful and impressive. The colossal statues appear visionary and terrible in the pale, incipient twilight, and the golden vaults and glorious cupola seem exalted by the mystic influence of the hour to a shadowy height, in which the eye is lost, and to which the mind can scarcely reach. The great church wears its most solitary and awe-inspiring air, when suddenly it is enlivened by the large and pious crowds of the faithful that are pouring in to assist at the early masses by which they are about to sanctify the dawning of this glorious festival.

Scarce has the first ray of morning brightened the horizon, when the Romans are astir to perform their devotions. Soon a priest is at every altar, a pious crowd is bent in adoration, and the Unbloody Sacrifice is offered up amid all the mystic solemnity and unearthly grandeur of the time and scene. It is a sight never to be forgotten. Often, when the recollection of gayer and more brilliant spectacles shall have faded from my mind, will the shadows of this Christmas morning float across my memory. Blessed be the good and pious flock that comes here to *feel* such things, not attracted by any gorgeous ceremonial—for there is none—but

simply induced by the opportunities thus afforded them of discharging with recollectedness and piety the religious obligations of the day, and thus preparing themselves the more worthily to assist at the grand and imposing rites by which the Church makes known her gladness on the birthday of her Spouse!

But the climax of Christmas celebrations is the grand Papal High Mass. To a serious mind no act of devotion can be more impressive—no idea of Christian worship grander than this—the Supreme Pontiff offering up the Holy Sacrifice, with all its circumstances of unequalled pomp, over the tomb of Peter, and in the proudest structure ever dedicated to religion. The glorious company of ecclesiastics, the decorations of the great Basilica, and the lofty scale and magnificence of the entire ceremony, are sights whose splendour and beauty are not even approached by the corresponding observances of the day in any other church. As usual, a large crowd of strangers was present, attracted from all countries of the earth by the fame of those extraordinary and sublime rites. Of these, Queen Maria Christina of Spain and the Duke of Riansares were the most distinguished. Amongst the general assembly it was curious to note the novelty and richness of the various costumes, differing according to the rank or race of those who wore them. There were monks in the picturesque garbs of their orders, officers in gorgeous uniforms, students in academical robes, diplomatists in grand *gala*, ladies and princesses in full dress, and peasants from the mountain regions in their pretty holiday attire, of which fashion has not yet deprived

them. The most careless observer cannot but look on such a sight as a striking illustration of the universality and unity of that Church, for the celebration of whose mysteries people of every clime and class are here gathered to its seat and centre. "Yes, verily, their sound hath gone forth into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the whole world;" and all "with one mind and one mouth glorify God and the Father of our Lord."

I cannot, however, help remarking here that the conduct of some of the non-Catholic strangers present on this occasion—and in general at all the remarkable ceremonies—was far from being as reverent as the sanctity of the worship, the sacredness of the place, or even the commonest regard for the feelings of those into whose religious society they had intruded, would appear to demand. I do not mean to say that many offend in this way; but I have scarcely ever attended the celebrations of any great festival in Rome that I have not noticed at least two or three who took this means of displaying their want of breeding and religion. Indeed, the numbers of those who use opera-glasses and indulge in pic-nic parties on these occasions, could by no means be expressed by so small a figure. I can, however, imagine some excuse for a little curiosity, particularly when shown by the fair portion of the congregation, and perhaps an attempt at apology might be made for the little refreshment scenes which may sometimes be detected in secluded corners during the lengthy ceremonies of the *Settimana Santa;* but I know no plea which can justify scandalous conversa-

tions and intentionally irreverent deportment in any house devoted to purposes of religion, and more especially during the solemn moments of public worship. One would imagine often, in walking through St. Peter's, that it was nothing more than a vast exhibition or museum,—people lounge and chat and amuse themselves so freely there, and the indecent remarks and studied contempt for the holiness of the spot are in some cases altogether insupportable. On one occasion, whilst hearing mass in a chapel of this church, in company with a friend, I experienced a great deal of annoyance and distraction from the unseasonable interest which a gentleman seemed to take in the mosaic that hung over the altar. He passed so often from side to side in order to obtain the proper light for its examination, and showed so complete a disregard for the holy mysteries, and those who were assisting at their celebration, that I found it impossible to preserve the undivided attention and recollectedness that the act in which I was engaged undoubtedly required. I would, however, have borne with this, had he proceeded no farther; but when, as if emboldened by impunity, he stepped inside the railing of the sanctuary to view more closely the object of his curiosity, I felt that longer endurance would be actually criminal, and was just about to rise for the purpose of remonstrating with him, when I was anticipated by my friend, who, evidently suffering from the same annoyance, motioned to him to leave the sacred spot into which he had intruded, and stand aside from between the people and the altar. I am glad to say that he instantly obeyed,

and even made a polite apology for his behaviour when mass was ended. This leads me to think that many strangers who are guilty of irreverence, would readily correct their manner in this respect if they fully understood its impropriety, or perhaps, if the authorities of the different churches were more exact in enforcing decorum within the sacred precincts; and it is with the object of drawing some attention to the matter that these remarks are made.

On another occasion, a Russian countess, whom I had the honour of accompanying to St. Peter's on the Thursday of Holy Week, administered a smart reproof to some English people who were regaling themselves with sundry bags of confectionary and two or three bottles of Malaga in the church. They pleaded the general custom of strangers as their excuse, but assured her that as their conduct was considered offensive to Catholic feeling, they would neither persist in it then nor be guilty of it for the future. I was happy to find my compatriots so sensible and courteous; and I think I am safe in concluding, from these and other cases of a similar nature which I have witnessed, that, though the English are the principal—indeed, I believe, the only delinquents—a word will be sufficient for the greater portion of them. With those who will not be corrected in this way, more stringent measures should be used, as on no account should the peace and sanctity of the holy place be permitted to be disturbed by those who come to amuse themselves therein.

By reason of conduct like this to which I refer, strangers have been excluded from the beautiful devo-

tions and singing of the Trinità de' Monti, those only being admitted now who are known to the community or introduced by a friend; and they should beware lest similar restrictions be adopted in their regard elsewhere. I certainly am of opinion that no means should be neglected to restrain the undue license which is at present allowed in the Roman churches. Even the evil effect which it must produce on the lower orders of Italians, to see those whom they consider their superiors in intelligence, as well as in appearance, so disrespectful to all that they hold sacred, should compel the authorities to take some decided step in the matter, and would, I have no doubt, if reflected on, induce many who would not wilfully be a stumbling-block to the piety of others, to change their manners when they enter "the place where His glory dwelleth." A notice is posted on the door of every church in Rome threatening severe penalties to those who commit any breach of propriety therein; and with this before their eyes no one can be held excusable, or expect impunity, if he offend. No one would desire more than I would that the prejudices of others should be respected; and I do not think, on that account, that Protestants should be required to kneel, on entering the church, or even at any portion of the mass; but they should at least be obliged to make their want of conformity with the usage of the church as little conspicuous as possible, and nothing bordering on irreverence of manner should be tolerated for an instant.

But I have made a most extraordinary digression from the subject of Christmas—*revenons*.

The social aspects of the Roman Christmas are no less gay than its religious ceremonies are gorgeous; and even domestic festivities are not without their homely charms, their cheer and joy. Of the latter, indeed, I had personal proof, having spent an unusually agreeable evening with a Roman family of distinction. Never did I see the blessed season of joy welcomed with more genuine happiness than in the halls and by the fireside of that princely palace; never was the golden lining of the cloud of life more beautifully manifest.

Happy Christmas! never was it happier than on that bright evening. There was not a care or sorrow to mar its blithesomeness. But peace alone, and gladsome communings, and true enjoyment marked its festal hours, as they fled fastly by. Even yet I hear the sweet tones of guitar and harp ring softly as then upon mine ear, and the memory of those mirthful strains and cheery songs still awaken echoes of joy within my heart. Surely the "peace unto men," first chanted by angel voices, had descended into that noble habitation; for never, even in my own loved home, did I feel more deeply the kindly influences of the happy season.

Alas! those things have now passed away—perhaps for ever! But still I love to dwell on them. I look back to them as green spots in the path of earthly travel. My heart shrines their memory with affection. Blessed memories! sweet remembrances! that picture to my mind the joy in which I have commingled, the splendour of which I have been a witness! May you ever dwell within this heart, brightening it ever, and

keeping fresh its sympathy with things so pure. And when other years shall roll around, and other Christmas-days shall come, may I never, even amidst home enjoyments, the affectionate embrace of relatives, and the warm clasp of friends, forget the happiness, spiritual and social, of that Christmas which I have spent in Rome.

CHAPTER IX.

CELEBRATIONS OF THE NEW YEAR.

Reflections on the close of the Year—Manner of celebrating the New Year in various Countries—How it is celebrated in Rome—The Last Day of the Old Year—State Procession—Arrival at the Gesù—Te Deum and Benediction by the Pope in that Church—The Dawning of New Year's Day—The Gesù again—The Veni Creator—Social Aspect—Rigour with which Visits of Congratulation are exacted on this occasion—Mode of avoiding this inconvenience—An old and graceful Custom.

In an earthly point of view, the close of one year and the opening of another is a melancholy epoch in our existence. Once more Time's glaring axle has completed its revolution; another stepping-stone is passed in the stream that separates us from eternity. Again we are brought to muse upon the past, to speculate on the future; and another year is added to the sum of life's responsibilities and experiences! "How," I asked myself with interest, "does Rome celebrate this occasion?" The keeping of New Year's Day as a festival in England, has nearly fallen into desuetude; in Scotland, on the contrary, it is the gayest of the whole three hundred and sixty-five. In the United States they have their old Santa Claus and the Russian Nicholas, and a rare midnight rout of young ones for the New Year's presents. In Germany, the "Prosst Neu Jahr" is loud on every tongue; troops of students meet to serenade their preceptors and their mistresses;

the Burchen song is sung in the streets, and bustle and riotous *vivats* are heard from early morning until noon. In Switzerland, horns are blown upon the mountains, and noisy revel greets the advent of another "year beginning." Does Rome act to-day like these? Let us see!

It is the last day of the old year. A grand procession moves towards the beautiful church of the Gesù; it is the grandest one in which the chorists of the Vatican ever appear. The *sabloned* streets and the large military escort announce the presence of the Pope; while the attendance of the *corps diplomatique*, the presence of the great lay and clerical functionaries, the gorgeous equipages, the magnificent burst of the military bands, the peal of bells and the clash of arms, are the glorious accompaniments of his progress. The crowd is so great that even long before the arrival of the Pontifical *cortége* it is difficult to obtain entrance into the church, though one of the largest in Rome. The piazza is guarded by French, Italian, and Swiss troops—infantry and cavalry—strikingly picturesque in their varied uniforms and accoutrements. The superb temple itself is decorated with even more than the ordinary splendour of its great occasions.

At length the procession is at an end. The state carriage of the Pope is driven to the door, and his Holiness alights in the midst of a multitude, kneeling to receive his apostolic benediction.

A few minutes later, and he stands before the resplendent altar. The last sunshine of the dying year is streaming on the noble figure of the Pope. He lifts

his hands and eyes to heaven, and in the finely harmonized accents of his sonorous voice, he intones the opening verse of that sublime thanksgiving hymn, "Te Deum laudamus; te Dominum confitemur." The strain is caught up with rapture by the immense assembly, and loud as the sound of many waters, every alternate verse rises in solemn cadence from twenty thousand human hearts.

Scarcely have the last notes of this glorious composition died upon the air, when it is followed by the beautiful, complicated music of the *Tantum Ergo*, sung by the exquisite voices of the Sistine choir, and accompanied by the grand peal of no less than three magnificent organs.

The splendid illuminations grow brighter in the falling darkness, and the grey evening of the Old Year's death is drawing to an end as the last solemn act of the august ceremonial is performed. The military salute is heard, every knee is bent in the profoundest reverence, and the Pope blesses with the adorable Sacrament the countless crowds that have celebrated with him the conclusion of the year!

* * * * * *

The Old Year has passed away in the silent hours of a clear December night, and the roar of cannon and the peal of a thousand bells announce the dawning of its successor. From an early hour, every church is filled with crowds piously imploring a blessing on the year they have commenced. The Gesù again attracts the most numerous congregations, and the fascination of its beautiful music, and the high scientific character

of its vocal entertainment seem to warrant the preference it receives. For the "Te Deum" of yesterday, the Church substitutes the "Veni Creator" to-day; and the first evening of the New Year closes, like the last of its predecessor, with solemn benediction of the Holy Sacrament.

Hail to thee, thou fair New Year,
Heartily, right heartily,
We have watched through midnight drear
To give thee welcome and good cheer,
Benedicite.

* * * * * *

Thus it is that Rome celebrates this occasion. Though from an earthly point of view, as I have said, its associations are sad indeed, Rome, consoled and enlightened by the teaching of the Church, whose cathedral city it is, knows how to look on it with other and far different feelings. To the good there is nothing to fear in the flight of time; for

What is the unceasing roll
Of years to him whose soul
Looks back rejoicing on a life well spent,
And forward full of trust.

Hence it is that on this occasion the Church teaches the faithful of her capital city not to lament the year that is gone, but in the sublime accents of the great Ambrosian hymn, to return thanks to God for having brought them happily to its close, to give Him glory for the graces and blessings He has showered on them since its opening; and in the beautiful words of the "Veni Creator," to implore the guidance and protection for

his hands and eyes to ... that spirit who is all-monized accents of ... console. opening verse of ... advent of the New Year Deum laudamu... celebrations only? is the strain is caug... by no *social* festivity? In assembly, an... I confess that the city of the alternate ve... routs, no collegiate serenades, no thousand ... those days; but, notwithstanding Scarce... things, the "Capo d'Anno" is a tion d... Roman home. It is a day of happy beaut... board is spread, and congratulation by ... are frequent on every tongue. It is a p... one calls upon his friends to present in f... good wishes of the season, and people make ... another. A neglect, indeed, of the latter ... formerly punished by a withdrawal of friend-ship from him who had been guilty of it. I was glad, however, to be informed by one of my fair friends who is a patroness of infant asylums, that by contributing a slight amount to the funds of these institutions I would entitle myself to exemption from this otherwise imperative obligation. I very willingly, indeed, gave my quota to so excellent a charity; my name was published in the *Giornale di Roma*, which is the official paper, and I was saved the no small inconvenience of the extensive visit-making which Roman etiquette demands on this occasion. All honour to those noble ladies who take advantage of such an inconvenience for purposes so eminently meritorious.

On the evening of New Year's Day, having dined at my hotel, I was gratified to remark that the servants

had preserved the old and beautiful custom of presenting flowers to their masters during dinner—bringing

> "Flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,
> To wreath the cup ere the wine is pour'd."

Flowers are at all times a graceful gift; but coming to us with the opening year they are peculiarly acceptable: their bright faces seem to promise happiness in the days that are to come. For are not flowers

> "The brightest things which earth
> On her broad bosom loves to cherish!"

> "In every clime, in every age,
> Mankind have felt their pleasing sway;
> And lays to them have deck'd the page,
> Of moralist and minstrel gay."

Besides, it is one of the good old customs, reminding us of days when our sympathies were with things so pure and simple.

> "Old customs! oh, I love the sound,
> However simple they may be;
> Whate'er with time hath sanction found,
> Is welcome and is dear to me."

* * * * * *

Such are some of the memories I preserve of the manner in which Rome celebrates the New Year.

CHAPTER X.

AN OLD COLUMN AND A NEW ONE.

The Pillar of Trajan—Forum of Trajan—The original Appearance of this beautiful Forum—An old Writer quoted—Exertions of Pius IX. in favour of this as well as other Monuments of Antiquity—The Pillar—The Bronze Copy in Paris—Description—Measurement—The Bas-reliefs—Their Interest—Church of the Madonna di Loretto—Its Dome — The Column of the Immaculate Conception — Piazza di Spagna—Compared with the Forum Trajanum—Description—Appropriate Site for the Column of the Conception—The Propaganda—The Mausoleum of Augustus—The Column described.—Its Emblematical Decorations explained—Concluding Remarks.

THE two most remarkable columns in Rome are without doubt the pillar of Trajan and the memorial of the Immaculate Conception. The former originally stood in the splendid "Forum Trajanum," a square which Cassiodorus describes as "a perfect miracle even if we inspect it with the utmost minuteness." For richness of display, indeed, there was probably nothing in ancient Rome comparable to this beautiful Forum. That of Augustus was ranked by Pliny amongst "the fairest of of all possible works," *pulcherrima opera quæ nunquam*; but it yielded, as well as that of Nerva, which was still more magnificent, to the unrivalled edifice of Trajan. Amongst the buildings which surrounded it were a palace, a gymnasium, a library, several triumphal arches, porticos, and other erections, in the most superb style of architecture. Gilded statues and military ensigns

glittered on the fronts of the buildings, and besides the pillar an equestrian monument of the emperor graced the open space within. Most of these were standing in the time of the writer I have quoted, who flourished in the sixth century. Their existence is now only recorded by the broken columns and marble pedestals, whose rescue from the accumulated soil and rubbish in which they had previously lain buried, is mainly to be ascribed to the reigning Pope, who has at all times displayed a refined and scholarly love for the beautiful mouldering relics of ancient art in which his splendid capital is so rich.*

The pillar alone now remains entire; and few orna-

* Apollodorus was the architect of this wonderful pile. It was commenced by Trajan after his return from the wars on the Danube, and completed A.D. 114. We have no means of fixing the date of its destruction, but it is known that the triumphal arch which formed its entrance was dismantled as early as the reign of Constantine, its ornaments having been employed to decorate the arch erected in honour of that emperor. Among the statues which graced this beautiful forum, two were remarkable for their materials, one being of amber and the other of ivory; the former a representation of Augustus, and the latter of Nicomedes, king of Bithynia. So great, indeed, was the beauty of the entire edifice, and so perfect the architecture, that "those who beheld it," says Eustace, "seem to have been struck dumb with astonishment, and at a loss to find words to express their admiration." Ammianus Marcellinus thus describes the sensation of Constantius:—Cum ad Trajani Forum venisset singularem sub omni cœlo structuram ut opinamur etiam Numinum assertione mirabilem, hærebat attonitus per giganteos contextus circumferens mentem nec relatu affabiles nec rursus mortalibus expetendos. "When he arrived at the Forum of Trajan, a building in our opinion unrivalled beneath the sun, and which even the gods themselves have affirmed to be wonderful, he stood still in utter amazement, examining its gigantic construction, of which no idea can be conveyed by words, and which the eye of man must never expect to see again."

ments of the modern city are more beautiful and interesting. Those who have seen the bronze imitation with which Napoleon adorned the *Place Vendôme*, in Paris, will have some idea of its style and proportions. It consists of a base, a shaft of the Doric order, and a capital, and is crowned by a statue of the apostle Peter, which has been substituted for one of the emperor, by which it was anciently surmounted. The height of the pillar alone is over one hundred and twenty feet, and including the statue it is stated, by ancient writers, to have been no less than one hundred and forty. It is formed entirely of pure white marble, eight blocks of which compose the base, twenty-three the shaft, one the capital, and another the pedestal which supports the statue.

But the most curious part of the column are the bas-reliefs which cover the shaft. This elegant series of delineations pursues a spiral direction from the base to the capital, making in all twenty-two revolutions before reaching the top. On this is represented, in chiselling of the most exquisite delicacy, the succession of Trajan's Dacian victories,—in commemoration of which the pillar was erected,—and the two triumphal processions by which they were celebrated. The figures, which are designed with great spirit, are not fewer than between two and three thousand in number, that of Trajan occurring about fifty times. In the lower part of the shaft they are each about two feet in height; but as they ascend and are removed further from the eye, their dimensions are enlarged, till at the top they become nearly double the size of those below. As

works of art these sculptures are wonderful in execution, and for the light they throw on ancient Roman dress and manners, they are interesting in the highest degree. To the latter subject, indeed, I might well devote a whole chapter at least, and a volume could be written on it; but I fear that such remarks would be outside the nature of a work which has no higher pretensions than the present. I am merely sketching some scenes and objects which are impressed upon my memory, and have no right to talk history or archæology when it is not necessary to that object.

I cannot leave the Forum Trajanum without also mentioning the church which stands in the corner of the modern piazza, dedicated to the Madonna di Loretto. It is curious as having been erected by Bramante, the first planner of St. Peter's. Its cupola is one of the earliest specimens of that ornament in ecclesiastical architecture, and is supposed to have been the prototype of Michael Angelo's wonderful dome.

The graceful column of the Immaculate Conception stands in the Piazza di Spagna. As the column of Trajan decorated the most beautiful square in ancient Rome, so the pillar of the spotless Mary adorns the most splendid one in the modern city. In this square, besides some fine shops and private residences, are the elegant palace of the Spanish embassy, and the magnificent, world-famed College of the Propaganda. In the centre a fountain delights the eye and ear by the sight and sound of its silvery waters, and the Pincian

steps, crowned by the church of the "Trinità de' Monti" and the Egyptian obelisk, give an air of grandeur to the scene imposing in a high degree. This square, moreover, is the resort of all the distinguished foreigners who visit Rome. From the "Europa," which is a prominent building on the square itself, from the Hôtel d'Allemagne in the neighbouring "Condotti," and from the numerous *maisons meublées* which abound in this fashionable quarter, crowds daily issue forth and meet in the Piazza di Spagna, as the grand centre to which they all converge. Fitting spot then is it for that beautiful column which commemorates the definition of a dogma so unanimously approved by the clergy and faithful of all Christendom. Standing before the Propaganda, that great centre of mission whence the rays of faith are communicated to the most distant countries of the globe, it seems to remind the students of that noble institution of the duty of proclaiming to the far nations which they are destined to evangelize, the glory of her whose peerless dignity has been so transcendently established by that doctrine whose sanction it commemorates. And within stone-throw of the once proud mausoleum of Augustus, it appears to point to those crumbling ruins, and to warn us, that while all the pride and might of Paganism have passed, and been forgotten, the glory of Nazareth's humble maid not only knows no decay, but age after age strikes its roots more deeply into the Church of God, and puts forth for ever new blossoms of devotion and of love.

A large pillar of eastern Cippolino marble, found in

the ruins of the Campus Martius, forms the shaft of this elegant "memorial." It is believed to be a relic of the famous portico of the Argonauts,* which commemorated the enterprising avarice of Jason and his followers. May it not rejoice to be transferred from such a purpose to the glorious one which it now fulfils? Around the foot of this beautiful pillar are seated the statues of Moses, Isaiah, David, and Ezekiel, the four prophets who most clearly proclaimed the original purity of Mary, and her perpetual victory over the enemy of man. Each one holds in his hand a scroll containing some of his most remarkable words in favour of this belief; and it is imposing, indeed, to see the Deliverer of Israel, the "great Prophet," the royal Psalmist, and the "strength of God," uniting in predictive testimony of a truth which it has been reserved to our own generation to see confirmed. Looking at these patriarchs of the old dispensation, one is also reminded that, as the tabernacle of the law was raised by the gathered offerings of all Israel, so the column of Mary was erected by the tribute of the whole Christian world. The capital is decorated with a lily, the olive-branch, and other emblems of the Virgin's purity, reminding us of the "chapiters" of those pillars mentioned in the Book of Kings, which Solomon set up in the porch of the temple, "Et super capita columnarum opus in modum lilii posuit."† Over all is the bronze statue of the Immaculate Mother, resting on a marble

* Opinion of the Commendatore Poletti.

† And upon the top of the pillars he placed lily-work.—3 Kings vii. 22.

globe supported by the symbols of the four Evangelists. The new moon is rising beautiful beneath her feet, and she crushes with her heel the serpent's head. "*Fair as the moon—terrible as an army set in array.*" Ave Maria! gratia plena!* Filled with the abundance of all graces, who will say that thou wert wanting in grace original? The trampling on the serpent's head shows that the lot of Eve was reversed in that of Mary, for while Eve brought misery upon her nature by the primal sin, Mary was exempt from it by the perfect triumph over Satan, in which *her* nature perpetually rejoiced. The emblem of the rising moon again declares the completeness of her victory even in her first coming upon earth. All bright in her untarnished stainlessness, she reflects like the young crescent upon our darkened earth the light of that Sun of justice whom she was destined to bring forth, and the heaven-derived radiance of His sanctifying grace.

Well may Pius IX. rejoice not only that he has been the favoured Pontiff chosen to confirm this beautiful doctrine, but also that he has seen it commemorated by a monument which, spite of every criticism, forms so glorious an ornament of his capital. The admiration hitherto so plentifully bestowed on the graceful column of Trajan, will, for the future, be shared by the splendid pillar of the Conception; and as around the former are wont to cluster the classic associations of Imperial Rome, so the latter will be a centre and rallying point for the sacred memories which attach to the city of the

* "Hail, full of grace!"—Luke i. 28.

Popes. The stranger will henceforth seek the modern as eagerly as the ancient column—admiring in the one, a rich and interesting relic of the proud days of Paganism, and in the other, a splendid type of the unity of faith with which all Christendom approved and accepted the dogma which it commemorates, and a striking figure of that Church which is the "Pillar and the ground of Truth."

CHAPTER XI.

A FEAST OF LANGUAGES.

The Polyglot Academy—Exemplification of almost all the principal Languages of the Earth—Music—The *Prolusione*—Account of some of the Pieces—Amusing Dialogue—Some Pieces sung by Students in the Style of their native Countries—Distinguished Company assembled on the occasion—Complaints made by the Ladies—Uniqueness of the Spectacle—Sermons in the Church of *S. Andrea della Valle*—Anxiety shown by Rome to provide for the spiritual Wants of her Children—Oriental Rites—General Interest of this Season.

ONE of those spectacles to be witnessed in Rome, and nowhere else, is the Polyglot Academy given every year, a short time after the Epiphany, in the Church of the Propaganda. To a kind friend—one of the American Bishops, who happened to be then* in Rome, and from whom I obtained a ticket of admission—I am indebted for the enjoyment of this interesting treat. For the student of philology, the musical *dilettánte,* and the thoughtful observer, this unique exhibition has many and no inconsiderable attractions. The pupils of this wonderful College, gathered from almost every nation of the world, exemplified each by a short literary production in his own dialect, nearly all the principal modifications of earthly tongues. In two divisions were given, first, the Asiatic and African; secondly, the European and Oceanican languages, illustrating the

* I speak here of the Academy given in 1858.

two former families by sixteen, the two latter by thirty-nine compositions. The brilliant strains of a first-rate orchestra often agreeably interrupted the proceedings, when the ear began to tire of the strange but sometimes barbarous sounds of its many-tongued entertainers; and the second part was particularly enlivened by a beautiful canto, sung by several students to accompaniment of exquisite Italian music. By a judicious and liberal arrangement, a volume was given to every guest, containing translations of all the compositions into Italian prose or verse: thus enabling him to follow each recitation with more interest than he could possibly feel in merely listening to the unmeaning accents of the originals. The "*Prolusione*," or Introductory Essay, written in Latin by a young countryman of my own, and read in true Italo-Latin style, informed the assembly that, as on a previous occasion, the students had celebrated the *definition* of the Immaculate Conception, they were now about to celebrate the *fact*, as represented by the beautiful monument which stands in the piazza before their door. The first part opened with a Hebrew poem, recited by a student from Constantinople, and he was followed by a young native of Mesopotamia, in some literal Chaldaic verses, which principally turned upon the "Columns of Seth," the first of which any mention has been preserved. Another Mesopotamian referred in vulgar Chaldaic to the conference at Mossul, where the Bishops of Chaldea, in 1849, imposed it as a precept on the faithful of their country to keep holy the Feast of the Conception. Syriac, and literal and modern Armenian, came next;

Mr. Peter Azar, of Damascus, recited some Arabic lines alluding to the symbols on the pillar; and Messrs. Thu and Ko, in choice Chinese dialogue, worthily represented the difficult language of their "Celestial" fatherland. A Persian poem entitled "The Triumph of Sapor and that of Mary," made a pretty allusion to the twenty-five remaining columns of the temple of Persepolis. Some Kurdic verses followed, which read very agreeably in the Italian translation I possess. A young gentleman from English Indostan gave a specimen of his native language, in a poem which recorded the re-dedication of India to the protection of the Immaculate Virgin, by Charles III. of Spain; and Bengalese was illustrated by a student from Chittagong. Turkish, Theban, and Memphitic Coptic followed, and the first part terminated by three or four lines in the language of Soudan, with which a Mr. de Paoli, from Darfour, favoured the delighted audience.

Curious, however, as was this portion of the performance, I think the second was found by far more generally interesting, the European languages, which it principally exemplified, being more extensively understood by the assembly than either those of Asia or Africa, which were illustrated by the first. It was opened by a student from Melos, who recited a poem on "The Glorious Monument," in beautiful classic Greek. Romaic, French, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Swiss, Dutch, Danish, English, Wallachian, and Russian, were amongst the languages which followed. Two Oceanicans sang the glories of Mary, in the dialects of their distant homes; and the whole was concluded by

a few words of "thanks and excuse," spoken with spirit, by a young gentleman from the south of France.

Into this latter part there was also introduced an amusing dialogue, in Italian, which was well calculated to heighten the pleasure which all must have derived from this interesting entertainment. It was remarkable with what accuracy the four little boys who spoke this dialogue adopted the genuine comic manner and intonation of the Italian, though all were foreigners; one of them being from Copenhagen, two from Ireland, and the fourth from Zuk, in Mount Libanus. I must not forget to add, that some students sang their pieces in the style of their native countries, and though this added a little to the length of the performance, I am sure it increased in no small degree the attractive nature of the exhibition. A grace and dignity besides, were imparted to the entire proceedings by the distinguished company assembled on the occasion. Various members of the sacred college were present; and amongst other distinguished ecclesiastics might be observed the good and venerable Dr. Connolly, Bishop of St. John's, New Brunswick,* the kind and learned Bishop of Chicago, and the amiable and accomplished Dr. Hynes, Chief Pastor of Demerara. A great many of the fair sex also adorned the scene with a graceful display of all the fashion and beauty of the Roman ladies—sprinkled, not sparingly indeed, by the daughters of Albion, whose tall figures and fair com-

* This learned and amiable prelate has been lately raised to the Archbishopric of Halifax, made vacant by the decease of Archbishop Walsh.

plexions distinguished them from the sun-browned maidens of the south. Some complaints, however, which I heard afterwards, lead me to believe that the ladies were rather ill-treated in this instance, having been inconveniently crowded into a few narrow galleries overhead, and denied admission to any other part of the church. Could this arrangement be in any way improved, the management of the *Accadémia* would be blameless, as the most fastidious could find fault with nothing else. And it were a pity that there should exist any drawback on the enjoyment which one derives from this unique spectacle,—a spectacle presented only by that Church whose standard is fixed on every shore, and whose faith is preached in every language that divides the interests and the sympathies of the children of men—a spectacle which is one of the results of an institution unimagined, and scarcely practicable under any other system than that of Papal Rome.

But the Academy at the Propaganda was not the only treat which the philologist might enjoy at this time in the Holy City. During the Octave of the Epiphany nine sermons were preached in the Church of S. Andrea della Valle in seven different languages. On the festival itself, which was Wednesday, a French discourse was delivered by Père Felix, in the finest style of that distinguished Jesuit. And though I had often before admired the power of his eloquence, as he woke the echoes of the historic cathedral of Paris, and in his famous Lenten Conferences aroused the sinner to a sense of his danger, and recalled the erring to the way from which they strayed, yet never on any occasion did

his words sway my mind with such an influence as on this. The Rev. Peter Semenenko preached next day in the Polish language, and on Friday the most Rev. Dr. Connolly, Bishop of St. John's, delivered in English, a discourse, which for beauty of language and sublimity of idea could hardly be too much praised. On Saturday another French sermon was preached, but this time by Monseigneur de Merode, one of the private Chamberlains to his Holiness, and brother-in-law of the Count de Montalembert. It was like all that good prelate's discourses, touching and pathetic in an eminent degree. On Sunday Cardinal Reisach, the Archbishop of Munich, preached in his native German; the elegant figure of his Eminence, and his exalted position in the Church, lending additional attractions to the power and charm of his words. A priest of the Order of Discalced Trinitarians delivered on Monday a peculiarly eloquent discourse in the fair-sounding language of the Spaniard; and on Tuesday another sermon was preached in English, in which Dr. Cruikshank, of the Collegio Pio, displayed all the ability and erudition for which he is distinguished. In the afternoon of the same day Canon Racki followed in the Sclavonic tongue; and another German discourse, which was delivered on Wednesday by the Rev. Dr. Loberschiner, concluded the sermons of the Octave.

Thus it is that Rome provides for the spiritual wants of her children; supplying to them all within her own walls, the blessings and instruction of the same language which they have heard from childhood in the distant lands of their forefathers.

Every sermon, moreover, was preceded by a mass in

some one of the Oriental rites, a different selection being made every day, and the strange and interesting nature of these ceremonials largely contributed to the attraction which drew crowds every morning to San Andrea. Altogether, few portions of the year are more interesting in the Eternal City than whilst these lingual exercises are being performed here and at the Propaganda.

CHAPTER XII.

IRISH INSTITUTIONS.

The Irish College and Church of S. Agata—Pleasure of a Visit to this interesting Institution—Feelings on hearing the Irish Language spoken by some of the Students—Lament for the loss of our National Language —Memorial to the Heart of O'Connell — The *Festa* of S. Agata—The Irish Dominicans—Church of San Clemente—Interesting Features of this remarkable Church—The Irish Franciscans—Church and Convent of S. Isidoro—Festival of St. Patrick—Establishment of the Augustinians—The Graves of three remarkable Irishmen—Quotation from the "Annals of the Four Masters"—The Elegy of Owen Roe Mac Ward—Selections from Clarence Mangan's Translation of this Poem.

PASSING by the Pontifical Palace on Monte Cavallo, which is the Pope's town residence in summer, and continuing your course in the direction of the Palazzo Rospigliosi, which contains Guido's celebrated "Aurora,"* you arrive by a short turn at a narrow street which runs steeply from the gate of the villa Aldo-

* The Palazzo Rospigliosi was built in 1603, by Cardinal Scipio Borghese, on the site of the Baths of Constantine. The "Aurora," which is to be seen in the casino, is one of the most remarkable frescos in Rome. The rosy-fingered goddess is represented scattering flowers before the chariot of the sun, drawn by four piebald horses. Seven female figures, in the most graceful action, surround the chariot and typify the hours. The composition is extremely beautiful, the colouring brilliant, the folds of the draperies light, and the clouds very finely rendered. During the siege of Rome in 1849, a twenty-four-pound shot, which is still preserved in one of the rooms, struck the roof of one of the lateral pavilions of this casino, and broke some of the woodwork, without, however, doing any mischief to the works of art.

brandini down the eastern declivity of the Quirinal. At the bottom of this street are the only buildings which render it of importance,—the church of S. Agata* and the Irish college to which it is attached. Few Irish who visit Rome leave the Eternal City without seeing this interesting institution. For my own part, I was a frequent visitor there. I often loved to fly from the society of the Pincian† or the Corso,‡ and take refuge within those sacred walls which enclosed so much of the youth and piety of my native land. Crossing its threshold, I felt as though my foot had touched again on Irish soil. Pacing its corridors, I fancied I trod my own emerald hills once more, and every sound that met my ear was familiar as the voices which I remembered from my childhood. The very air I breathed in its halls seemed Irish; and the generous welcome I received there ever, and the kindly hospitality of the good Rector, were truly and unmistakably the welcome and the hospitality of warm Irish hearts. I can scarcely explain the feelings I experienced when, on one occasion, I heard a few of the students speaking

* This church is said to have been founded by Ricimer, the leader of the Goths, about the year 470. It was dedicated to its present patron saint (*S. Agata de Goti*) by St. Gregory the Great, in 693. It consists of a nave and aisles, separated by granite columns, with Ionic capitals.

† *Monte Pincio*—the ancient *Collis Hortulorum*—a favourite promenade of the modern Romans.

‡ The principal street in Rome; so named from the horse-racing which takes place here during the Carnival. In its northern portion it follows the line of the ancient Via Flaminia, and nearer the Capitol, of the Via Lata. It runs between the Piazza del Popolo and the Piazza di Venezia, and is about a mile in length.

even the old language of our country. In that distant land how softly its accents fell upon my ear! It was sweet to me as the melodious cadence of the Italian, and it charmed my hearing with the echo that it gave of sounds that are dear to me, and of generations that are mute for ever. Alas! that we should lose this beautiful language,—that its music should die away from amongst us! That language which our mothers for centuries have crooned beside the cradle,—that language in which the woe of our forefathers has so oft been uttered, and in which their prayers have for ages been wafted to the throne of God,—that language which alone could express the fears and hopes, the joys and sorrows, which sway the breasts of our noble people,—that language in which alone lingered the tradition of our nationhood and the legends of our hearths, which was the guarantee of our national individuality, and the fountain of our Irish sympathy—that, even that, is gone! Its farewell notes are dying upon the green hills; its melody grows fainter and fainter; and soon the rich, joyful, mournful, expressive language of our country shall be heard no more.

The adjoining church of S. Agata contains a tomb which also I often loved to visit,—a tomb in which is shrined the noblest heart that ever beat for Erin,—the heart of her greatest and most gifted son—the illustrious O'Connell. A mural monument, consisting of two reliefs, marks out the spot where rests this precious relic of our champion. The epitaph, which I believe is from the pen of Dr. Newman, introduces the indignant words in which the Liberator refused to sign the

Declaration in 1839, and the lower relief represents him addressing those words to the House of Commons from its bar. The portraits which surround him, of Peel, Graham, the Earl of Lincoln, and Lord Elliott, on one side; and of Lords Althorp, Duncannon, Morpeth, and Ebrington, on the other, are from engravings forwarded from England, and considered by those remembering the originals as successful in a high degree. The architectural details round the monument are very graceful, and by their grey tint happily contrast with the white marble of the figures they enclose. Altogether it is a work highly creditable to all concerned in it,—more, however, I cannot help saying, to the munificence of Bianconi, at whose expense it was erected, and to the memory of the great man whose undying fame it commemorates, than to the skill of the artist by whom it was executed. Often I knelt beside it, drinking in the inspiration of a spot so dear to every Irishman, and worshipping the spirit of untainted patriotism that seemed to hover round and guard the heart of him who was her purest and most devoted follower. Peace to that generous heart! Peace to that loving, courageous heart! Manly wrath against wrong, the heroism which resists oppression, and the fearless fidelity which clings to the cause of truth and right in the face of every earthly opposition, these were the feelings with which it ever throbbed. God grant him their reward!

It was in this church—which, by the way, is the titular one of the celebrated Antonelli—that I saw one of the prettiest sights in Rome. It was the festival-

day of its patroness, and the church was decorated modestly, yet tastefully, in honour of the occasion. One of the cardinals pontificated at the altar, and the congregation was composed of little more than the white-robed body of the students who knelt within the choir. The unspotted Victim was offered up amid the homage of those fifty young, pure Irish hearts; and when the moment of communion arrived, they arose, every one, without exception, like a glorious band of the elect, to receive into their pious breasts Him for whose service they were filled with such enthusiasm, and for whose honour they were glowing with such devotion. The good cardinal, who was no other than the learned Prefect of the Propaganda, evidently moved by the sight—although by no means a new one to him—could not refrain from giving utterance to his feelings; and eloquent and appropriate indeed was the language in which they were expressed. And when at length his words were ended, and they were admitted to the banquet of delights, their orderly movements, their collected demeanour, and the grace of their appearance, won on every heart, and was a source of edification which is not soon to be forgotten. Even now I feel its memory is a blessed thing—one which makes me purer and holier when I reflect upon it. Oh, that we could have such sights more often to soothe and to encourage us upon our weary way!

Besides the Irish College, the Irish Dominicans, Franciscans, and Augustinians have also each a house in Rome. The church connected with the first of these is one of the most remarkable in the city—remarkable

in point of age, as the most ancient of all the Roman churches—and remarkable in form as the best model existing of the primitive Christian temples. No one who visits Rome will fail to visit San Clemente. From the shattered marble pavement of the court in front into the beautiful ambones of the choir, and the rich mediæval mosaics of the tribune, every inch is interesting; and the fine frescoes of Masaccio which it contains, heighten the attractions of this beautiful church. So much praise, however, has been already lavished on it by all who have visited San Clemente, that it were unnecessary for me to enlarge upon the subject; but I cannot leave it without testifying the feelings of respect and gratitude which I entertain towards its learned and excellent prior. All who know him are acquainted with his affability and his erudition, and even the stranger often experiences with thankfulness the courteous and obliging manner of this amiable ecclesiastic.

The pretty church and convent of S. Isidoro, which belong to the Franciscans, have also their attractions. Indeed, the church, which has been lately restored, is peculiarly neat and beautiful.* It is here that the Irish in Rome usually celebrate the festival of their patron saint. I well recollect the extensive and fashionable congregation of Erin's sons and daughters that I saw collected within its walls to do honour to this

* In the left transept of this church is a monument by Gahani to Miss Brian, who died at Rome, and another in the right to Amelia, the daughter of John Philpott Curran, raised to her memory by the late Lord Cloncurry, in '48.

glorious founder of their church; and I shall not readily forget the appropriate discourse which the learned and most Rev. Dr. O'Regan, of Chicago—himself an Irishman—delivered on the occasion. After mass, one of the brothers standing outside the church presented to each one as he left a bunch of shamrocks, with which we adorned our hat-bands and button-holes, to the day-long confusion of policemen, who wondered what on earth our badges of the triple leaf could mean. In the evening of the same day the distinguished Oxonian convert, Dr. Marshall, preached in this church also; but I, unfortunately, was late for the commencement of his discourse, which I regret the more because of the remarkable eloquence of the conclusion, which was the only part I had the pleasure of hearing.

The Irish Augustinians have also, as I mentioned, an establishment in Rome, and I do not exceed the truth when I say it is not less remarkable than any of the others. My visits, however, to this institution having been fewer than to the houses of either the Franciscans or the Dominicans, I can say little of it from personal observation. The reader will pardon me, therefore, if I content myself with this simple allusion to an establishment which merits a notice so much more lengthy and elaborate. Instead of a description of S. Agostino, for which I should be too largely indebted to other sources, I will close this chapter by the mention of three distinguished Irishmen, whose ashes repose in the Eternal City, and whose graves have been visited with interest for the last two hundred and fifty years by all those of

our countrymen who during that time have been in Rome. I refer to Roderic O'Donnell, earl of Tyrconnell; Cathbar, his brother; and Hugh O'Neill, baron of Dungannon. They died in Rome in the year 1608, and are all three buried in the church of S. Pietro in Montorio, itself one of the most interesting monuments in the capital of the Church.* Their deaths are thus recorded, and their last resting-place pointed out in the "Annals of the Four Masters," page 719:—

"The earl of Tirconnell, *i.e.* Rory, the son of Hugh, son of Manus, son of Hugh Duv, son of Hugh Roe O'Donnell died at Rome on the 28th of July (A.D. 1608), and was buried in the monastery of St. Francis, on the hill on which St. Peter the apostle was crucified,† after mourning his faults and imperfections, after an approved confession and repentance of his sins and transgressions, after receiving the body and blood of Christ at the

* This church stands on the site of the Arx Janiculensis, founded by Ancus Martius. The word *Montorio* is supposed to be a corruption of Monte d'Oro; a name given to this part of the Janicule from the yellow coloured sand and gravel of which it is composed. In this church are the celebrated paintings by Sebastian del Piombo, executed from designs by Michael Angelo, and said to be the result of a combination between these two masters for the purpose of counteracting the immense popularity which Raphael was then commencing to obtain in Rome. This interesting church narrowly escaped destruction during the siege of Rome in '49. The view from the platform in front of S. Pietro in Montorio is the most remarkable one which can be obtained of the modern city. The scene commanded from this spot is one that can hardly be surpassed.

† In the cloister of this monastery is Bramante's celebrated Temple, built on the spot on which St. Peter suffered martyrdom. In the crypt is still shown the hole into which was struck the cross upon which he died.

hands of the learned ecclesiastical psalmodists of Rome. Mournful was the short career and untimely loss of him who departed, for he was a brave, defending, triumphant, valorous, and warlike man; often had he been engaged in the pass of danger, in defence of his faith and patrimony, in aiding his brother Hugh Roe, before he himself assumed the lordship of Tirconnell; he was a bountiful lord in bestowing great presents, and of good hospitality, to whom the inheritance of his ancestors did not seem too much for his liberality and entertainments; a man who did not give his mind or thoughts to worldly substance or riches, but rather to subdue and expel both noble and ignoble according to their deserts.

"Cathbar, son of Hugh, son of Manus (O'Donnell), the most distinguished and famous for magnanimity and heroism, and for entertainments and hospitality, of any lord's son in the island of Heremon (Ireland); the regeneration of Cuan, son of Cailchin (a lord of Fermoy, who lived in the seventh century), and of Guaire, son of Colman (a king of Connaught, in the seventh century), in generosity and hospitality, a man from whom no person ever returned with a refusal, died at Rome on the 17th of September (1608), and was buried along with his brother the earl.

"Hugh O'Neill, the son of Hugh, son of Ferdorcha, baron of Dungannon, heir to the earl O'Neill, the only hope of the Tyronians to succeed his father, should he survive him, died and was buried in the same place with his mother's brethren, namely, the earl O'Donnell, and Cathbar."

ven Roe Mac Ward, who was chief bard to the Donnells, and accompanied the earls in their exile to , wrote a beautiful elegiac poem on their death, in h he addresses Nuala, the sister of Roderick O'Don- and pathetically represents her as weeping alone over the graves of her brethren. This poem has been admirably rendered into English by poor Clarence Mangan, and as a tribute to the memory of that gifted but unfortunate son of genius, as well as for the embellishment of my subject, I select a few of the verses: they will no doubt be acceptable to the reader:—

"Two princes of the line of Conn
Sleep in their narrow cells of clay beside
O'Donnell Roe.
Three royal youths, alas! are gone,
Who lived for Erin's weal, but died
For Erin's woe.
Ah! could the men of Ireland read
The names these noteless burial-stones
Display to view,
Their wounded hearts afresh would bleed,
Their tears gush forth again, their groans
Resound anew!

"The youths, whose relics moulder here,
Were sprung from Hugh, high Prince and Lord
Of Aileach's lands;
Thy noble brothers, justly dear,
Thy nephew, long to be deplored
By Ulster's bands.
Theirs were not souls wherein dull time
Could domicile decay, or house
Decrepitude!

They passed from earth, ere manhood's prime,
Ere years had power to dim their brows
Or chill their blood.

"And who can marvel o'er thy grief,
Or who can blame thy flowing tears,
That knows their source?
O'Donnell, Dunnasava's chief,
Cut off amid his vernal years,
Lies here a corse
Beside his brother, Cathbar, whom
Tirconnell of the Helmets mourns
In deep despair;
For valour, truth, and comely bloom,
For all that greatens and adorns,
A peerless pair.

"Oh! had these twain, and he the third,
The Lord of Mourne, O'Niall's son,
Their mate in death—
A prince in look, in deed and word,—
Had these three heroes yielded on
The field their breath.
Oh! had they fallen on Crimthan's plain
There would not be a town or clan,
From shore to sea,
But would with shrieks bewail the slain,
Or chant aloud the exulting *rann**
Of Jubilee!

"When high the shout of battle rose,
On fields where freedom's torch still burn'd
Through Erin's gloom,
If one, if barely one of those
Were slain, all Ulster would have mourn'd
The hero's doom!

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* *Rann*—verse.

"What do I say? Ah, woe is me!
Already we bewail in vain
Their fatal fall!
* * * * * *
Then daughter of O'Donnell dry
Thine overflowing eyes, and turn
Thy heart aside;
For Adam's race is born to die,
And sternly the sepulchral urn
Mocks human pride!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CATACOMBS.

Advantages of a Visit to the Catacombs—Edification to be derived by the untravelled from a description of them—Wonderful workings of Providence illustrated by the Catacombs—Human reason baffled, and the teaching of the Church supported by the testimony of the Catacombs—The Lesson of the Catacombs important in the present age of unbelief—The Theory of the *Arenaria*—Other benefits derived from a Visit to the Catacombs—Reflections suggested by a Visit to the Catacombs—Persecution of the Infant Church—Persecution at all times the Heritage of Truth—At all times ineffectual to accomplish its purpose—Our own Country instanced—Persecution foretold by Christ to be the lot of his Disciples—Reference made to Works on the Catacombs—What Pius IX. has done for the Catacombs—Other names mentioned in connection with this subject.

Of all the thousand sights and scenes of unrivalled interest which attract the pilgrim from every shore to the banks of the historic Tiber, there are scarcely any to which he turns with a more devout attention, and from which he carries away a more abiding consolation, than those dark corridors of death, those mysterious abodes of primitive Christianity, the crypts, or, as they are commonly called, the Catacombs* of Rome. There

* This name seems to have been originally given to the cemetery of St. Sebastian, which was first called the *Cœmeterium ad Catacumbas*, and afterwards for brevity the Catacombs. At present the term is so far generalized that we apply it to all these sepulchres without distinction. They are about sixty in number, about nine hundred miles in extent, and contain almost seven millions of graves. Of the monumental inscriptions which have been found in them, three hundred bear con-

are no curiosities, moreover, that he has seen which, on his return, he may describe with more edification to his untravelled friends, by their incontrovertible testimony in favour of our faith, confirming his Catholic neighbours in the doctrines which they have been taught at their mothers' knees; encouraging the convert on whom, later in life, their truth has dawned, and clearing away the mists of doubt which separate his brethren of other persuasions from the fold of that Church whose struggling infancy sought a refuge in the cold depths of these gloomy excavations.*

It is wonderful to consider the ineffable workings of that Divine Providence, by which the first followers of the faith had been driven from the face of earth and

sular dates, ranging from the time of the early emperors to the year 350 of our era. Soon after the latter period, interment in the catacombs appears to have been discontinued altogether. Their antiquity at least cannot be disputed.

* "Within is dampness foul,
And darkness by the day-beam undispell'd—
The cheerless dead's abode."

The account which St. Jerome gives of the horrors of the sepulchres is lively and accurate :—

"Dum essem Romæ puer, et liberalibus studiis erudier solebam cum cæteris ejusdem ætatis et propositi, diebus dominicis sepulcra apostolorum et martyrum circumire, crebroque cryptas ingredi, quæ, in terrarum profundo defossæ, ex utraque parte ingredientium per parietes habent corpora sepultorum, et ita obscura sunt omnia ut propemodum illud propheticum compleatur: *Descendant in infernum viventes;* et raro desuper lumen admissum, hororem temperat tenebrarum, ut non tam fenestram quam foramen demissi luminis putes; rursumque pedetentim acceditur, et cava nocte circumdatis illud Virgilianum proponitur,

'Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.'"

S. Hieron. in Ezech.

imprisoned within its bowels, that there they might record the belief of the pure ages in which they lived, by indubitable signs and enduring marks, which the research of after centuries should discover to check the mistaken flights of unaided reason, and to strengthen the tottering steps of faith by the support and confirmation of their testimony. In this present age of unbelief particularly, the lesson of the Catacombs is working wonders, and thousands who had been wandering in the dark way, led only by the glimmering lamp of human intellect, are daily enlightened unto truth by the torch that guides them through those wildering passages. There he who runs may read, that prayers were offered for the dead, the saints invoked, and the blessed mother of our Lord honoured then as now by the Church of God. Fast as he can decipher the monumental inscriptions, conviction comes to him; and the old frescoes and carvings which adorn those parts that served as churches, preach to him at every step the truth of that faith which is to last for ever. But it is the preparations for the oblation of the Holy Eucharist that most unmistakably bring persuasion to the heart of every conscientious inquirer. No one surely can view those evidences of primitive belief and not be struck with the identity of the Church of to-day with the Church of the earliest ages, and edified by the profound veneration and unwavering fidelity with which unchangeable Christianity has continued throughout all times to teach this glorious mystery of Divine commiseration.

The lesson of the Catacombs is undoubtedly not very

flattering to human pride, which in these days of so-called progress refuses credence, like the incredulous Thomas, to everything save what falls within the narrow range of sense, and the little which the mind without the light of faith can understand; but it is one which not even human reason itself can reject. In an age when men must see with their eyes and touch with their hands before they will believe, God has taken pity on them; the "garden concealed" has been opened, and there, with the finger of His right hand, He points out unerringly the way of life. Some learned writers, indeed, seeing what they considered the dangerous Popish tendency of this great lesson, endeavoured to prove the Catacombs nothing more than heathen excavations, made to extract a valuable species of sand for the building of the city. But the failure of their attempts was so manifest to all who tested them by personal examination, that they have thereby only shown the more clearly how impossible and absurd was the task which they undertook. Sandpits, it is true, exist, and they have even sometimes for convenience been made the entrances to the crypts in question; but no one who sees both for himself will deny that the *arenaria* and the Catacombs were excavations made for purposes widely different indeed.

But the benefits which I have mentioned, though perhaps the greatest, are not the only ones to be derived from a visit to the Catacombs. It is refreshing to the soul, in this age of ours, which is as active as it is faithless, to steal from the cares and strife of our usual existence into the seclusion of those quiet, holy places,

where such things may not enter. There one contemplates, far from the noise of business, the ceaseless roar of steam, and the weary hum of factories, the weak and persecuted infancy of that Church, whose pure and heavenly doctrines broke down the might of worldly power, dashed the idol from the high place, and set up in its stead that symbol of ignominy which was a scandal to the Jew and a stumbling-block to the Gentile, and is even still the horror of those who hate the Church of Christ. It is a glorious thought to think that, standing within these Catacombs, you have approached the very source and spring-head of that river of regeneration which, flowing for nigh two thousand years from the Rock of Peter, has poured its fertilizing waters over every land in which the human race has found a dwelling. From these very homes of death has come out the atmosphere of life, which has invigorated the world, and made the moral wastes and deserts bloom. Unhappy they who have refused to drink of that river and to breathe that atmosphere; but who, wallowing in the noxious vapour of their passions, and intoxicated with the cup of sensual gratification, which is poison to the soul, curse and abhor that pure religion of the Catacombs which has ever been the unflinching opponent of their iniquity. As they who dwell in darkness hate the light, the polluted workers of impurity dread and detest the fair and radiant countenance of the spotless Spouse of Christ.

We may also reflect—and it is a consoling thought—how maliciously persecution has in every age sought the destruction of the Church of God, and how signally

its object has at all times been defeated. Here, in its very dawn, all the venom of fanaticism, and all the wisdom and refinement of pagan philosophy were banded together to crush it in its very birth. It was banished from the light of day, and its faithful followers pursued with infamy and death; yet neither fanaticism nor philosophy, nor even the power of Imperial Rome, at a time too when she was in the fulness of her might, could trample out the tiny seed of truth which had been planted in the fruitful soil of the Catacombs. The broad, deep, living tide of martyrs' blood watered it with its crimson waves, and in the triumphant death-song of fearless confessors, the abundance of the future harvest was proclaimed. The Church has arisen in splendour, and the pagan power that oppressed her has fallen with all its pride and greatness into decay. The mighty city of those days, whose arms and civilization were spread over every land—from the Thames to the Ganges—is now a mass of mouldering ruins, lying dead by the side of that modern city in which the faith has grown. The Goth and the Vandal, the Gaul and the Hun, have watered their horses in the Tiber, and stabled them in the patrician palaces and gorgeous temples of conquered Rome. The owl shrieks, and the raven flaps its dusky wing where once the voice of a Cicero rang, and the authority of a Cæsar was enthroned, and in the very halls from which once issued the edict of persecution, silence and desolation hold undisputed sway. The Rome of Paganism has fallen, but the Rome of Christianity has arisen from its ashes; and the dominion of the latter is wider spread and more enduring

than even the boundless sovereignty of the former. Persecution, however, in some shape or other has never ceased to assail the Church; all times and lands have witnessed the proud rebellion of human intellect and human will against the simplicity of the Gospel and the humility of the Cross; but never in any single instance has it failed to produce the same glorious results—strengthening the Church in a supernatural manner by every drop of blood she spills, and making her dearer to her children for every wound that she receives. Even in our own country centuries of penal laws oppressed us with their galling weight; yet not the loss of goods and land and civil right, the deprivation of learning, the hopelessness of advancement, nor even the fetter and the gibbet, which were the mildest inflictions of this cruel code, could destroy in the faithful heart of Ireland the devout attachment with which she ever clung to her persecuted creed. It was an ingenious torture that checked every respiration of genius and stopped the pulse of national life; yet in the darkness of that woful night the Irish people drew to their hearts with closer love the wronged and insulted faith which was the cause of their suffering. They even loved it all the more because it was wronged and insulted, and when the minister of religion fled for refuge to the mountain-cave and forest depths, they gathered round him with deeper attachment, and listened to his voice with more profound attention than if no law had ever driven him from the peace of the altar-steps and the comfort of the rectorial mansion; for there is a generous instinct that enlists man's sympathies for what is oppressed;

there is in him a force of resistance which leaps up to defend his dearest rights; there is an eternal resolve that no earthly arm shall be thrust between his adoring soul and its Creator. He feels that he has an inherent right to believe that creed he thinks truest and holiest, and to propagate it amongst others if he choose by all peaceful and moral means; that this right is his, not because he is a Catholic or a Protestant, but because he is a man, and that all human laws that restrain its fullest and freest exercise are absurd, cruel, and unjust. Let us not then complain if persecution fall to our lot, seeing the good that it produces, and remembering ever that it is the heritage of truth and its professors in all lands and in all times. "They shall deliver you up," said Christ to his disciples, "to be afflicted; and you shall be hated by all nations for my sake." Even God himself chastises those whom he loves. "Such as I love, I rebuke and I chastise," said the Lord. Let us rejoice, then, when we are "tempest-tossed without all comfort," and look on our miseries as that kind Father's chastening, which will "yield to them that are exercised by it the most peaceable fruit of justice." These trials are only temporary. The Church arose from the ordeal of the Catacombs, glorious like her Divine Founder from the tomb, renewed in life and beauty; even so shall we too come forth from the ordeal of our afflictions, made glad with everlasting joy; for the Lord hath promised, "Behold for a short moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee."

But I am sermonizing—albeit, unintentionally. And yet, who can avoid it where the very stones preach?

When memory recalls the solemn unearthly influence which those venerable sanctuaries exercise upon the mind, thoughts throng around the brain, which the inspired language of Revelation seems alone capable of expressing; and when my mind broods over the tales of persecution that they tell, and reflects upon the lesson of truth that they inculcate, I must needs open my mouth to express the consolation I derive from the one, and the instruction I glean from the other. I have contented myself, however, with merely alluding to these subjects on this occasion, hoping to have some other opportunity of treating them at greater length; and in the mean time I refer my reader, who is anxious for further information regarding these interesting sepulchres, to the magnificent work of Monsieur Louis Perret, Cardinal Wiseman's "Fabiola," and a volume on the subject by the Rev. Spencer Northcote.* The cause of truth owes much to those who have laboured in this line; but to the eminent writers I mention we are under no common obligations, for the distinguished learning and wonderful ability which they severally brought to the execution of their different tasks.

As might be expected from a pontiff who has elsewhere rendered such remarkable service to the antiquities of Rome, Pius IX. has done wonders for the Catacombs. The Commission of Sacred Archæology, whose labours in these ancient sepulchres have been so

* "The Roman Catacombs; or, Some Account of the Burial-places of the Early Christians in Rome." By the Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, M.A. Second edition, revised and enlarged. London: Dolman.

successful, was established by his Holiness, and its expenses defrayed from his private purse.

Amongst other names which deserve to be mentioned in connection with this subject are those of Father Marchi, whose precise examination has so completely confuted the theory of the *arenaria*, the learned Cavalier De Rossi, and the distinguished antiquarians Guidi and Visconti, to the last of whom I had the honour of being introduced on an occasion of which I have some pleasing recollections. I cannot omit to mention also the name of Dr. Smith, the eminent Benedictine, who possesses so large and interesting a stock of information on the Catacombs, and who, when his various and important occupations permit him, is so liberal and courteous in imparting its benefits to others. I had the good fortune on one occasion to have been a member of a party which he had the kindness to accompany through the Catacombs of S. Agnese; and I have to thank the learned doctor for many clearer and more accurate notions respecting these mysterious and deeply interesting places than I had previously acquired by even a pretty considerable study of the subject.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CARNIVAL.*

The Revolution opposed to the innocent Gaieties of the Carnival—The Carnival regaining its former brilliancy—The unfavourable Weather with which it opened last Year—Brightness of the concluding Days—Defence of the Carnival—The Artistic Toilet of the Lower Classes—The *Mineti*—Description of the Carnival—Charge of Cavalry—Horse-race—The Grooms—Excitement during this Amusement—Tranquillity of Rome during the Evenings of the Carnival—Masquerade Balls—The *Moccoletti*—Another word in favour of the Carnival—Celebrations of the Church during these Days—Processions through the Ruins of Rome, and Stations of the Cross in the Coliseum.

THE partial use of masks which was permitted during the carnival of last year for the first time since the revolution, restored much of their olden vivacity and *bruyant* character to the proceedings of that occasion. I was fortunate, therefore, in witnessing these ante-Lenten† festivities under more favourable circumstances than they had been seen for several years before; so much do political troubles tend to sap the foundations of innocent mirth, national amusements, and interesting old usages, as well as those of higher and

* Carnival; from *caro* and *vale*—farewell to flesh; because the principal gaieties of the Carnival take place immediately before Lent.

† The carnival commences, properly speaking, after New Year's Day, but the festival in the Corso takes place only during eight of the last ten days before Lent, there being no carnival on Friday and Sunday.

more hallowed institutions. The cloudy and rainy skies with which the first days opened, chilled indeed the ardour with which carnivalitial gaieties are usually commenced; but inveterate pleasure-seekers were not to be deterred even by the hostility of the weather, and fancy dresses were boldly displayed in defiance of an atmosphere for which their light materials were but indifferently adapted. The brightness, however, of the concluding days reanimated the spirits of all, and on *Giovedi Grasso*, and the following Saturday and Tuesday in particular, the Corso presented a sight, lively, picturesque, and brilliant as eve the carnival show has been even in its palmiest time.

The pelting war of comfits and the more graceful exchange of bouquets, the tasteful decoration of window and balcony, the flashing of carriages, the gay dresses of the ladies, the fantastic costumes of the men, the merry laugh, the bright eyes, the fair faces, and the modest mirth of the entire scene,* rendered it

* To these might be added the very language and the *esprit* of the people. "C'est là," says Madame de Staël, "qu'on peut juger de toute l'imagination des gens du peuple. L'Italien est plein de charmes, même dans leur bouche. Alfieri disait qu'il allait à Florence sur le marché public pour apprendre le bon Italien. Rome a le même avantage; et ces deux villes sont peut-être les seules du monde où le peuple parle si bien que l'amusement de l'esprit peut se rencontrer à touts les coins des rues. Le genre de gaieté qui brille dans les auteurs des arlequinades et de l'opéra-bouffe se trouve très-communément même parmi les hommes sans éducation. . . . . La langue Italienne se prête à toutes les nuances de la gaieté, avec une facilité qui ne demande qu'une légère inflexion de voix, une terminaison un peu différente pour accroître ou diminuer, ennoblir ou travestir le sens des paroles. . . . On pourrait dire que c'est une langue qui va d'elle-même, expr

grateful in no small degree to every mind not entirely soured by misfortune or blunted by less innocent enjoyment. The stream of life is, alas! so often shadowed, that we may surely rejoice and be thankful whenever a gleam of gladness breaks upon its darkness, and its cold current sparkles with a brighter tint than usual; and this is the more excusable, when delicacy is not offended and hilarity keeps within bounds, as is the general rule, at least in the Roman carnival.

No small amount of the pleasure derived from the scenes of which I speak, is the picturesqueness given them by the artistic toilets of the lower classes. The *Minenti* in particular (who are the *beaux* and *belles* of Trastevere) attract every eye by the showy self-adornment of that characteristic race. To provide for the cost of these festivities, and of the October *fêtes*, which are the two great public merry-makings of the year, they will lay by as many *bajocchi* as can possibly be spared; and as the happy season approaches, they will even deprive themselves of their usual food, lest they should want means for their favourite amusements. The festival-day, however, arrived, there is an end of parsimony, and you may distinguish the pretty Trasteverine in the gay tumult of the Corso, or the festive junketings of Testaccio, shining above all her rivals by the richness and bravery of her attire. Real silks and velvets adorn her person; a golden chain passes in many circles round her neck; rings of coral or Roman pearl

qu'on s'en mêle, et paraît presque toujours avoir plus d'esprit que celui qui la parle."

hang from her ears, and as she lifts her hands coquettishly to her raven locks, the jewels on her fingers light up the glossy, massive braids or clustering ringlets with their diamond blaze. Notwithstanding all this finery, however, there is no aping after the style of a higher class —no French *couturière* or *modiste* has had aught to do with the Trasteverine's dress,—all is original, national, genuine. Often no less than ten of these fair ones may be seen packed into one open carriage,—two seated on the reversed cover, and one—she to whom the palm of beauty is adjudged—enjoying the post of honour beside the coachman. And as these decimal bevies flash gaily by with music of mandoline or basque-tambour, they form a delightful accessory to the general brilliancy of the spectacle.

The pelting assaults and the other ordinary amusements of these festivities fill up the hours before sunset. The signal cannon is then fired for clearance of the Corso; the long street becomes suddenly emptied of its interminable file of carriages, and a charge of cavalry (which is in itself a pretty sight) drives the crowd from the centre of the street to the safer position on the *trottoirs* at either side. This movement, in whose performance I was struck with the perfect good humour and docility of the public, is a preparation for the famous horse-racing which forms so remarkable a portion of carnivalesque proceedings.

The *barberi* (so called because the first horses thus employed were of the Barbary breed) are gaily ornamented on the front of the head, and sometimes down the neck with plumes of peacock and other feathers.

They are not ridden as in our races, but small balls of lead, with sharp steel points attached to loose straps, connected with a girth, which goes round the body of each, take the place of whip and spur in exciting their speed. Sheets of thin tin, stiff paper, or some other substance, are also fastened on the horse's back; and the rustling or rattling noise of these, together with the shouts of the people, unite to increase their emulation.

The most interesting part of the sight is that which takes place when they are just about to start. A strong rope, secured by a machine on each side, is drawn across the Corso; and up to this each man tries to bring his horse, holding it in with all his might by the head. Many of the peasantry in the neighbourhood of Rome are remarkably fine muscular men; and as they generally go to work with their arms and neck bared, and as they have frequently to maintain a struggle of downright strength with their excited horses, the action of their limbs and muscles presents many fine studies for the pencil and the chisel. An officer blows a trumpet from a balcony near the spot; at its sound the rope drops, the grooms let go their hold, and off start the horses like arrows from a bow. They rush along in mad career through the midst of the people, showing sometimes their emulation and spite by biting at each other, and stop not till they dash their heads through the canvas screen, or *ripressa dei barberi*, at the end of the Piazza di Venezia. The judge of the race is the Governor of Rome, and the prize is an ornamental flag given to the owner of the winning horse.

Though betting, which gives such a perilous interest to our race-course, is by no means common, nothing can exceed the eagerness of the Italians on these occasions. During the heat, the spectators honour with deafening "bravos" the horse that runs well, and hiss and hoot with almost equal noise such as lag behind.

During the first six days of the carnival, which is limited to eight, matches of mares, barbs, and other horses are run alternately; but during the two last days, these different classes of animals run all together, and thus naturally increase the tumult and excitement of the exhibition.

When the race is over, the Ave Maria is heard to ring, and the public at once returns to its ordinary routine of business or recreation. No unusual thronging or scenes of riot are observable in the streets at night; and though a few persons may be discovered in *cafés*, a little elevated, you will never find them overcome by the potations of Bacchus.

In the evenings there are masquerade balls at the Apollo and the Argentina, and they are crowded by all who can afford to hire a domino, and purchase a ticket for the occasion.

But the prettiest, wildest, and most original sight of all is that of the *Moccoletti*, which takes place on the last evening of the carnival. I had the pleasure of seeing this delightful spectacle, under all the favourable circumstances of a clear night and starry skies, and there are few things which I have ever seen that I would more gladly witness again. The display of myriads of tapers, borne by hundreds of passengers in

the streets, held out from carriages, and put forth by thousands of hands from every window and balcony—the playful warfare of extinguishing and defending them by every possible contrivance—the gay picturesque groupings, and the animation of the fine rectilinear street, extending in a line of length, presented altogether a scene of and a charm of pageantry quite to be compared to any other This delightful addition to the the Roman carnival was the duced during the last century, remained unimitated in the

To some the sports of the absurd, if not utterly known the darker aspects of the shadows—those who have wide world, and known readily condemn the amusements, wherein the for a while the cares existence, and forget the outer world where with their attendants stifled every kinder God forbid that the carnival should the higher duties of lost sight of carnival of Rome fear in this respect.

tion, in which the Church endeavours, by more than ordinary appeals from the altar and the pulpit, to counteract its worldly attractions, take place in many of the temples of the city, with circumstances of unusual magnificence, and are attended by extensive congregations. The Jesuit Fathers, in particular, are pre-eminent for their exertions at this season, as well as the unequalled splendour of the ceremonies and beauty of the decorations in their churches. The exposition of the Holy Sacrament takes place with resplendent illumination on those days; and every evening a procession may be seen winding its way with torch and crucifix, through the Forum and the most renowned ruins of the Imperial City, and on to the great amphitheatre beyond, where crowds attend to perform the service of the Via Crucis, in whose simple devotions the carnival rout no longer receives an echo, and their minds are removed to the greatest distance from the sphere of its frivolous amusements. The hymn of the hooded choir softens, with its heavenly harmony, the recollection of the boisterous mirth that they have left, and the solemn prayer to which all respond, mingles with and purifies the memory of those more worldly sounds which had previously rung frequent on their ears.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LENT IN ROME.

The Flight of Sight-seers—No Amusements during Lent—Ash-Wednesday in the Sistine—Sermons delivered during Lent—Fasting in Rome—Piety of the Romans particularly noticeable in Lent—The *Scala Santa*—The Annunciation—Interesting Ceremony of the Distribution of Dowries—Partiality of the Italians towards this admirable Charity—Encouraged by the Pope—Creation of Cardinals—Their Receptions—Complimentary Remarks of Cardinal Antonucci on the Character of the Irish—Description of a Roman Conversazione—Manners of the Italians—Their Powers of Conversation—These *reunions* not sufficiently frequented by the English.

No sooner is the Carnival over, than crowds begin to fly from Rome—out from every gate pour private carriage, and *diligenza,* and *vettura,** bearing away their hundreds to warmer winter-quarters or gayer scenes; the first six weeks of the Roman Lent have no attractions for the pleasure-seeker. The trumpet is blown in Zion, and fasting, and weeping, and mourning have succeeded the festivity of the season that is past. Theatres and opera-houses are closed, balls are forbidden, and a concert at the Braschi Palace or the Chiesa Nuova, and a quiet conversazione at the house

* Public carriages, it is only just to say, are remarkably good in Rome. The *vetturini* abound principally about the Osteria dell' Orso, beyond the Palazzo Borghese, and the office of the Pontifical diligences which are on the French model—*coupé, intérieur,* and *banquette*—is in the same building as the post-office.

of some acquaintance, alone enliven the dreary evenings of the "Quaresima."

On the first day, Ash-Wednesday, there is solemn service in the Sistine Chapel. His Holiness receives the ashes from the cardinal who celebrates the Mass, and afterwards himself distributes them to the other cardinals, as well as to all those present in an official capacity.

At the commencement of Lent, also, the Holy Father gives audience and his benediction to the preachers selected to deliver the Lenten sermons in the principal churches of the city. And those, which are delivered on certain days in the week and every Sunday, attract large congregations both of citizens and of those strangers whose piety induces them to remain in Rome during those days of humiliation. Large numbers of the latter were to be found, every Sunday of the Lent I passed in Rome, at Dr. Cruikshank's sermons in the church of the *Gesù e Maria* on the Corso; on two days of the week, at the French sermons in *San Luigi dei Francesi*, and at the Italian discourses in the church of the Jesuits, by a celebrated member of that remarkable order.

There were also sermons every Sunday at the church of St. Agatha, adjoining the Irish College, delivered by the Superiors of that institution, and by some first-rate preachers who happened to be then in Rome. Of these discourses, I unfortunately heard but one. It was delivered by the Vice-Rector, the Rev. Dr. Moran; and I cannot speak too highly of its merits, both as a composition and a sermon. The learning, the piety, and

the amiable character for which that excellent ecclesiastic is so distinguished, shone out through every word he uttered, and made a deep and lasting impression on those who heard him.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed every sermon, and the devotion of the crowds assembled on these occasions was edifying in a remarkable degree.

The prescriptions for fasting during the Lent are usually of an indulgent character in the Holy City. Notwithstanding their mildness, however, a lamentable disregard of their observance was noticeable in the places of public resort for some time after the revolution. This dreadful evil, thank God! has long ago commenced to disappear from the capital of Christendom; it has fallen before the return of reason and the rapid growth of piety which have marked the last few years, and now it is happily rare to see the commands of the Church violated in this particular. A few who still transgress dine in separate rooms, where their conduct is more or less private; but many of even these are strangers, or persons dispensed from the obligation by reason of their age, their occupations, or their infirmities. We cannot, however, expect the sore to be healed at once: this neglect of compliance with the prescriptions of the Church was, unluckily, for some time considered fashionable; and we know that fashion will often cling to its fooleries even after reason has rejected, and good sense indignantly condemned them. But no one who saw, as I have, the vast congregations that thronged so many temples every day for the per-

formance of the Lenten devotions, the numbers that visited the appointed churches for the purpose of obtaining the blessings of the jubilee, and the crowds that toiled from morning till night up the steps of the *Scala Santa* on their knees as a penance for their sins, would have for a moment thought that religious feeling had ever suffered any diminution in the heart of the Roman people. I remember, indeed, the evening I myself went up the *Scala Santa* (which is the staircase of Pilate's house, once trodden by our Saviour), that it was only after the exertion of many hours that I made my way through the immense multitudes assembled. Surely if we compare these facts with the solitary cases in which the duty of fasting is disobeyed, we may well rejoice at the conclusion in favour of piety which inevitably results.

Apropos of sights, I should have said that a very pretty one occurs in Lent, which will well repay those who remain in Rome during that season. This is the celebration, with intervention of the Pope, of the high feast of the Annunciation in the beautiful church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, which is the only Gothic temple in the city, and the interesting ceremony of the distribution of dowries which takes place on that occasion. The religious observance of the day is marked with all the magnificence and stately solemnity which usually attend the Papal sanctification of the great annual festivals; and the other sight I have mentioned has the additional charm of novelty, being seen at no other time of the year. About four hundred girls, clad in white and crowned with garlands of flowers, are led

to the altar to receive the portions which the excellent society of the *Santissima Annunziata* erogates on this day every year. And it is a pleasing spectacle indeed to see so many of these little ones robed in those emblems expressive of their purity, and receiving a provision which may enable them to guard it against the dangers to which it would otherwise be exposed. Throughout Italy this charity of portioning poor females has been at all times esteemed one of considerable merit; frequent bequests are made to the confraternities who superintend the good work, and many noble and wealthy families expend large sums themselves with the same pious purpose. Pius IX., the good father of his people, is, as may be expected, foremost in encouraging this charity, not only by his warm approval, but also by extensive pecuniary assistance.

There are also some other celebrations during the Lent, accompanied with peculiar splendour; but it was an occurrence altogether unconnected with the season that formed the greatest attraction of last year's Lent in Rome. I mean the creation of the new cardinals, and their receptions. The ceremony on this occasion is very simple, there being scarcely any religious performance necessary for conferring this exalted dignity. The names of the cardinals to be created are announced in public consistory; on the day appointed for the ceremony they receive the scarlet *calotte* at the hands of the Holy Father, and the hat is sent from the Vatican by a Monsignore or prelate selected for the purpose. Two receptions—one public and the other private, or *warm*, as it is called in Italian—are given by the cardinals on two

nights soon after their promotion to the purple; and the brilliancy of these entertainments surpassed almost everything I have seen in Rome. Having attended the first of them in company of some distinguished friends, I had the honour of being presented to the cardinals, and invited by their Eminences to the private receptions of the following evening. Those which took place in the *Palazzo di Monte Citorio* and the Austrian Embassy were particularly splendid. Entering the great rooms of these noble palaces, hung with velvet, and brilliantly illuminated, seeing the throng of princes and princesses that filled them, you might fancy that royalty itself was holding festival there; and the dignified manners of the cardinals, who stood to receive their guests, were by no means out of harmony with such a scene. Cardinal Antonucci, who was one of the first to whom I was presented, and who is a particularly amiable and highly-cultivated person, made me a very pretty speech on the pious and faithful character for which my countrymen are celebrated; and the fact of my being Irish seemed to procure for me additional kindness and attention, not only from him, but from all the other cardinals and distinguished personages to whom I had the honour of being introduced.

It being Lenten time, ices were the only refreshments on the occasion—a fact which I recommend to the attention of those who have talked so much lately about "Cardinals' fasting." Their Eminences spoke the customary acknowledgments and professions on receiving the hats, and I was particularly struck with the elegant language of the prelate who presented them. His

words were highly appropriate, and in the very best taste.

Large orchestras of military music performed in the squares opposite the several palaces during the receptions of each evening, while all the public places and the residences of the princes were illuminated in honour of the auspicious event.

These were scenes which indeed enlivened the season of mortification, but otherwise, as I have said, the first six weeks of the Lent in Rome had no attractions for the pleasure-seeker. The last week, as we know, is remarkable for the greatest of all the Roman sights; but to these I must devote another chapter. Let me close the present by a sketch of one of these *conversazioné* at which I recollect being present, and which may be taken as a type of that class of entertainment wherein, as I before remarked, the evenings of the Roman Lent are generally passed.

A friend of mine calls with his carriage to take me to the house of some acquaintance to whose circle he has asked permission for my introduction. We are ushered into the drawing-room, where a large number is already assembled. I am presented to the lady of the house, her two daughters, a dignified old gentleman, who turns out to be the *paterfamilias*, and one or two of the principal guests. I am soon "at home"—there is no stiffness in the manners of those Italians, all is elegant and easy—and in a moment I find myself poking amongst albums and portfolios with as much zeal, and talking with as much vehemence and *empressement*, as if for years I had been accustomed to sit every evening

amongst them, though most of the company I had seen for the first time that night. . . . .

I am engaged with a stereoscope, into which a Commander of Malta is inserting the views, when the door opens—the Marquis of A—— is introduced, and a dashing young officer enters the room. He is one of the Noble Guard, and I conclude from the name, and the exclamations of the children of the house—"*O Pepino! zio mio!*"—that he is a younger brother of my amiable hostess.

The door again opens; a lady enters, and the greetings with which the "*Contesina*" is received mark the high rank of this distinguished visitor. I am introduced to her, and she proves to be the sole child and heiress of one of the loftiest families in Rome.

Once more the door opens—"*O Monsignore stimatissimo!*"—a flash of joy lights up every countenance, and all rise to meet the venerable Bishop of R——,* who is uncle to the lady that has just preceded him.

A few more guests follow, and soon the room is filled with an assemblage of rank and fashion, brilliant in no ordinary degree. Conversation turns on various topics—now there is a debate on some point of politics, in which all join together—now Monsignore gives an account of his travels, and is interrupted only by an occasional question. There are some interesting

* The initial letters in this sketch are, for obvious reasons, not the correct ones.

asides, too, in which "the present opera, the last festival, and the next marriage" are discussed; but all is lively, sparkling, animated. The fancy of the Italian, his impressibility, quickness of perception, clearness of thought, and fluency of expression, give a charm to every subject he touches, which is heightened by the flowing, musical character of his language, and the graceful accompaniment of his appropriate gestures.

Music, cards, and dominos fill up the intervals of conversation; and the evening, though not particularly gay, is pleasant and amusing at least. For a stranger particularly, an Italian *conversazione* will have many attractions, as I know no circumstances under which the true character and disposition of the people may be better studied. And those who have opportunities of enjoying such a treat will do well to avail themselves of them. I am sorry to say, that of the "English" in Rome very few indeed are to be met at these "reunions." I know not whether this is attributable to their national antipathy for foreigners, their ignorance of the language, or the exclusiveness of the Roman nobility, which, in the case of strangers, is so strict; but whatever the cause may be, I would heartily rejoice to see it removed, as, until then, I believe my countrymen will never form as high an opinion of Italian manners and education as in reality they deserve.

Once introduced on such an occasion as I have described, you are expected to call on the gentleman or lady of the house within a few days after; and you

are then at liberty to join their social circle on any evening that you choose. The very fact of such daily generalities existing in Italian society speaks much, I think, in its favour; as they must naturally spread kindly influences and good feeling amongst all who participate in them.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE HOLY WEEK.

Return of Sight-seers—Splendour of the Ceremonies of Holy Week—Palm-Sunday—Distribution of Palms—Procession—High Mass—Singing of the Passion, &c.—The *Tenebræ* and *Miserere*—Washing of the Pilgrims' feet at *La Trinità de' Pellegrini*—Holy Thursday—High Mass in the Sistine—Procession to the Capella Paolina—*Lavanda* at St. Peter's—The *Cena*—All the Galleries of the Vatican open—Other Sights at St. Peter's—Second *Miserere* in the Sistine—The Pauline—Shops of the *Pizzicaruoli*—Good Friday—Mass of the Presanctified—Solemnity of the Ceremonies on this Day—Singing of the Pope's Choir—Procession from the Pauline—The last *Miserere*—Veneration of the Relics—Close of Evening at St. Peter's—Holy Saturday—Peculiar Ceremonies—The Gloria—Ceremonies at *S. Giovanni in Laterano.*

FAST as the crowds of sight-seers poured out from Rome at the commencement of Lent, they return with even immense addition to their numbers for the ceremonies of the Holy Week. These world-famed celebrations, whose unequalled beauty and splendour attract such overwhelming multitudes annually to the Eternal City, commence on Palm-Sunday, by the distribution of the palms, the procession, and the High Mass at the Papal Altar of St. Peter's. The palms are distributed first to the cardinals, next to the archbishops, bishops, the *corps diplomatique*, the canons of St. Peter's, the heads of religious orders, and, lastly, to the military and a few private individuals. The procession is then formed, of whose grandeur of scale

and magnificence of character no effort of the pen can convey a just idea. The Pope is borne on the portative throne, with *flabella* and *baldacchino*, while before him move, in dignified array, cardinals, prelates, and canons, princes, nobles, and ambassadors, each in the embroidered vestments, the robes and ornaments, of their different grades and nations, and all bearing in their hands the consecrated branches which, a moment before, they had been admitted to receive from his Holiness.

No regal or imperial ceremony can be grander than this noblest of ecclesiastical spectacles! As it winds through the vast aisles of that unrivalled temple, the mind, even in its most unearthly mood, can picture nothing more imposing or more august! *

* "All these ceremonies of the Roman Church," observes the author of the "Classical Tour," "are set off by every concomitant circumstance that can contribute to their splendour or magnificence. As, indeed, no people are better acquainted with the mode of conducting and managing public exhibitions than the Romans, they are performed with the utmost precision and dignity, with every attention to the effects of perspective, and to all the graces of drapery. Every person knows his place, and the part he has to act in the solemnity. The dresses are adapted to the situation as well as to the rank of the wearers, who, whether they be sitting, standing, or moving, contrive that they should fall into easy and majestic folds. The persons themselves are the pope, the cardinals, the chief magistrates of the city, the principal officers of state, and various prelates, presidents and judges of the principal tribunals, all men either of high birth or of great talents, and venerable for their age, their virtues, or their dignity. The theatres, moreover (if such an expression can be applied to such an object), in which these sacred pomps are exhibited are either the vast and lofty halls of the Vatican palace, adorned with all the wonders of painting, or else the church of St. Peter, whose immense area, while it affords ample room for the ceremony itself, can contain countless multitudes without press or disorder."

Looking at the venerable appearance of the ecclesiastics, crowned with mitres of unspotted white, one might fancy it the realization of those happy dreams in which the glorious company of the undefiled follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth; and, gazing on the splendid countenance of the Pope, as the jewelled tiara flashed upon his brow, and he was lifted high over every head, the vision of bliss might seem to be complete.

After the procession, High Mass is celebrated by a cardinal, at which the members of the Sacred College assist, in scarlet robes, for which they have changed the violet ones worn during the preceding portion of the ceremonies. The vocal performance on this occasion is one of the finest ever heard from the choir of the Papal chapel. The singing of the Passion in parts is a performance which, for thrilling pathos and exquisite execution, cannot be surpassed; while the adoring exultation of the *Benedictus* and *Hosanna,*—as their strains of jubilee strike against the golden vaults,—seem sublime beyond the voice of mortal.

But it is on the Wednesday of Holy Week that commence what forms the principal attraction of the *Settimana Santa,*—namely, the far-famed *Tenebræ* and the wonderful *Miserere* of the Sistine chapel. But of these I believe I should not speak. Those who would have a notion of such extraordinary compositions must hear them for themselves,—language is powerless to describe them. For my part, never,—unless I am found worthy to enter the choirs of the redeemed,—do I expect to hear music which may surpass what

I listened to that evening from the Papal choir. On the bed of death, it is my hope that the thrill of the lamentations which then wrung my inmost soul, and the wail of the *Miserere*, which made my blood run cold, may echo in my ears, and they may be the last sounds I recognize before the Allelujahs of the blessed shall burst upon my enraptured hearing.

On this evening, after the ceremonies of the Vatican, another interesting sight is to be witnessed at the *Trinità de' Pellegrini*, near the *Ponte Sisto*. All those who have come to Rome from a distance of over sixty miles, to visit the holy places, are entertained for a certain number of days in this hospital; and cardinals, bishops, princes, and sometimes crowned heads, may be seen here during the evenings of the latter portion of "Holy Week," washing the travel-stained feet of these poor pilgrims, and attending them like servants, at their meals. It is wonderful and consoling, indeed, to see the influence of religion thus so clearly manifested,—an influence by which she raises up Lazarus to the place of Dives, and puts the purpled of the earth on their knees, and in the most menial capacities, before the way-worn beggars of every clime!

On Holy Thursday the sights are so many, and they follow each other in such quick succession from morning until night, that people generally spend the whole day between the Vatican and St. Peter's. High Mass is first celebrated in the Sistine by a cardinal. After its completion, the Pauline chapel is thrown open, and a procession formed to bear thither the Host, which had been consecrated for the Mass of

the following day. This is a spectacle of a peculiarly impressive character, calculated above most that I have seen to excite devotional feeling of the highest nature. The splendid company of the Sacred College and the Papal court, advancing, with torch and incense, through the dimly-lighted hall,—the presence of the Sovereign Pontiff,—and the excited crowd hushed into mysterious silence by the solemnity of the scene, produced an effect solemn and impressive beyond conception; while the burst of radiance that poured out as the portals of the Pauline flew asunder, seemed like a glimpse into another world,—a vision of joy in which we gazed upon "the bright cloud that fills the mercy-seat."

The *Lavanda* at St. Peter's, which is a ceremony similar to that of the *Pellegrini* which I have described above, has on this occasion the additional interest of being performed by the Pope. Those selected for this purpose are thirteen priests, presented by the diplomatic agents of several courts. The quaint costumes of these representatives of the apostles, seated on a platform in one of the transepts,—the gorgeous group around the Pope,—the great church itself draped in scarlet,—the gay uniforms of the military,—and the vast eager crowd, in which every variety of dress and national characteristic may be discovered,—form an *ensemble* not to be equalled by any spectacle of a similar description. After the *Lavanda,* each of these priests receives from the Holy Father, besides a bouquet of choice flowers, a gold and a silver medal, bearing on one side an effigy of his Holiness, and on the other

a beautifully-executed representation of the Saviour washing the feet of his apostles. They then retire to a hall above the *atrium*, where a banquet is prepared for them, and they are waited on by the Pope, himself wearing a richly-embroidered apron for the purpose. The Pope's *crocifero* reads prayers during the repast, and a number of prelates present to his Holiness the plates which he lays before his guests. The interest of such a scene is so well understood by all, that a large portion of the crowd leave St. Peter's immediately after the *Lavanda* is commenced, in order to secure places for the banquet.

For the whole afternoon of this day all the galleries of the Vatican remain open to the public, including the Etruscan Museum, or *Museo Gregoriano*, at other times accessible only by a special permission to that effect. This privilege, which has been granted either on the Thursday or Friday of Holy Week by the usage of many years in the Papal palace, affords the multitudes who flock to Rome for this great anniversary an excellent opportunity of examining the wonderful treasures which are here enshrined. The cardinal penitentiary sits on this day in the northern transept of St. Peter's, and the washing of the high altar of that Basilica is another of the sights of Holy Thursday. At half-past four the second *Miserere* is chanted in the Sistine with effect similar to that of the preceding day, and after *Tenebræ*, the Pope, attended by his household, proceeds to the *Capella Paolina*, to adore the Blessed Sacrament, which had been deposited there that morning.

Among the sights of the evening may be mentioned the shops of the *pizzicaruoli*, or provision-dealers, whose pretty illuminations and tasteful adornment render their bacon and cheeses so attractive at the close of Lent.

The ceremonies of Good Friday commence with the Mass of the Presanctified, the Host of yesterday being brought back from the Pauline chapel, and the sacrifice consummated by the cardinal grand penitentiary in the Sistine. The services of this day may be attended with far more recollectedness than on either of the two preceding ones; for even amid the crowd of sight-seers,—too often on other occasions remarkable for their levity and improper curiosity,—a more serious feeling seems to-day to have found place. The wonderful effect of so much splendour made subservient to purposes of so much sadness is a spectacle never to be seen at any other time. The singing of the *Improperii* by the Pope's choir is pathetic and soul-touching in the most extraordinary degree, and the chanting of the Passion brings before the mind a more dreadfully real and affecting picture of that event than is in any other way to be conceived. The "Ave Rex Judæorum," in particular, inspires a feeling of pity blended with mysterious awe, which must be experienced to be understood; while the "Tolle, crucifige" calls up a vision of that terrible moment to which it refers with a distinctness which is awful beyond the power of language to describe. The procession on this day from the Pauline is a sight which those who have witnessed will not readily forget. Advancing through

the mystic gloom of the *Sala Regia*, amid files of troops and multitudes of worshippers, while the dirge-like strains of the "Vexilla Regis" fall in funeral cadence on the ear, it is impossible to imagine a scene at once more mournful and magnificent.

The last *Miserere* is chanted this day in the Sistine and St. Peter's; and when the *Tenebræ* are concluded, the Pope, with all the cardinals and the court, descends by the *Scala Regia* to venerate the celebrated relics of the Holy Cross, the Lance, and the Volto Santo, which are exposed on this day in the great Basilica. The procession thus formed is attended by a band of pages, who carry torches before it as it passes down the grand staircase and through the *atrium*, and the troops that line the way kneel and present arms as it moves between them. When it reaches St. Peter's, the shades of evening have already gathered over the glorious temple, the lamps, ever burning at other times before the shrine of the Apostles, are extinguished on this occasion; only a struggling twilight falls from the lofty windows of the cupola; and helmets and glittering arms and splendid vestments alone are visible in the lurid illumination of the domestics' torches. The solemn hush of the enormous multitude, the unequalled interest attaching to the sacred relics themselves, and the vast dimensions which the stupendous church seems to acquire in the imperfect light, increase the grandeur of the spectacle, and give a mysterious and unearthly character to the scene which can alone be experienced in circumstances such as these.

On Holy Saturday, the introduction of the organ with bells, the benediction of the baptismal font, and the immense procession that advances in stately group to the measure of the "Sicut Cervus," are the accessories which give most peculiar attraction to the celebrations performed at St. Peter's. I never will forget the thrilling burst of devoted jubilee that I witnessed during the intonation of the *Gloria* on this occasion. No sooner had the first note of that angel-hymn been chanted, than forth burst from the towers and domes of Rome a peal of gladness, which was prolonged till the last echo of its triumphant strain sounded over the shrine of Peter. Altars were re-lighted, the superb mosaics were suddenly unveiled, and the voice of music and the roar of cannon proclaimed the spiritual renovation of the moment. No effect—produced by any series of combinations—can be compared to this. It is the idea devotional and artistic raised to its utmost conceivable sublimity.

Strangers, however, generally prefer on this day the ceremonies of St. John Lateran. The general ordination by the Cardinal-Vicar, at which the several major and minor orders are conferred, the publie baptism of adult neophytes and the consecration of the waters in the beautiful octagonal baptistery of Constantine, are sights which certainly have large attractions for those who rarely witness such interesting ceremonies, and are admired even by those more familiar with scenes of the kind, on account of the unusual pomp and magnificence which attend them in the Lateran. The extraordinary assemblage of eccle-

siastics of every grade, from the simple *Ostiarius* in surplice, to the Pope's Vicar in his purple, is grand and imposing beyond anything similar to be seen elsewhere, and the baptismal spectacle, in which the waters of regeneration may be seen flowing upon Jew and Mussulman, is one rarely witnessed except on this occasion.

CHAPTER XVII.

EASTER.

Unparalleled grandeur of the Ceremonies on Easter Sunday—Favourable Weather—Daybreak—Sight on entering St. Peter's—Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament—Progress of the Procession—Obeisance to the Pope—Peculiarities of the Mass on this occasion—The Music and Poetry of the Church for Easter—The Pope's Voice—The Silver Trumpets—The Benediction—The Illuminations—The Silver Illumination—The Golden Illumination—Appearance of St. Peter's as the lights begin to die out—Easter Monday—The Fireworks—The Great Cross—The Girandola—Fitting conclusion of the Easter Celebrations.

But the great climax of religious celebrations are those of Easter Sunday. All that was grand and glorious in the wonderful ceremonies of the preceding days is united to give effect and solemnity to the joyous anniversary of the resurrection; and nothing that the human mind can suggest is wanting to lend pomp and magnificence to the entire proceedings. The most soaring fancy can neither devise nor desire anything more brilliant or more impressive, and the most adoring soul can imagine no higher expression for its devotion. Luckily I had the happiness of beholding this spectacle, whose splendour forms an epoch in my life the brightest that memory records, under atmospheric circumstances of the most fortunate and favourable nature. A finer day could scarcely be enjoyed in the Italian spring. The unusually sunny skies seemed to smile approvingly on the unparalleled scenes of devotion which the day

presented; and nature itself appeared to participate in the joy of man. Daybreak, on this auspicious morning, was ushered in by the booming of cannon from St. Angelo. At an early hour every street leading to St. Peter's was crowded with carriages and pedestrians; and multitudes had already assembled in the great church almost the moment its doors were opened.

As I entered the magnificent atrium, the gorgeous ranks of the papal procession were slowly filing beneath the inmost portal of the temple; and, coming at once upon such a spectacle from the ordinary scenes of the outer world, the effect was imposing and memorable indeed. It is not strange if at the moment, looking at the number of mitred heads. and dignified figures, mostly of men advanced in years, and of venerable aspect, I imagined I beheld some vision of a higher sphere—even to the least impressionable a comparison with something more than mortal must be suggested by circumstances of so extraordinary a kind.

The assemblage in St. Peter's on this occasion was larger than any I ever saw within its walls, and was at some periods rather dangerous to encounter, till one had passed the *cordon* of guards, within which a full-dress costume is requisite for admission. And not even in this quarter, though more select, was there always freedom from peril, while the heated atmosphere became almost insupportable as the rites proceeded. Amongst those present was the usual display of gorgeous uniforms, ambassadors, and officers of staff in gay habiliments, civil functionaries in the splendid robes of their different offices, knights in all the bravery

of their chivalrous attire, ladies in the dignified composure of full-dress costume, members of the Papal court in the charming quaintness of their mediæval dresses, monks in the picturesque frocks of their various orders, priests and prelates in the ornaments of their different grades, the sacred college in all the glory of sovereign purple, and the Supreme Pontiff himself, clothed in the united magnificence of his twofold dignity as a monarch and a priest.

On entering St. Peter's, the procession—to which I have referred already—halted opposite the Lateral Chapel to worship before the Blessed Sacrament, the Pope descending from the portative throne, on which he was borne, to adore the majesty of Him who was present within that radiant shrine. When arrived at the first stationary throne near the altar, the homage was performed, the office of Tierce chanted, and the Pope read the preparatory prayers, and was vested for the celebration of the divine mysteries. A procession was then formed to the more elevated and richly-adorned throne at the extremity of the tribune, from which, when approached, it suddenly turned and advanced towards the papal altar, where three junior cardinals received it, and successively presented the usual obeisance and salutations to his Holiness. The most remarkable peculiarities of the Mass on this occasion are the singing of the Epistle and the Gospel in Latin and in Greek; the old custom by which the sacristan is required to partake of a portion of the bread and wine before their consecration; the second elevation of the host and chalice, made after the Pontiff has left the

altar, by the assistant cardinals; and the solemn ceremony with which they are carried to the throne, where his Holiness communicates, drinking from the chalice through a golden tube, in accordance, it is said, with the most ancient practice of the Church.

The music and poetry in which the Church expresses her joy on this occasion are, beyond doubt, the most beautiful in her liturgy. Anerio's famous motette, the "Christus resurgens," given at the offertory, is one of the finest concerted pieces of sacred music known, while the "Victimæ Paschali," which partakes of the dramatic, and swells into a magnificent chorus at its conclusion, is altogether sublime when rendered by the papal choir. The voice of the Pope himself was never heard to greater advantage than in the Mass of this day —the Preface, in particular, being intoned by him in such a manner as to excite admiring ejaculations even within the sacred precincts of the church. But the most striking musical effect produced on this occasion is the celebrated clarion-music at the Elevation. Those who have heard it will never forget the sublime swell with which these silver trumpets, ringing through the glorious arch of the matchless cupola, and breaking finely upon the silence of the awful moment, announced the consummation of that sacrifice which the Vicar of Christ was offering upon earth, and the angels of God were re-offering in heaven.

The Benediction was imparted from the balcony in front of the church at a little after twelve o'clock, and no sight I have ever seen produced so deep and lasting an impression on my mind. The unnumbered multitudes

that had assembled seemed to fill every disposable space in the immense piazza, covering its beautiful circle with a carpet, as it were, of living splendour. There were dark-eyed Romans, lively Contadini, pilgrims from the north and south, and foreigners from every nation; gay dresses, smart vehicles, state carriages, and high above all gushed beautiful over the bright colours of the crowd the fresh free waters of the silver fountains, making rainbow hues in the light, and falling softly back into their marble basins; a brilliant sun flashed upon troops of cavalry and battalions of the line, increasing the unique magnificence of the scene; while the clash of arms and the burst of military music, uniting in glorious chorus with the voice of bells and the thunder of artillery, gave a character of jubilee to the spectacle in which it is completely unapproached by any other elsewhere to be witnessed. But it is in the nature of the scene itself, and not in its accompaniments, that I believe its most striking character consists. Nigh two hundred thousand human beings, of every class, and age, and sex, and nation, gathered together to receive the blessing of that venerable old man! What an influence, what a power was thus acknowledged!—an influence which no other monarch upon earth can boast—a power which the Highest Pontiff alone possesses! As the Pope stretched forth his hands to heaven, while his voice floated clear and musical to the farthest end of the piazza, and knees were bent and the heads of all uncovered, a picture was presented to the eye which no earthly authority could form, save that of him who sits in Peter's chair.

As the last volley roared from the ramparts of St. Angelo, I rode out of the great square, and dashed through the narrow streets of Rome away into the broad, undulating, purple Campagna beyond the gates. It was a splendid noon, and the great sights I met on every side looked greater and more glorious still in the fair tints of its meridian light. Old Tiber had changed his tawny complexion for a brighter hue, and tall houses, and great palaces, and gorgeous churches, ruined arches, and broken pillars, and mouldering porticos, villas and vineyards, and distant hills, all looked fresh and new in the early blush of spring. No object, however—no succession of objects—could blot out from my mind the scene of the Benediction. It was there, and is there still, as something of which my memory would not—and, perhaps, could not—loose its hold. It is a scene, in a word, whose glory must ever be remembered.

Night fell, and all the world went again to St. Peter's. What a gorgeous sight it was!—the great square, full once more, and the colonnade that clasped it in its beauteous arms, and the great church that stood before it, all shining—every column, cornice, and frieze up to the cross upon the wondrous cupola, all shining and sparkling in the sweet light of the silver illumination! Music fell upon the ear, and the eye revelled in lines of light till the great bell struck out the hour of eight, and straightway—on the instant, with electric suddenness, as if by wizard power—all was a red mass of fire, blazing with golden hue from every part of the gigantic structure. The soft, steady lights that had preceded, changed into the restless lustre of brilliant meteors, and

a jewel on the brow of beauty was not fairer than St. Peter's had become!

Later in the night, I admired this memorable spectacle from various favourite *points-de-vue*, and as the great dome and mighty building marked itself in fire upon the dark background of the heavens, it seemed in the distance like some aërial wonder—some sign revealed, or some vision of another life disclosed. Between ten and eleven o'clock, the lights began singly to die out, and as each capital and cornice lost the bright line in which it was expressed, the enormous fabric of fiery structure passed through every possible change of form, varied and fantastic as the figures of dream, and traced every conceivable outline on the sky, till the whole became a black mass no longer discernible in the shades of night.

The next night—Easter Monday—there was the usual display of fireworks on the Pincian. Nothing could be finer—it was a perfect triumph of pyrotechnic skill. Now a beautiful cross was represented in lines of light—now the whole hill seemed one incessant sheet of fire—blazing wheels of every size and colour whirled with wildering speed, and rockets streamed into the sky by hundreds at a time. The great cross in particular—which was the principal device—was remarkably fine, and the sweet hues of light in which the lovely scene was sometimes bathed gave an air of enchantment and a kind of magic charm to the spectacle which is altogether indescribable. The concluding burst—the girandola—can only be compared to a volcano in full eruption. Bursting forth gallantly from

the summit of the Pincian, as though it would blow hill, and gardens, and all into the air, and flinging the enormous glare of its huge red volley over arch, and obelisk, and sea of heads, it seemed what it was—the grandest exhibition of fireworks in the world, and the most magnificent and fitting finale that could be devised for the great rejoicings of the Easter-time.*

* After perusing the description, faint though it be, which I have given of these great ceremonies of the Roman Church, the reader will not be surprised to hear a French writer exclaim—"*La pompe qui environne le Pape, et les cérémonies de l'Eglise romaine, sont les plus majestueuses, les plus augustes, et les plus imposantes qu'on puisse voir.*" —The pomp which surrounds the Pope, and the ceremonies of the Roman Church, are the most majestic, the most august, and the most imposing that it is possible to see.—*Lalande.*

CHAPTER XVIII.

A PAINFUL RECOLLECTION.

The Caffé Greco—Church of S. Andrea delle Fratte—Fontana di Trevi—Acqua Vergine—Brought to Rome by Agrippa—The Fountain adorned by Clement XII.—The Via Appia— Tomb of the Scipios—Church of *Domine quo vadis?*—Basilica of St. Sebastian—Chapel of the Caetanis—Tomb of Cæcilia Metella—Byron's lines—La Fête-Dieu at Marseilles.

Not many days after the great anniversary whose celebrations I have attempted to describe in the preceding chapter,* I was sitting alone by the window of one of my apartments, which looked into the Via Sistina, meditating on whatever subjects fancy or memory suggested at the moment. The Ave Maria had rung "the hour of parting day" from the neighbouring convent of the Sacre Cœur, and the fires of evening were still faintly glowing behind the distant dome of the great Basilica; the streets were noiseless; the vapour of malaria that rose during the first hour of sunset warned the Romans of the danger of exposing themselves to its noxious influence. The carriages that had flashed to and from the Pincian for hours before,

* It may appear to some of my readers improper to introduce a tale into a work like the present; but its truth, for which I vouch, as well as for that of any other chapter in the volume, and its connection, which is here referred to, with what has immediately preceded it, will, I hope, be accepted as sufficient excuse for its insertion.

were now heard no longer, and the only pedestrians whose step broke the silence of the moment were a few foreigners, who, ignorant or regardless of this peculiarity in the climate, were enjoying the delicious breeze which succeeded to the hot sirocco that had blown all day. The dim twilight was softly veiling all outward objects, and gradually as they faded from the view the mind became more and more absorbed in the scenes which passed before the "inward eye," and which require no sunlight to make them visible. Down the long vista of years thought was gliding after thought. My far-off home, and distant friends, and other days; kind words to which I had often listened; warm hand-pressures that I had once returned; heart-greetings to which my heart responded; tones and looks of those from whom I had been parted—"the mourned, the loved, the lost," —these, and a thousand other visions of the soul-world floated before me, bright with the mingled halo of memory and of love, and I was lost in their contemplation—so far lost, indeed, that my servant had entered the room, and was standing at my shoulder before I became conscious either of his existence or my own.

"A letter for *eccellenza*," said the man, bowing.

"Va bene, Giuseppe," was my only reply, as I took it from him, and glanced at the well-known coronet on the seal, and the familiar handwriting of the superscription.

The note was from a young Spanish nobleman of my acquaintance, and was couched in the following brief but apparently significant terms:—

"I shall be at the Café Grec at half-past eight this evening. If you have leisure to meet me there, I have news to impart that will afford you pleasure" (daré a V. noticias que le causaran placer).

I have often remarked the acuteness which the mind appears to gain under certain circumstances, and at certain times. The soft hush of evening is peculiarly favourable in this way. As the outward light slowly dies away, the inward radiance seems to grow every moment clearer, and to beam with additional splendour in proportion as the darkness of the hour grows more and more intense. This I peculiarly felt on the occasion to which I have referred. Gay as was the tenour of this sparingly-worded note, and light and common-place as the subject seemed, I felt that it portended some evil which I could not understand. There was no palpable reason for this—reason rather there seemed to be for sentiments of quite a contrary nature; yet I could not shake the fixed idea from my mind. The inward eye of feeling saw a storm where the less delicate vision of judgment could not discern a shadow; and notwithstanding every exertion to persuade myself of the folly of my fears, I fell into a state of melancholy from which nothing could arouse me.

At eight o'clock I walked slowly down the steps of the Trinità de' Monti, crossed the Piazza di Spagna, and entered the appointed café in the Condotti. As usual, an immense concourse of artists filled the establishment. Young men, and old men too, whom the artistic treasures of Rome had gathered from every clime, within her walls, were here seated in this common rendezvous, and after

I had ordered at the counter my "pane con burro" and cup of coffee, I found it no inconsiderable undertaking to wade through the crowd to the only vacant table I could descry in the entire concern.

The waiter had just laid before me a silver tray containing the slight repast I have mentioned, when my friend appeared. Contrary to the gloomy suggestions of my mind, he looked gay, good-humoured, and dashing, even beyond his wont. I expected to see his features marked with some feeling more in accordance with the nature of my forebodings; but the open, careless expression of his handsome countenance seemed to rebuke me for the groundless apprehension to which, as it then appeared, I had so childishly given way.

Raising his hat as he approached, he saluted me in his native language.

"Buenas noches mi querido, lo pasa V. bien?"

"Bastante bien," I replied; "y V. como está?"

"Mejor que nádie."

"Lo celebro mucho."

This was said in a free and kindly manner that completely put to flight every remnant of my foolish fears, and when I had finished my coffee, I rose to join him in the *pequeña vuelta* which he proposed, with a heart as light as if I had never known the unpleasant dreams which haunted me so short a time before. We crossed the "Condotti," pursued our way through some narrow streets which passed by the church of *S. Andrea delle Fratte*, famous in the history of Monsieur Ratisbonne's conversion, and descended by the Via Stamperia to the beautiful basin of the Trevi Fountain. We stopped to

admire the charming conception of this elegant structure. Its pile of mimic rocks, its emblematical statues, the musical ripplings of its crystal waters, the colossal figure of old Neptune in his car of shells drawn by sea-horses, and guided by Tritons, all and each received a word of praise. We examined with delight the beautiful bassi-relievi, one of which represents the peasant girl, who directed some thirty soldiers to the source of this fountain, eight miles distant, in allusion to which circumstance the water still bears the name of *Acqua Vergine;* and another portrays the valiant figure of Agrippa, the founder of the Pantheon, and the first who brought this water into Rome.

"All hail to the son-in-law of Augustus," cried my enthusiastic friend, "for having had this water conducted to the city, although it was merely to supply his baths; and more thanks still to Clement XII. for the ornamental devices with which he has enriched this beautiful fountain, and rendered it so fair a spectacle for our present entertainment. How refreshing to look upon it and hear its murmurings."

"Yes, mi querido," I replied, "it is very fine; but you promised," I added, suddenly recollecting the note he had sent me, "you promised a piece of information this evening which I hoped would prove more refreshing than even the gentle voice of Trevi."

"Si, es verdad, I had almost forgotten it, though it were scarcely worth the telling; for truth to say, I put that piece of mystery in my note more to insure your company this evening than for aught of pleasurable intelligence that I am able to communicate."

I acknowledged the compliment implied, and he proceeded,—

"I have no doubt, however, but that you will feel pleased to learn that Rosa has at length given up her foolish notions about that paltry German whom we met in Switzerland last summer, and has yielded to our wishes in favour of your English friend, Sir Richard. The marriage will take place in four days hence, and I have seen your name on the list of those to be invited."

"Nothing, indeed," I answered, "would afford me greater pleasure than the happiness of your sister. Señorita Rosa has claims upon the good-will of all who know her."

These words, however, gave no indication of my real feelings at the moment; I spoke almost mechanically, without even a clear comprehension of what I said, and I returned to my lodgings as sad as I had left them an hour before.

When in Geneva I had known something of poor Franz, the German, who was thus discarded. His affection for the young Spanish maiden, and the barrier to their union, which existed in the superior wealth and station of the haughty grandee family, of which she was a member, were secrets which he had confided to me alone of all his friends. Franz loved Rosa. Rosa, I often thought, loved Franz. But Franz was a poor artist, whose only aristocracy was his genius. Rosa's father was a genuine *hidalgo* of the purest blood of Andalusia. The old gentleman was inexorable, and so he had taken his daughter off to Rome, that in the

interesting sights and winter gaieties of the Eternal City she might forget the "paltry German," who, as he remarked, was only aiming at the coronet she wore. Poor Franz! poor Rosa!

* * * * * *

Early next day, I received a note from Rosa's father inviting me to accompany him in a ride along the Appian Way, and promising, as his son did the preceding evening, to disclose something which he 'thought not I would be glad to hear." Alas! I knew it but too well beforehand. However, I resolved to accept the invitation; and when the appointed hour arrived, I set off for the residence of Don Ferrari, determined to learn as much as possible of a matter in which I took so deep an interest.

We rode for three or four miles along the Appian Way—this *Regina Viarum*—stopping at the tomb of the Scipios and the Columbaria of the Vigna Codini.

> "The Scipios' tomb contains a store
> The very sepulchres lie tenantless
> Of their heroic dwellers.

We passed the Arch of Drusus, the cemetery of Geta and Priscilla, entered the church of *Domine, quo vadis?* built on the spot where Peter, as he fled from Rome, met our Saviour, who, to his question, replied, *Venio Romam iterum crucifigi*. The square block of lava in the church of S. Sebastian contains the footmarks left by Christ on that occasion. The

of the Caetanis, which is interesting as one of the few Gothic edifices about Rome, and stopped at the tomb of Cæcilia Metella.

"Let us rest here," said the Spaniard. "I have much to say to you, and this, perhaps, is the most interesting place where we may halt for the purposes of our interview. You, at least, as an 'Englishman,' cannot be indifferent to a spot which has been so eloquently described by one of the most accomplished poets in your language. But hold! I will read his lines; for since I have come to Rome, I always carry 'Childe Harold' in my pocket. It is better than a mere guide-book, which is only a collection of dates and figures; for it teaches me to look at things in the light which genius has flung around them, and to discern the poetical and the picturesque where, without such aid, I might seek for them in vain. How fine, for instance, is this description of the monument before us;" and Don Esteban, who had been educated in England, and was perfect master of the language, read the following lines, in a fine sonorous voice:—

There is a stern round tower of other days,
Firm as a fortress with its fence of stone,
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
The garland of eternity, where wave
The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown;
What was this tower of strength? within its cave
What treasure lay so lock'd, so hid? A woman's grave.

But who was she, the lady of the dead,
Tomb'd in a palace? Was she chaste and fair?

Worthy a king's—or more, a Roman's bed?
What race of chiefs and heroes did she bear?
What daughter of her beauties was the heir?
How lived—how loved—how died she? Was she not
So honour'd—and conspicuously there,
Where meaner relics must not dare to rot,
Placed to commemorate a more than mortal lot?

Perchance she died in youth: it may be, bow'd
With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb
That weigh'd upon her gentle dust, a cloud
Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom
In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom
Heaven gives its favourites—early death; yet shed
A sunset charm around her, and illume
With hectic light the Hesperus of the dead,
Of her consuming cheek, the autumnal leaf-like red.

Perchance she died in age—surviving all
Charms, kindred, children—with the silver gray
On her long tresses, which might yet recall,
It may be, still a something of the day
When they were braided, and her proud array
And lovely form were envied, praised, and eyed
By Rome—but whither would conjecture stray?
Thus much alone we know—Metella died
The wealthiest Roman's wife: behold his love or pride!"

He had scarcely finished, when we noticed some one riding along the road at full speed in our direction. "*Como!*" exclaimed the Spaniard. "This," he added, recognizing in the horseman one of his domestics—"this is Antonio. *Qué quiere decir eso?* What means this? Can it be a message from Sir Richard? or," he continued, after a pause, "is Rosa——" his voice failed, he could proceed no further. What gloomy forebodings smote his heart in that moment of suspense I know not;

but well do I remember the wild and impatient tone in which he cried out to the servant, almost before he was within hearing, "My daughter? Antonio! my daughter? Tell me quick!"—the first interrogation suggested by the fears and affection of his parental heart.

"La Signorina is slightly indisposed, sir," returned the man, laying emphasis on *slightly*, as he remarked, with his quick Italian glance, the colour change in the dark countenance of his master; "only slightly indeed, sir."

"Enough," said Don Esteban mildly. "Pover' Antonio! thy look discloses what thy words endeavour to conceal;" and taking me by the arm we returned to the carriage.

"Ah! Rosa," he sighed, "have I then crushed my pretty flower? Must these old eyes witness such misfortune?"

I endeavoured to console him, but in vain. "Poor Rosa!" and "Woe is me!" were the only answers I received.

* * * * * *

That night there was no joy in the family of Don Esteban. It was a night of weary watching and of deep anxiety. The lamp burnt dimly in the chamber of the suffering Rosa, and the figure of her father might be seen bent in prayer by her bedside, till long after the morning broke.

Days and weeks she lingered thus. I never heard a name given to her malady; but the doctors looked wise, and shook their heads, and Don Esteban appeared every

day more hopeless. Gradually she became weaker and weaker; slowly, but steadily, the light within was dying, till at length the principal physician, finding every effort of his skill had failed, ventured, in his perplexity, to suggest the benefit of a change of scene. There seemed no better way to rid himself of a hopeless patient, and there certainly was no other earthly chance for Rosa.

It was no sooner recommended than adopted, and within a week the whole family had started for the south of France.

* * * * * *

Some months afterwards I was staying at Marseilles. One evening, during the Octave of Corpus Domini (La Fête-Dieu), for whose celebration the flourishing capital of sunny Provence is so famous, I was following a procession of the Holy Sacrament along the splendid line of quays, and was just approaching the magnificent *reposoir* erected at the junction of the *Cannebière*, when some one from the crowd touched me on the shoulder. I turned, and beheld the brother of Rosa.

Naturally my first inquiry was for his sister.

"Alas! *amigo!* she is no more to be inquired for. Our pretty flower has withered before it bloomed. My father yielded everything, but it was too late. The soul's strong workings had already worn out the tabernacle of clay. I hung a wreath upon her tomb in the *cimetière* this morning. She lies there now for the last three weeks."

The soldiers presented arms, and we knelt for the Benediction.

"Ah!" whispered the Spaniard, as we rose again,

"if my sister had been reared amid scenes like these, and not in the unchristian schools of Baden-Baden and Geneva, the influences of religion might have saved her from her doom."

The remark was a just one. I understood it, though it may be unintelligible to the reader.

"But I had almost forgotten," he added suddenly, "to show you the pretty relic that our poor lost one gave me."

It was a wreath of rose-buds, worked upon a ground of white, and surrounding a cross, a broken anchor, a pierced heart, and the two names with which my story has had principally to deal—

"Rosa Maria de Medina"
and
"Franz Ernst von Gerolstein."

CHAPTER XIX.

A PILGRIMAGE THROUGH THE CHURCHES.

The Basilicas—St. John Lateran—The Corsini Chapel—Relics—Santa Maria Maggiore—Borghese Chapel—Princess Borghese—San Paolo—A splendid Memorial of the present Pontificate—San Lorenzo—S. Agnese—S. Andrea della Valle—S. Andrea de' Scozzesi—S. Antonio Abate—SS. Apostoli—The Cappuccini—Santa Cecilia—Santa Croce in Gerusalemme—Il Gesù—S. Giorgio in Velabro—S. Giovanni de' Fiorentini—SS. Giovanni e Paolo—S. Giovanni in Oleo—S. Giuseppe de' Falegnami—S. Gregorio—S. Ignazio—S. Luigi de' Francesi—S. Marcello—S. Marco—S. Maria degli Angeli—S. M. sopra Minerva—S. M. della Pace—S. M. del Popolo—S. M. in Valicella—S. Onofrio—S. Pietro in Vincoli—S. Pudentiana—S. Sabina—S. Tommaso degli Inglesi—La Trinità de' Monti—La Trinità de' Pellegrini.

THE churches of Rome form so peculiar and striking an ornament of the city, that although descriptions of them may be found elsewhere much more accurate than any that I can give, yet as the reader would, perhaps, have reason to be dissatisfied were all allusion to them omitted from a work in any way referring to the "City of Holy Places," I think it right to mention, for his gratification, the leading characteristics and the most interesting circumstances connected with at least a few of the most remarkable. To those who have no desire to examine the ponderous production of Fontana,—nor even to become acquainted with all that "Murray" and the *Berschreibung* contain upon the subject,—a short account like this of what alone is best deserving of notice may not be unacceptable.

We have already glanced at St. Peter's. It is, without doubt, incomparably the greatest of all the churches; but it has been so minutely described by such a number of writers, that I feel confident I shall be pardoned if I content myself with the brief notice I have given of it in a former chapter, and lead my reader in the present paper through temples less frequently mentioned than the great Basilica of the Vatican. Considering that Rome contains nearly four hundred places of public worship, I cannot be expected to visit in this "pilgrimage" even all those which possess considerable interest, but will merely select some of which my memory preserves the clearest notions. Of the thirteen basilicas in Rome and its immediate vicinity, the five great ones would demand five different chapters, but I cannot here devote more than a passing word to any of them.

As you gaze upon the exterior of the Lateran (*S. Giovanni in Laterano*) an inscription over the door informs you that you are in presence of the "Mother and Head of all the churches of the city and the world," —"*Omnium urbis et orbis ecclesiarum Mater et Caput.*" The chapter of this basilica takes precedence even of that of St. Peter's; it is the church of which the popes take possession after their election, and it is here that the coronation of the pontiffs invariably takes place. It is principally remarkable, however, for the five general councils,—known in history as the Lateran Councils,—which have been held in it. The first of these was convoked in 1123, and the last was summoned by Julius II., in 1512, and continued for many years

during the brilliant pontificate of his successor. In the interior of this church is the far-famed Corsini chapel, which is the richest gem of the kind in Europe. Nothing, indeed, can be imagined more magnificent, and at the same time more chaste, than the design and decoration of this beautiful structure. Though glowing with gold and bright with precious stones, adorned with the most costly materials, and filled with the most elaborate ornaments, there is no undue display, and the most refined fastidiousness cannot but admire the wonderful correctness and delicacy of taste that reigns through every part, and subdues the excessive splendour of the whole.

The chapel of the Torlonia family and the altar of the Holy Sacrament are also very fine. The latter is adorned with four gilt bronze columns which belonged to the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and were cast by Augustus from the prows of the vessels captured at Actium; and the richness of the former may be estimated by the sum that has been expended on its decoration, which is said to be no less than £65,000 sterling.

In this church and the adjoining cloisters are preserved some very valuable relics. Amongst others I may mention the table on which the last supper was eaten, the purple garment worn by Christ, the heads of SS. Peter and Paul, a pillar which was split when the veil of the temple was rent in twain, and a slab supported by four columns, which are said to represent the stature of our Saviour.*

* The altitude of these columns I find given in the guide-books as six

In the baptistery built by Constantine is the green basalt font in which that emperor was baptized by St. Sylvester. In addition to the interest which attaches to it from this, its original use, it is remarkable as the vase in which Rienzi bathed the night before he received the order of the Holy Ghost, and for whose profanation his speedy downfall was regarded, even by many of his own followers, as a punishment well deserved.

Santa Maria Maggiore, or the Liberian Basilica, as it also called, is the third in rank of the Roman churches. It is said that a miraculous fall of snow, which took place in the month of August, marked out the site and traced the plan of this splendid edifice,—a circumstance which accounts for the name of S. Maria ad Nives, by which it was originally known. The interior of this church is a sight which alone would repay the traveller for the trouble and expense of a journey to the Eternal City. Nothing of the kind can be finer. The lofty pillars of spotless marble,—the fluted Corinthian pilasters,—the gilding and elaborate carving of the roof,—the alternate marbles and mosaics in the pavement,—the high altar, with its beautiful porphyry columns entwined with palm-leaves of gilded bronze,—and the noble yet simple architecture of the old basilica, produce an effect which is striking and majestic beyond anything I have seen outside the walls of St. Peter's. The finest chapel belonging to this church is that of the Bhorgese family, which

feet, but I have been told by those who measured them, that they are at least an inch and a half or two inches higher.

is second only to that of the Corsinis in the Lateran. A picture of the Virgin and Child, by St. Luke, adorns the altar; and marble, lapis lazuli, jasper, gold, and the opaque precious stones, are lavished in profusion on the entire of this beautiful shrine.

The last members of the family who have been interred in the vaults beneath this chapel were the Princess Gwendaline Talbot Borghese and her three infant children. This illustrious lady, who was one of the Shrewsbury family in England, deserves mention in every work on Rome. Her virtues and amiable qualities rendered her dear to all classes, but her charity made her the idol of the poor. So unbounded, indeed, was her munificence, that her death was considered a public calamity at the time.

San Paolo fuori le Mura, or the Ostian Basilica, which was under the protection of the kings of England before the Reformation,* is another wonderful church. A large portion of the ancient building having been destroyed by fire in the year 1823, it had been undergoing restoration up to 1854, when it was finished and dedicated by Pius IX. The length of this superb temple, not including the tribunal, is 396 feet, and the width of the transepts not less than 250. The series of mosaic portraits of all the popes from St. Peter down to John IV. are very curious and interesting (and even important as a proof of the apostolical descent of the pontiffs); and the lover of archi-

* As the basilicas of the Vatican, the Lateran, and Santa Maria Maggiore are at present under the protection of the sovereigns of Austria, France, and Spain.

In the baptistery bui[illegible] unequalled effect produced basalt font in wh[illegible] columns with their white St. Sylvester. [illegible] such an air of grandeur attaches to it [illegible] edifice. The canopy of the able as th[illegible] by pillars of white oriental before he[illegible] episcopal chair, surrounded by for who[illegible] marble, will also attract the admira- even [illegible] ; and the devotion of the pilgrim wel[illegible] by a visit to the *confessional*, where [illegible] two great apostles (Peter and Paul) are preserved. The completion of this glorious basilica, considering the difficulties, financial and political, which opposed it, cannot but be esteemed one of the vastest undertakings of modern times. It is now one of the most magnificent ornaments of the capital of Christendom, and will be to after ages a splendid memorial of the pontificate of the reigning pope, whose untiring efforts and extraordinary munificence have done so much for its restoration.

San Lorenzo, which is also outside the walls (*fuori le Mura*) is the fifth of the five great basilicas, and is a building of the most peculiar interest. I cannot, however, do more than mention it here, and add, that the only public cemetery in the vicinity of Rome is the one adjoining this beautiful church.

S. Agnese, about a mile beyond the Porta Pia, is another basilica, and is curious as one of the very few churches which has preserved its ancient form without any alteration. This church, to which, by reason of its position beneath the level of the soil, you descend by a long flight of marble steps, is now one of the most

autiful about Rome, having been lately restored by
us IX., in gratitude to God for the providential
scape of himself and his court in 1855, when the floor
in the adjoining convent fell beneath them.

S. Andrea della Valle, which is supposed to stand on the site of Pompey's senate-house, and very near to where "great Cæsar fell," is one of the finest specimens of modern ecclesiastical architecture in the city. The painting of the cupola by Lanfranco is very much admired, the glory which he introduced in the centre of the lantern being considered to form an epoch in the art of pictorial decoration. The frescoes of this church are very remarkable, particularly the Evangelists, by Domenichino, and the Glorification of St. Andrew, so much admired for the clearness and power of their colouring.

S. Andrea de' Scozzesi, erected by the Marchioness of Huntley and Count Leslie, is interesting to our Scotch fellow-countrymen, as the church annexed to the ecclesiastical college of their nation, and the last resting-place of many Scottish families who died at Rome.

S. Antonio Abate is worthy of mention for the interesting ceremony of blessing the cattle, which takes place here every year on the feast of St. Anthony, and during the whole of the following week. It is one of the sights of Rome, and should not be missed by those who happen to be in the Eternal City at this time.

The church of the *SS. Apostoli,* known amongst early writers as the Basilica Constantiniana, contains the bodies of the apostles Philip and James, to whom it was originally dedicated. There is also in this church

a cenotaph to Michael Angelo, who was buried here before his remains were conveyed to *Santa Croce*, in Florence, and the figure of the old man, which reclines upon it, is said to be a striking likeness of the illustrious artist.

The *Cappuccini*, or *S. Maria della Concezione*, is celebrated for the picture of the Archangel Michael, by Guido Reni, which has been styled by Forsyth the Catholic Apollo. I am extremely fond of all Guido's pieces. There is a tenderness and delicacy in his manner, and a beauty in his figures, which always captivate me; but this is incomparably the greatest of all his works. "Like the Belvedere god," says the critic whom I have already named, "the archangel breathes that dignified vengeance which animates without distorting; while the very Devil derives importance from his august adversary, and escapes the laugh which his figure usually provokes." The Conversion of St. Paul, by Pietro da Cortona, is also a remarkable painting. "Whoever," says Lanzi, "would know to what lengths he carried his style in his altarpiece, should examine the Conversion of St. Paul in the Capuchin Church at Rome, which, though placed opposite to the St. Michael of Guido, nevertheless fails not to excite the admiration of such professors as are willing to admit various styles of beauty in art."

The adjoining convent is the head-quarters of the Capuchin Friars, and the residence of the general of their order. Under the church are four vaulted chambers, which constitute the cemetery of the monks, and are curious on account of the number of skeletons

which may be seen there, standing erect in the robes of the order, and wearing garlands round their heads.

S. Cecilia contains the body, and a beautiful recumbent statue, of the saint whose name it bears. A passage on the right-hand side, near the entrance, leads to the Chapel of Santa Cecilia, erected in a part of the house where she lived.

Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, or the Sessorian Basilica, is remarkable for its large collection of relics. It derives its present name from the portion of the true cross deposited in it by the Empress Helena, and the earth from Jerusalem, which was brought here and mixed with the foundation.

Il Gesù, which is the principal church of the Jesuits, is one of the most largely-frequented places of worship in the city. The gorgeous style of its decorations, the splendour and interest of the various ceremonies which take place here, the able discourses so often to be heard from its pulpit, and the convenience of meeting confessors here who speak almost every language, have obtained for it a decided preference, amongst foreigners, at least; and the peculiar affection which converts have been often remarked to display for the members of this illustrious order, may further account for the immense number of our English friends that are so often to be met here. The Chapel of S. Ignazio in this church is one of the richest in Rome. It was designed by Father Pozzi, and is brilliantly adorned with *lapis lazuli,* and *verde antique.* The globe below the Almighty, in the marble group of the Trinity, is said to be the largest mass of *lapis lazuli* ever discovered. In this chapel is

the silver statue of St. Ignatius, and his body lies beneath the altar in an urn of gilt bronze.

The adjoining convent is the head-quarters of the Jesuits, and the residence of the general of their order.

S. Giorgio in Velabro is interesting to Englishmen as the only church in Rome dedicated to their patron saint. It has also an historical interest in connection with Rienzi, being the church to whose door he affixed his celebrated notice, announcing the speedy return of the Good Estate: "In breve tempo li Romani torneranno al loro antico buono stato." The head of St. George is preserved here, and also a banner of red silk tissue which was borne by the saint.

S. Giovanni de' Fiorentini, which is the national church of the Tuscans, contains the fine picture of St. Jerome writing, by Ugoli, and the celebrated painting by Salvator Rosa of S. Cosma and S. Damiano con-

SS. [illegible] is a handsome church attached [illegible] Convent on the Celian. Ex- [illegible] it is adjacent to the Colosseum are [illegible] thought to belong to the [illegible] where the wild beasts [illegible] arena. The [illegible] the side [illegible] which be- [illegible] the visitor.

[illegible] which [illegible] building of [illegible] name it bears. [illegible] implies, in the

church of the confraternity of Roman joiners. It stands over the celebrated Mamertine prisons, in which Jugurtha was starved to death, and the accomplices of Catiline were strangled. These prisons consist of two chambers, one over the other, in the upper of which St. Peter is said to have been confined by order of Nero. The pillar to which he was bound is shown, and the fountain which we are told miraculously sprung up to enable him to baptize his gaolers. The lower cell is the most horrible dungeon it is possible to imagine, and well deserves the description given of it by Sallust. "The appearance of it," says that historian, "from the filth, the darkness, and the smell, is terrific."

Near this church there is a school of design for those who are preparing for any branch of the carpenter trade.

S. Gregorio is remarkable for the celebrated frescoes, painted by Guido and Domenichino, as rival performances. It is built on the site of the family mansion of St. Gregory the Great, and contains the marble table on which he fed every morning twelve poor pilgrims. In the adjoining convent, which is the head-quarters of the Camaldolese order, the late Pope, Gregory XVI., lived as abbot for many years. The terrace in front of the church is celebrated for the picturesque views which it commands of the Palatine and the palace of the Cæsars.

S. Ignazio, attached to the Collegio Romano, is chiefly remarkable for the paintings of its roof and tribune by Padre Pozzi, which are so much admired for their wonderful perspective. The adjoining oratory

of the Caravita is one of the most frequented during Lent by the higher female classes of the city.

S. Luigi de' Francesi, the national church of the French, contains two brilliant frescoes by Domenichino, which are admired as good examples of his peculiar style. Military mass is performed here every Sunday morning with great pomp and accompaniment of military music.

S. Marcello, in the Corso, belonging to the Servites, is remarkable for the fine paintings on the roof of one of its chapels. "This is a work," says Lanzi, "deservedly held in the highest repute."

S. Marco, which is within the precincts of the Palazzo di Venezia, is a very interesting church. On the festival of St. Mark, there is a procession of all the clergy in Rome from this to St. Peter's.

S. Maria degli Angeli, which was formed by Michael Angelo in a portion of the Baths of Diocletian, is one of the most magnificent and imposing churches in the city. It contains some very remarkable paintings, which formerly were altar-pieces in St. Peter's, but are now replaced there by copies in mosaic. Amongst them, the most celebrated are the "St. Sebastian," by Domenichino, and the "Baptism of our Lord," by Carlo Maratti. At the entrance of the great hall is the fine statue of "St. Bruno," which Clement XIV. is said to have admired so much. "It would speak," said he, "if the rule of his order did not prescribe silence." Behind this church is the Carthusian convent, with its celebrated cloister, designed by Michael Angelo.

S. Maria sopra Minerva is the only church in Rome in the pointed Gothic style. At one side of the high altar is a full-length statue of Christ, by Michael Angelo, and in the corresponding place at the other side is a statue of "St. John," by Obici, a Modenese sculptor, at present resident in Rome. The former is considered one of the finest single figures ever executed by its illustrious author, and the latter is really one of the most admirable representations of the "Vox Dei" that I have seen. The monastery attached to this church is the head-quarters of the Dominicans, and the residence of the general of their order. The congregation of the Index, and the Inquisition, or congregation of the Holy Office, hold their sittings in this convent.

The library of the Minerva, which is open daily from 7½ to 10¾ A.M., at all seasons, and for two hours in the afternoon, which vary according to the time of the year, is richer in printed books than any other in Rome, and is only surpassed by the Vatican in manuscripts.

S. Maria della Pace is remarkable for the "Four Sibyls," by Raphael, which are classed among the most successful works of that eminent master; the "Prophets," by Rosso Fiorentino, from Raphael's drawing; and the four celebrated paintings on the walls beneath the cupola.

S. Maria del Popolo, near the gate of the same name, is an extremely interesting church. The Cibo chapel which it contains is very rich in precious stones, and is adorned with the fine picture of the "Assumption," by

Carlo Maratti. The celebrated "Nativity," by Pinturicchio, is to be seen in the church; also some remarkable frescoes by the same hand; the "Crucifixion of St. Peter" and the "Conversion of St. Paul," by M. Angelo Caravaggio; the miraculous picture of the "S. Maria del Popolo," attributed to St. Luke; and the statue of Jonah sitting on a whale, designed by Raphael, and sculptured by Lorenzetto Lotti. The windows are excellent specimens of ancient painted glass, by two Frenchmen, who were invited to Rome by Julius II.

The adjoining convent is occupied by monks of the Augustinian order.

S. Maria in Vallicella—better known as *la Chiesa Nuova*—is one of the largest and richest churches in Rome. It was built by St. Philip Neri, whose chamber, and the furniture which it contained, are still preserved here, and may be examined by the pious pilgrim. The interior of this church is remarkable for the splendour and costliness of its decoration. Marbles and valuable ornaments are lavished on it in profusion; and it is further adorned by several paintings of the rarest merit.

The adjoining convent is the head-quarters of the order of Oratorians, and is celebrated for the oratorios which are performed here during Lent. This species of sacred music was invented by St. Philip, the founder of the order, and took its name from this oratory, which he also built.

S. Onofrio.—The literary pilgrim at least will turn with devotion to S. Onofrio, in whose convent died,

and in whose church lies buried, the amiable and elegant author of the "Gerusalemme." The chapel in which his remains are at present deposited, has been erected at the expense of the liberal friend of learning, and the munificent patron of the arts—the good and generous Pius IX. It contains a monument to the poet in the cinquecento style, with a bas-relief of his funeral, and a statue of the *grand homme* himself. A noble answer this to the scoffs of those who would confound poetry with sentimentalism, and the bard with the idle dreamer! Utilitarian! go and learn a lesson at the tomb of Tasso, where the father of the Church has done honour to the genius of a poet.

In this church are also sepulchral memorials of the famous Cardinal Mezzofante, of Alessandro Guidi, the lyric poet, of Cardinal Sacco, and of John Barclay, the author of "Argenis," who died in Rome,—an array of monuments and names which make San Onofrio almost as interesting an object of hero-worship as the Parisian Panthéon, or the Florentine Santa Croce.

One of the rooms in an upper corridor of the adjoining convent is shown as that in which Tasso died. Several relics of the poet are there preserved. Amongst others, the wax mask taken after his death, his crucifix, belt, inkstand, and some of his autographs. The view from the garden of this convent, and the terrace in front of the church, is one of the most agreeable to be obtained from any eminence within the city. Often I sat in the garden by the old broken trunk, which is the sole remaining portion of the celebrated tree known as Tasso's Oak, envying the poet who spent so many

days in the retirement of a spot so lovely in its position, and so admirably suited for purposes of study and meditation.

S. Pietro in Vincoli, or the Basilica Eudoxiana, built to preserve the chain with which St. Peter was bound at Jerusalem, is principally remarkable for this interesting relic, and for the celebrated "Moses" of Michael Angelo, which is considered one of the noblest works the chisel of the illustrious Florentine has produced. Here is also the fine picture of "St. Margaret," by Guercino, and in the sacristy the "Hope" of Guido,—a lovely picture, and seemingly a great favourite amongst the copyists,—and the "Deliverance of St. Peter," which is one of the best works of Domenichino's youth.

S. Pudentiana, situated in one of the streets which run along the valley between the Viminal and the Esquiline, is considered the most ancient of all the Roman churches (*omnis ecclesiarum urbis vetustissima*), and is supposed to have been at one time the cathedral of the city. Attracting the attention of every traveller by its historical relations, and the valuable works of mediæval art which it contains, it has a special interest for the British pilgrim, as the church of which the eminent head of the English hierarchy is titular cardinal at present.

S. Sabina is worthy of mention for the beautiful picture of the "Virgin of the Rosary," by Sassoferrato, and the celebrated lemon-tree in the gardens, planted by St. Dominick when he lived as a recluse in the adjoining convent.

Some interesting discoveries have been lately made

in the neighbourhood of this church, but I can do no more than refer to them on this occasion.

S. Tommaso degli Inglesi.—Though my space is quickly diminishing, and I have already made a larger list of the churches than I originally intended, it would be an unpardonable omission not at least to mention the church of *St. Thomas of Canterbury*, which is attached to the ecclesiastical college of the English (*degli Inglesi*). In connection with the seminary, another establishment—the Collegio Pio—has been lately added, where English converts to Catholicity who desire to embrace the ecclesiastical state receive the necessary preparation.

La Trinità de' Monti.—I cannot forbear to say a few words also of the interesting church and convent of *La Trinità de' Monti*, which at present belong to the French nuns of the *Sacre Cœur*, and are so well known for the beautiful singing of the vespers which takes place here at half an hour before sunset on all Sundays and great festivals. This church contained, when I was in Rome, Daniele da Volterra's great painting of the "DESCENT FROM THE CROSS," considered by Poussin the third greatest picture in the world, being inferior only to the "Transfiguration" and the "Communion" in the Vatican. "We might," says Lanzi, "almost imagine ourselves spectators of the mournful scene. . . . . The truth in the representation of the exposed parts of the body is nature itself." I am sorry to add that the French government, acting on a pretended right to the contents of this church, have lately transferred this wonderful picture to Paris, where

it is to be exhibited in the museum of the Louvre. I hope, however, that some efforts will be made to recover it, and that the French authorities will themselves see the unwarrantableness of an act which must meet the reprobation of all who love justice or take an interest in the arts.

La Trinità de' Pelligrini.—In no more fitting way could we conclude our "pilgrimage" than by a visit to the *Trinity of the Pilgrims;* and a prayer,—in which I hope none of my readers, whatever be their faith, will think it wrong to join,—breathed before that celebrated picture which hangs over its altar, where the pencil of Guido has attempted to represent on canvas the fundamental belief of all forms of our common Christianity—the triune nature of that omnipotent God to whose honour these and more than three hundred other churches have been erected in the capital of Christendom.

CHAPTER XX.

THE POPE.

Dignity of the Pope—The Person of the Pope—His Dress—The Pope's Drives—Pedestrian Exercise—Monsignor Talbot—Total absence of danger to the Pope—No further necessity for French Protection—The Pope's Daily Life—The portion of the Vatican inhabited by His Holiness—The Pope's Private Apartments—Presentation to the Pope—Mode of Application for this Privilege—Etiquette of the Occasion—Kindness and Familiarity of the Pope—Gentlemen, where received—Ladies, where—Costume required—The Pope's Benediction—How objects should be presented for his Blessing.

From talking of the churches we, by no very forced transition, come to the subject of "the Pope"—a dignitary always so closely connected with them in our minds.

The majesty of the Pope is, beyond contradiction, the loftiest on earth,—the triple crown is the emblem of the highest sovereignty in the world. Every other title,—whether it be Czar or Kaiser,—sinks into insignificance, every other dignity becomes naught beside that of him who sits upon the chair of Peter and holds the keys of Heaven in his charge. The supreme head of religion on earth, the great high-priest of God, the chief bishop and pastor of all the faithful, the spiritual father of monarchs as well as their subjects, there is no human being uniting in himself authorities so widespread and exalted. No small degree of interest, therefore, must attach to everything connected with so

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could we conclude our ... and earnest, and a voice
to the *Trinity of the P*... His Holiness is always
I hope none of my ... woollen or white silk soutane in
think it wrong to ... cloth one in winter. He wears
picture which ... or cap, of white silk; and his large
of Guido he ... is of the same material, with tassels of
fundamen... slippers are red, with a cross embroidered
Christia... which is the object of veneration kissed
God ... approach the person of the Pontiff.
hur...
c... When the Pope goes out to drive, he puts over his soutane a lace surplice, a purple cope trimmed with white fur, and a stole richly embroidered with gold; and he wears on his head a broad-leafed hat of red silk turned up on each side and ornamented with golden tassels. The usage of the Papal court does not permit him to appear in the streets except in a carriage; beyond the city gates, however, and sometimes in the public gardens of Monte Pincio, the Pope takes exercise on foot. In these walks every one who meets him instantly uncovers and prostrates himself, in testimony of the profound respect due to the character of the Pontiff, and in order to receive the benediction of His Holiness,—noble equestrians dismounting from their horses, and gentlemen alighting from their

to pay this tribute of veneration to his exalted religious powers. He often speaks to the little children whom he meets, addressing a word to the former, and of kindness to the latter. Not unfrequently, when he stops for these interviews, may be seen stretched forth to him petitions for alms, or supplications for mercy. (All received by one of the Noble Guard of whom are in attendance), and afterwards presented for the personal perusal of His Holiness. Calls on his charity receive an immediate reply from the purse of Monsignor the Almoner, and appeals to his clemency are seldom answered less promptly and consolingly by that generous heart which knows only to be merciful to all. It is a noble sight to see the good Father of his people thus walking familiarly amongst them, and pouring blessings and consolation on all around.

On these occasions, besides the Noble Guard and the three or four officers of the household who attend the Pope, two of his private chamberlains walk at each side of His Holiness. And often in one of these may be recognized the portly figure and the bland and handsome countenance of our distinguished fellow-countryman Monsignor Talbot. It is flattering to our national feeling to see an Irishman placed by the Holy Father in so high position near his person; and it is pleasing to reflect that he has selected one whose ability and refinement render him so worthy of it. Frequently I followed the Pope's *cortège* during these walks, and I believe my principal attraction (after the

novelty of the spectacle had passed) arose from those two generous, noble faces—that of the Holy Father and that of his Irish chamberlain. It was ever a pleasure to me,—which no repetition of the sight could diminish,—to gaze from one of those fair countenances to the other, and read in both the same beautiful characters of dignity, sweetness, and benevolence. Even in the close-fitting *soutane* (which I have mentioned as his usual garb on these occasions) the figure of His Holiness is stout and venerable, as becomes a man over whom have passed full six-and-sixty summers; yet his step is as free and graceful, and his blue eye as bright, as they might have been some forty years before. Some of these things time no doubt may change—the Pope may become less stout,—his eye may grow dim in the darkness of age,—and his step may be enfeebled by the weight of years; but the mild expression of gentleness which ever beams from those handsome features, and the charm with which dignity of bearing and sanctity of life invest the person of the present Pontiff, no time nor circumstance can have any power to alter. As long as Pius the Ninth remains himself, these inherent characters of his nature will remain impressed upon him, and attract the admiration and respect of all who have the pleasure to behold His Holiness.

One thing particularly struck me in these walks, as it must all who have followed the Pope in his pedestrian exercise, and that is, the total absence of all that danger to his life which some persons would have us believe constantly threatens the Holy Father from his subjects.

Nothing, I believe, could be more purely imaginary. No one who has ever seen the cheerful countenance of the Pope in these circumstances, ever lighted up with that sweet smile of benignity which is almost peculiarly his own, and the reverent multitude bent at his feet wheresoever he goes, could give credit for a moment to assertions so contrary to his experience. It is evident the Pope himself has confidence in his people—his easy and happy manner on those occasions leaves no doubt of it; and it is quite as clear that the devotion towards his person which they invariably demonstrate when he appears amongst them, fully justifies his feelings in this respect. For my own part, considering all that I have seen and heard with reference to the subject,—and I have devoted much attention to it when in Rome, I would rejoice to behold the day when the only safeguard of the Pope would be the faithful hearts and the ready hands of that generous dark-eyed people whose affection for him I know to be so great. There may be some misguided men in Rome whose feeling towards His Holiness as a temporal monarch is neither loyal nor dutiful; but I am convinced that an outrage or an insult attempted by these wretches—if such exist—on the sacredness and majesty of the Pope, would be punished on the spot by those who witnessed it. And this being the case, I think every Catholic, while grateful to the French for the noble and chivalrous service they have done, should wish to see their protection at an end, now that it seems no longer to be needed. If cause should ever again arise for it, —which may God forbid!—the children of the faith

will not be wanting in their duty to the common father of the Christian world; and none, I believe, would more gladly draw their swords again in his defence than the generous, brave-hearted sons of Gaul.

Of the Pope's daily life few, I think, are likely to form accurate ideas. Considering his exalted dignity, most people would perhaps naturally imagine that his, at least, must be a life of ease. Yet, in reality, no opinion can be further from the truth than such a one. No man leads a life more austere, more laborious, and more difficult than the highest dignitary on earth —the Vicar of Jesus Christ. He rises at six o'clock every morning, without exception. After prayers he proceeds to the small chapel near his apartment, where he celebrates the holy Mass. In this chapel the Blessed Sacrament is always kept; and Pius IX., in his devotion towards the Divine Eucharist, watches, himself, over the replenishment of the lamps which burn constantly before it. He celebrates Mass slowly and in a saintly manner; and when he has terminated this most glorious act of the day, he assists in thanksgiving at a Mass offered by one of the chaplains of His Holiness. He then recites on his knees, with one of the prelates of his suite, the portion of the Divine office for the time, and afterwards returns to his apartment. He then receives the Cardinal Secretary of State, with whom he regulates the temporal concerns of his dominions, and the Majordomo, with whom he considers the affairs of his household.

He then reads all the various letters addressed to him, and at ten o'clock commence the audiences,

properly so called. These generally last more than four hours in succession, and few tasks can be more onerous and exhausting. Princes, cardinals, bishops, ambassadors, priests, and the faithful, come from every quarter of the globe to pay their homage to the successor of Peter, and to consult the infallible authority on earth, with regard to matters of the gravest interest to religion and the highest importance to society. When finished, at about two or half-past two o'clock, the Pope proceeds to his dining-hall, where his fare is of the most frugal nature. He then recites, again on his knees, another portion of the Breviary; and at three he drives out to take a little exercise. Frequently, indeed, even these very drives have an object beyond that of recreation; for the Pope rarely returns without visiting some church where a feast is celebrated, or some institution where his presence may be a consolation or an encouragement. At the close of the day, —indicated in Italy by the sound of the *Ave Maria*,— the Pope re-enters his palace, and recites, with his suite, the *Angelus*, adding the *De Profundis* for the eternal rest of all those who have died that day throughout the world. The audiences are then recommenced, papers are submitted to His Holiness for signature, and the decrees of the different Roman congregations are laid before him for his sovereign approval and final decision. With these he is occupied until ten or eleven o'clock at night, when he retires to take a slight collation, consisting merely of some fruit and vegetables. He then finishes the recital of his office, and afterwards takes a few hours' repose,

to prepare him for the coming day—to be spent in the same saintly and laborious manner.

With very rare exceptions, such are the days of the Pope. Who will not say that a life like this, notwithstanding the honours which attend it, is a continued subjection, an incessant abnegation of self? To the duties of a temporal sovereign and a spiritual father the Pope has added the unbounded cares which the interests and concerns of the Universal Church bring to him whom God has appointed to be its head. One thing alone can bear him through his labours; and that is, the consolation of working for God in the highest state to which He could have raised him, and performing ever His holy will. Entering into the Divine views, and discharging his onerous duties with the untiring zeal and exalted piety for which our present Holy Father is so remarkable, his life must merit before the Lord a great and blessed recompense.

The part of the palace which the Pope inhabits, though in itself magnificent, like all the other halls of the Vatican, is yet decorated with the most extraordinary simplicity. The walls are merely covered with scarlet; and, except the Pontifical throne, there are no other seats but armchairs of wood. After passing a long range of apartments, the first of which are set apart for the attendants and the guard, according to their rank, and the next for the different persons that compose the Pope's household, we come to the part especially designed for His Holiness. Having had the honour of being presented to the Holy Father, I passed through these apartments, and I can

assure my reader that they are even smaller and more simple still than the rest. The first of these is the study, where he grants the numerous audiences; the second is the Pope's bed-chamber, at the end of which may be seen his bed, draped with red silk; the third is the dining-room, where his Holiness eats alone, from a table also covered with red silk; and the fourth and last of the suite is the library, a large and handsome apartment, where the Pope usually holds the council of ministers.

As I have referred to the subject of my presentation to the Pope, I shall conclude this chapter with a brief account of it, for the benefit of those of my readers who may intend seeking the honour of an interview with his Holiness. In the first place, my application for an audience was presented by a distinguished friend of mine to *Monsignore Maestro di Camera,* or Grand Chamberlain of the Pope. I had not long to wait, as, owing to the exertions of my friend, I believe my application met with more than usually prompt attention. A week or two at furthest after it was made, a dragoon rode down from the Vatican, bearing me the notification of the time at which I was to be received by his Holiness. At the appointed hour I presented myself, and was at once ushered by one of the private chamberlains into the presence of the first sovereign of the world. The chamberlain knelt with me at the threshold, and then departed, leaving me alone with his Holiness. I continued to perform the two other genuflections customary on entering the presence-chamber of the Pope—one after having advanced half

way through the room, and the other immediately at the feet of the Holy Father; and was bending to kiss the cross upon his sandal, when he kindly lifted me, and prevented the act of obeisance which is usually paid to the Head of the Church. His Holiness was seated in an armchair richly gilt, and covered with scarlet velvet; over him was suspended a dais, or canopy, of the same rich colour, emblazoned with the pontifical and royal arms; and before him was a large square table, covered with silk. He spoke long and familiarly on various subjects (which it would be imprudent to mention here), and when the audience was over, and I had obtained the benediction of his Holiness, he rung a small hand-bell which stood upon the table, and another visitor was introduced.

Gentlemen alone are thus received into the private apartments of the Pope; ladies, except royal princesses and crowned heads, being merely presented in the galleries of the Vatican. As gentlemen's costume is evening dress or uniforms, ladies are obliged to appear in black dresses and veils on these occasions. The opportunity of an audience is generally availed of to have rosaries, crucifixes, and medals blessed by his Holiness. They should be presented in a box, and the crosses must be rather large, as it is not proper that the Papal benediction should be attached to objects which, from their smallness, are liable to be lost.

CHAPTER XXI.

A RAMBLE THROUGH THE PALACES.

The Pontifical Palaces—The Lateran—The Quirinal—Incidental Remarks on the Revolution—Palazzo Barberini—Borghese—Braschi—Campana—Palazzo della Cancelleria—Chigi—Colonna—Corsini—Martial quoted—Curia Innocentiana—Doria-Pamphili—Farnese—Frescoes—Farnesina—Palazzo Massimi delle Colonne—Sciarra—Spada—Statue of Pompey—Quotations from Shakspeare and Byron—Palazzo Vidoni or Caffarelli—Raphael.

HAVING devoted so many pages in the chapter before last to the subject of the churches, I can scarcely avoid some mention of the palaces, which, after the superb monuments of religion, form the most magnificent ornaments of the modern city. Besides the Vatican, of which I have already spoken, there are two other Pontifical palaces—the Lateran and the Quirinal, which, like the great Basilicas, would each require a separate chapter to do them justice, but which, like them also, can receive little more than mention in a work such as the present.

The *Lateran*, which stands close to the cathedral of that name, was the residence of the Popes up to the year 1377, when Gregory XI. took up his abode permanently in the Vatican. It was converted into an hospital for the reception of two hundred and fifty orphans by Innocent XII., and into a museum by the late Pope, in order to render it useful to the city, and to prevent the dilapidation into which it would other-

wise have fallen. The rooms on the ground-floor contain some valuable marbles—statues, sarcophagi, and bas-reliefs; and the upper stories are filled with interesting pictures and mosaics. The Christian museum, founded by Pius IX., is a fine collection of curious and precious remains of Christian art; and in the picture-galleries are preserved some capital works of Guercino, Giulio Romano, Fra Angelico da Fiesole, Sassoferrato, M. A. Caravaggio, Andrea del Sarto, and Filippo Lippi. From the Belvedere at the top of the palace, there is a magnificent view of the Alban and Sabine hills, which those who go to Rome should take an early opportunity to enjoy; and the appearance of the entire building should not be neglected, which, from its extent and simplicity, derives an air of dignity that well becomes the palace wherein the highest episcopal authority was enthroned for over a thousand years.

The *Quirinal Palace*, or the *Palazzo Pontificio*, which, from the loftiness and salubrity of its situation, has become the favourite summer residence of the Popes, is a stately building, magnificently decorated, and containing some noble works of art. Amongst the pictures, I particularly admired Corregio's beautiful "Madonna;" "St. Peter and St. Paul," by Fra Bartolommeo; "St. Bernard," by Sebastiano del Piombo; "The Adoration of the Magi," by Guercino; "The Resurrection," by Vandyke; "SS. Eustachius and Liberius," by An. Caracci; "Adonis," by Paul Veronese, a "Battle-field," by Salvator Rosa; an "Ecce Homo," by Domenichino; "The Annunciation," which is, without doubt, the most admirable of all Guido's works, and

a remarkably fine fresco of the "Virgin and Child," by Carlo Maratta. In this palace have been held for many years the conclaves for the election of the Pope; and it is from the balcony over the great entrance that the first benediction of the newly-chosen pontiff is given. While the conclaves sit, crowds wait here every day, in the square opposite the palace, to know the result of their deliberation, and do not depart until the Ave Maria, in the evening, when either a curl of smoke arising from the chimney announces that the papers of that day are burned, and that the cardinals have not yet decided, or, no smoke appearing, a shout of joy breaks forth from every heart to salute him whom the princes of the Church have selected from their body, for the high office of ruler of the State, and the awful responsibility of Head of the Church.

This palace has a painful interest in connection with the *dies nefasti*—the horrible days of the last revolution. Would to heaven that I had not to stain my pages with even the mention of the brutal violence, the infamous outrage, and the dark deeds of blood and sacrilege of which the Quirinal was a witness in those unhappy days! Suffice it to say, that it was in this palace the mild and good Pius—best of men and gentlest of rulers—was besieged by a frenzied rabble, ignorant of their real interests, and led on by crafty and designing villains—false and cowardly anarchists—whose only aim was to disturb the state for personal and private motives, and who have ever proved themselves the worst foes of true freedom, wherever they have appeared. More shameful still, it was before this

palace that even Roman soldiers—be it said to their eternal disgrace!—ranged themselves in order of battle (brave fellows!) to terrify and insult their loving and generous sovereign; it was into this palace that they fired, and killed a prelate in his chamber; it was in this palace that a deputation announced their resolve to put to death every single inmate, with the exception of the Pope, if their wild and unreasonable terms were not accepted; and it was from this palace that, in the darkness of night, clad in the humble dress of an ordinary priest, and with only one attendant, Pius IX. went forth to seek, in exile, a refuge from the insults and the outrage which his ungrateful people offered to himself, and to put an end, by the only means in his power, to the savage fury and inhuman violence with which they treated all who were devoted to his interest! Thank God, as we reflect upon those dreadful associations that hang around the Quirinal, we are consoled by the consideration that those days of shame and terror have proved, by their consequences, a lesson of wisdom to the Romans; and that the tongues which once cried "Long live Mazzini!" and "Cheers for the hand that poniarded Rossi!" are often now heard calling down blessings on him—their lawful monarch, and their forgiving father—whom they have discovered, by sad experience, to be their only friend—their only hope.

In the piazza in front of this palace is an Egyptian obelisk of red granite, erected by Pius VI., and on each side of it the two famous statues representing Castor and Pollux, formed, it is said, in emulation, by

Phidias and Praxiteles, and so much admired for their wonderful anatomy and almost lifelike action.

Of the private palaces, which number over a hundred, I can do little more than make a list of the most remarkable, as I cannot possibly recollect all the wonderful treasures of art and interesting remains of antiquity with which the residences of the Roman nobility are so abundantly filled.

The *Palazzo Barberini* contains in its collection of paintings the "Fornarina," by Raphael, and the celebrated portrait of Beatrice Cenci, taken by Guido the night before her execution. The winding staircase in this palace is said to be the best example of that species of construction to be seen in Rome, and the library is a noble one, famous for its manuscripts and its many valuable literary curiosities. In the court-yard is an inscription, interesting to British travellers as having belonged to a triumphal arch erected to commemorate the conquest of Britain by the emperor Claudius.

The *Palazzo Borghese* is a magnificent edifice, remarkable for the air of splendour and opulence that pervades every portion of its vast extent. The arcades of the court are supported by a hundred columns of granite, and the whole is ornamented with antique statues of the highest value. The gallery, which is on the *rez-de-chaussée*, or ground-floor, consists of twelve noble saloons or halls, *en suite*, and is one of the richest in the city, containing nearly nine hundred paintings of the rarest merit. Let me mention a few of its treasures which particularly struck me. The "Entombment" by

Raphael, and a portrait of Cæsar Borgia by the same hand, a "Deposition" by Garofalo, and a "St. Stephen" by Francia, all in the second room, are magnificent pictures. Corregio's "Danäe," in the third room, also charmed me very much; the principal figure is extremely beautiful, and the little angel with the bright wings, which sits upon the couch and helps her to collect the gold, is almost divine. I cannot avoid, however, remarking that such a subject seems to me beneath the dignity of art, which should be in all its branches high and holy, and aim as much at presenting us with purity of spirit as with purity of form. The "Cumæan Sibyl," in the fourth room, is one of the most graceful productions of Domenichino. The "Sports of Diana," from the same pencil, is in the fifth room, and is another remarkable picture. The goddess is represented giving the reward of a bow and quiver to one of her nymphs. The beautiful scene passes at a river-side, and the nymphs are in various attitudes around their mistress. The seventh room is a long gallery, highly ornamented, and covered with looking-glasses and gilding. The paintings that conceal the joinings of the glasses are extremely pretty, representing cupids and river-gods, in many elegant attitudes, by Crociferi, and flowers of remarkable beauty by Mario dei Fiori. In the tenth room are two celebrated pictures, "The Three Graces blindfolding Cupid," and "Sacred and Profane Love," both by Titian; and the twelfth room is devoted to paintings of the Dutch and Flemish schools; amongst which an "Entombment," I believe by Vandyke, and Girardo del Notti's celebrated piece of "Lot and his

Daughters," which is so much admired for its colouring and expression, deserve especial notice. There are some admirable frescoes and mosaics also to be seen in this collection; and in the middle of many of the rooms are charming fountains, which play constantly, and fall into beautiful antique marble basins.

The *Palazzo Braschi* is principally remarkable for the mutilated figure of Pasquin, which stands against one of its walls, well known for its *pasquinades*, a word coined from the name of this celebrated statue.

The *Palazzo Campana*.—The intended sale of this collection, by which it is soon to be broken up and scattered abroad, gives an additional interest at the present moment to the wonderful museum of the Campana Palace. The pictures in this gallery amount to nearly 650 in number; the collection of sculpture consists of several hundred statues, many of great merit, and a whole suite of rooms is filled with majolica, containing some of the finest specimens in existence of Urbino and Grubbio ware; but that for which this palace is chiefly celebrated is its museum of Etruscan art, which is reputed without a rival even in Rome. The collection of gold ornaments, jewellery, and bronzes is really wonderful; that of glass and enamels, consisting of elegant tazze of various colours mounted on filigree, is extremely interesting; the gems, cameos, and numismatic collection are of an importance rarely found in private cabinets, and the collection of Etruscan vases, numbering nearly 3,800, is without doubt the largest and most precious in existence. It is a pity that Rome is to be deprived of these valuable treasures; and though, in the labyrinth of

her wonders, the Campana Museum could claim little attention from the ordinary traveller, its loss will be deplored by all who admire the works of art and the beautiful remains of antiquity. Those who can should not neglect to see it before it is dispersed.

The *Palazzo della Cancelleria* has an interest of a horrible nature, as the scene of Count Rossi's murder, the dreadful crime which opened the way to the numerous others perpetrated in the abominable license of the revolution.

The *Palazzo Chigi* contains some good paintings and an excellent library, which is enriched with many curious manuscripts and interesting original documents.

The *Palazzo Colonna*, which formed at one period the residence of St. Charles Borromeo, is a vast edifice, with a garden in proportion, and contains a noble library, some valuable antiques, and a fine collection of paintings by the greatest masters. Its principal feature is the great hall or gallery, which is one of the most magnificent in Rome, two hundred feet in length and forty in breadth, supported by Corinthian pillars and pilasters of beautiful *giallo antico*. Decorated with Venetian mirrors, ornamented with ancient statues, and adorned on the sides and vaulted ceilings with paintings and gildings intermingled, it presents a scene of splendour not surpassed even in this metropolis of the arts.

The *Palazzo Corsini*, remarkable as having been the residence of Christina, Queen of Sweden, who died in it in 1689, is considered one of the finest palaces in the city. Its extent, furniture, gardens, spacious library,

and wonderful collection of paintings, render it certainly one of the principal sights of Rome. The view from the gardens is a magnificent panorama, celebrated even in the days of Martial:—

"Juli jugera panca Martialis,
Hortis Hesperidum beatiora,
Longo Janiculi jugo recumbunt.
Lati collibus imminent recessus;
Et planus modico tumore vertex
Cœlo perfruitur sereniore:
Et curvas nebula tegente valles,
Solis luce nitet peculiari:
Puris leniter admoventur astris
Celsæ culmina delicta villæ.
Hinc septem dominos videre montes,
Et totam licet æstimare Romam."*

The *Curia Innocentiana*, or *Palazzo di Monte Citorio*, in which the higher courts of law have their seat, is a stately edifice, well known to strangers, on account of the passport-office which it contains.

* My Martial's small but lovely lands,
On the green slope that wide expands
Of fair Janiculum, recline
The Hesperian gardens less divine.
There many a cool retreat is found,
Far raised o'er all the hills around;
The level summit mounting high
Enjoys an ever tranquil sky;
With suns their own, those regions glow,
Though clouds may hide the vales below.
Thy beauteous villas toward the skies
With gentle elevation rise;
Hence the seven hills, and hence is seen
Whate'er great Rome can boast, the world's triumphant Queen.

The *Palazzo Doria-Pamphili*, in the Corso, is the most superb private palace in Rome, yielding in beauty of architecture alone to the *Palazzo Farnese*.

The *Palazzo Farnese*.—This magnificent structure was for the most part built by Michael Angelo; and the greatness of its style is worthy of him who was great in all the arts—painting, sculpture, and even poetry, as well as architecture. The frescoes by Annibal Caracci and his scholars are the principal attractions of the gallery in this palace, and, as works of art, are certainly deserving of all the praise that has been lavished on them, though many of the subjects, it must be said, are less delicate than one could wish. The subjects are, in the centre, the "Triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne," preceded by a capital figure of Silenus, and attended by a comic procession of fauns and satyrs; at one end the god Pan offering goatskins to Diana, and at the other Mercury presenting the apple to Paris; the whole forming a composition which really cannot be too much praised. Between the centre and the extremities, Galatea may be seen on the sea, with Tritons and nymphs, Cephalus and Aurora in a car, and Polyphemus in one place playing on the pipes, and in another hurling a fragment of a rock at Acis, whom he pursues. The episode of Morpheus asleep, introduced into the "Rape of Cephalus," has a fine effect, and the two pieces of which Polyphemus is the hero are executed with considerable taste and spirit. Other compartments represent "Jupiter inviting Juno to his nuptial bed;" "Juno, graced with the Cestus, entertaining Jupiter;" "Diana caressing Endymion;" "Apollo carrying off

Hyacinth;" "Europa on the Bull," and the "Contest of Perseus and Phineus." Anchises is represented taking off the buskin of Venus, and Hercules, having previously exchanged his dress with Iole, is playing a basque-tambour for her amusement. There are some other subjects also, which I cannot now remember, but which are not less interesting than those to which I have referred.

The only drawback on the pleasure derived from a visit to this glorious palace, is the reflection that much of its splendour consists of the plundered ornaments of the Coliseum, which were used in its construction. Whilst, however, we condemn, as we certainly must, the pillage for any purpose of the noblest ruin in existence, we cannot but admit that its fruits have been applied not altogether unworthily in the erection of so noble a pile as the *Palazzo Farnese*.

The *Farnesina Palace* is celebrated for its frescoes by Raphael and his pupils, which, though retouched and considerably injured by Carlo Maratta, still attract the attention and excite the wonder of every lover of the arts. This palace was built by Agostino Chigi, purposely for the celebrated entertainment which he gave to Leo X. in 1518, and which is reputed the most costly banquet of modern times. Two, who was present on the occasion, says the price of three fish served up at this entertainment amounted to 25,000 crowns, and we are told, the plate, as it was removed from the table, was thrown into the Tiber by order of this luxurious banker.

The *Palazzo Massimi delle Colonne* contains the

celebrated "Discobolus," which is one of the finest pieces of ancient sculpture in existence.

The *Palazzo Ruspoli* is remarkable for its staircase, composed of 115 steps of white marble, which is considered one of the finest of its kind in Rome.

The *Palazzo Sciarra*, though its gallery is small, has some first-rate paintings by the best masters. The "Player on the Violin," by Raphael; "Modesty and Vanity," by Leonardo da Vinci; Titian's "Bella Donna," and the "Magdalen delle Radici," by Guido, are deserving of especial notice, being pictures whose value would make the reputation of any collection in which they might be found.

The *Palazzo Spada*.—I will conclude by a visit to the Spada Palace, which is remarkable for the celebrated statue of "Pompey," at the base of which it is supposed that Cæsar fell. No more appropriately can I close my "ramble" than by the mention of this interesting relic, before which the great Dictator closed his life,—

"When the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude more strong than traitor's arms
Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart,
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood—great Cæsar fell."

"And thou, dread statue! yet existent in
The austerest form of naked majesty;
Thou who beheldest, 'mid the assassins' din,
At thy bathed base the bloody Cæsar lie,

Folding his robe in dying dignity,
An offering to thine altar, from the queen
Of gods and men, great Nemesis! did he die
And thou, too, perish, Pompey? have ye been
Victors of countless kings or puppets of a scene?"

Did I mention any other palace, it were the *Vidoni*, formerly called the *Palazzo Caffarelli*, in order that I might throw over the concluding words of this tedious chapter the light which encircles for ever the name of Raphael, by whom it was designed.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PANTHEON AND THE CAPITOL.

The Pantheon—Its Antiquity—Associations—Emotion on first beholding the Pantheon—Difficulty of expressing feelings of this nature—State of Preservation—Converted into a Christian Church—Its condition previously to this event—The Portico—The Interior—Dome—The Pantheon sacred in the History of Art—The Capitol—Its present condition—Feelings with which the Traveller approaches the Capitol—Ascent—Square—Equestrian Statue—Palace of the Conservators—Protomoteca—Wolf of the Capitol—Hobhouse, Virgil, Cicero, and Byron quoted—*Museo Capitolino*—The Dying Gladiator—Byron's lines—Palace of the Senator—Remains of the Tabularium—Wonderful View from the Tower.

It would be an unpardonable omission, in speaking of the churches and palaces of Rome, to forget the Pantheon and the Capitol, which are, perhaps, the most interesting of them all. I have omitted them, however, where they should have been inserted, only that I may give them the superior prominence of a separate chapter, and that I may blend upon the same page the memories I preserve of relics so remarkable—consecrated in the eyes of the traveller as memorials of that glory that is gone, and endeared to all by the classic recollections of school-boy days that hang around them, and make them objects hallowed for ever in our minds. Gazing on the Pantheon,—

"Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime,"

on which Roman eyes gazed with admiration nigh two

thousand years before, entering that "shrine of all saints, and temple of all gods," over whose threshold the masters of the world passed, witnessing the sacred rites of our purer faith performed, where once the abominations of paganism found a place, and, lifting our eyes to Heaven, through that open dome through which the fumes of sacrifice often rose to Jove the Thunderer and Father Mars, the most immovable breast cannot but feel deeply touched. Looking back in memory on the feelings I experienced, when for the first time I beheld this glorious monument, I can scarcely trust my pen with their description. Words fail to express their tumult and intensity,—language is ever at fault when the heart is full,—and it were better perhaps be silent than to speak. Like the painter who threw a veil over the old man to conceal the emotion which the cunning of his pencil knew not to express, I prefer leaving to the imagination of my reader what no series of sentences, however numerous and artful, could ever adequately portray.

The Pantheon is at once the most noble specimen of Roman art and magnificence that time has spared, and the most ancient edifice that now remains in so complete a state of preservation. "Though plundered," says Forsyth, "of all its brass except the ring, which was necessary to preserve the aperture above; though exposed to repeated fire; though sometimes flooded by the river, and always open to the rain, no monument of equal antiquity is so well preserved as this rotunda." This it certainly owes to the wise and pious policy of Pope Boniface IV., who deserves the gratitude of

posterity for having converted the Pantheon into a Christian church, thereby saving it from the spoiling hand, and drawing to it the care and protection which the consecrated structures of religion are ever certain to receive. For three hundred years before his pontificate the Pantheon had remained a neglected, unappropriated, desecrated building, falling day after day, slowly, but steadily, beneath the scythe of Time; and had not the taste of the Pontiff interfered in its behalf, it might now be mingled with the things that were—a broken ruin marking the spot where, eighteen centuries before, the mighty temple of Agrippa stood. The portico of this wonderful building has been admitted by most writers to be almost beyond criticism; even the severe and cynical Forsyth declaring it to be "more than faultless,—positively the most sublime result that was ever produced by so little architecture." It consists of a double range of Corinthian columns of red granite, with bases and capitals of marble. The middle pillars, by a larger intercolumniation than that of the others, open a passage to the brazen portal with its beautiful doorway of African marble; the vestibule is supported by fluted pilasters corresponding with the columns; and the whole is surmounted by a pediment, which completes this marvellous structure,—a monument which, after the cupola of the Vatican, is the grandest and most imposing which the architectural genius of ancient or modern times has produced. The interior is a circular hall, over a hundred and fifty feet in diameter,* and

* Exclusive of the walls, which are twenty feet thick in some places.

the same in height, crowned with a majestic dome, from whose circular opening it receives its only light. Its walls are lined with marble, and its pavement variegated with porphyry and agate. Corinthian columns and pilasters of antique yellow cast the rich glow of their mellow tints over the shrines they decorate; and conspicuous beyond all things else, facing the spectator as he enters, is the great altar—the beauty of holiness, the throne of the Victim-Lamb,—by its imposing appearance and the simplicity of its decoration in admirable accordance with the dignity and grandeur of the scene.

Such is a glimpse—faint, indeed—of the "Pride of Rome." One word more, and I have done. As if its antiquity, its beauty, and its sanctity were not sufficient claims to the veneration of the traveller, an additional interest has been given it in recent times by uniting to the charm of its other associations the enchanting attractiveness with which the memory of Raphael and Caracci will surround it for ever in the history of art. Both these illustrious masters are buried in the third chapel to the left on entering—a bust and a short epitaph from the pen of Cardinal Bembo alone pointing out the spot where rests all that was mortal of him who in life was called "divine." The tomb of Taddeo Zucchero also stands in the same chapel; and Baldassare Peruzzi, Giovanni da Udine, Pierino del Vaga, and Cardinal Gonsalvi, are buried in other portions of the church. Thus, to the mysterious associations which the shadows of two thousand years have gathered upon the Pantheon,—to the sanctity which the prayers of

twenty generations have imparted to its walls, and the beauty which the sacredness of its tabernacle and the magnificence of its architecture shed around it, has been added the only increase of interest that it could receive, and the light of modern genius is blended with the splendour of ancient art, and the fame of the present is mingled with the glory of the past.

Turning from this interesting monument, a few minutes' walk brings us to the other of which we have to speak. Unlike the Pantheon, however, which we have seen in so wonderful a state of preservation, the only vestige of the Capitol that remains to gratify the curiosity of later times are the firm substructions and the "immovable rock,"—the *Capitoli immobile saxum*,—on which once it stood. The Palace of the Senator—a dignitary somewhat similar to our "Lord Mayor,"—the *Museo Capitolino*, and the Palace of the Conservators, at present occupy the site of this memorable structure; and though designed by Michael Angelo, and remarkable for the grandeur of their appearance, they will scarcely realize the enthusiastic ideas of magnificence with which the classical traveller approaches for the first time a spot consecrated in his imagination by so many interesting recollections. An easy ascent, whose marble balustrade is terminated below by lions of Egyptian porphyry, and above by marble statues of colossal size, leads to the square which stands before these buildings, and forms an imposing entrance to the Palace of the People and the residence of their magistrates. This square is adorned with the celebrated

sculptures called the Trophies of Marius; the statues of Constantine and his son; two milestones found on the Via Appia; and, in the centre, the beautiful equestrian figure of Aurelius, which, as a specimen of ancient art, is admitted to be the finest in existence. In front is the Palace of the Senator, ornamented with Corinthian pilasters, and approached by a double flight of marble steps. Minerva, armed with her ægis, looks a stern welcome on the visitor as he paces across the beautiful piazza; and the dash of a silver fountain at her feet delights his eye and makes music to his ear. On the right-hand side is the Palace of the Conservators, containing an extensive picture-gallery and the suite of rooms called the *Protomoteca*. The former, though far inferior to the gallery of the Vatican, is enriched with many pictures of extraordinary merit; and the latter,—a temple of Fame in which Rome preserves the busts of her illustrious citizens,—cannot fail to be highly interesting to the stranger. In this palace is also to be seen the celebrated *Wolf of the Capitol*, of which so much has been said and written, and which is, beyond all dispute, one of the most remarkable relics of antiquity to be seen in the capital of the arts. Winckelman and later antiquaries believe it to be the same which is mentioned by Dionysius and Livy, and was struck with lightning in the time of Cicero; and, as Sir John Hobhouse remarks, "It is certainly the figure, if not the very animal, to which Virgil alludes in his beautiful verses:—

'Geminos huic ubera circum
Ludere pendentes pueros, et lambere matrem

Impavidos: illam tereti cervice reflexam
Mulcere alternos, et corpora fingere linguâ.'"

"Tactus est," says Cicero, "ille etiam qui hanc urbem condidit Romulus, quem inauratum in Capitolio parvum atque lactantem, uberibus lupinis inhiantem fuisse meministis." And Lord Byron has completed the interest which belongs to it, in the following admirable lines, which no doubt the reader recollects:—

"And thou the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome!
She-wolf, whose brazen-imaged dugs impart
The milk of conquest yet within the dome,
Where, as a monument of antique art,
Thou standest:—Mother of the mighty heart,
Which the great founder suck'd from thy wild teat,
Scorch'd by the Roman Jove's ethereal dart,
And thy limbs black with lightning—dost thou yet
Guard thine immortal cubs, nor thy fond charge forget?"

Leaving the *Conservatori*, the building facing us is the Museum of the Capitol, remarkable for the interesting ground-plan of the ancient city which is here preserved, and the magnificent collection of statues and sarcophagi which it contains. Here is the *Amazon*, which is considered one of the grandest figures known of its kind; a repetition of the *Faun of Praxiteles*, which excels all those in the Vatican; the *Antinous of the Capitol*, whose exceeding beauty and perfect faultlessness place it amongst the very first productions of the chisel with which we are acquainted; the celebrated *Faun* in rosso-antico, as valuable for its sculpture as for its rare material; the *Venus of the Capitol*, which is one of the noblest representations

of the goddess that I have seen; two beautiful centaurs, in *bigio-morato,* and the celebrated *Doves of Pliny,* which are the finest specimen of ancient mosaic in existence. But the great treasure of the Capitoline Museum is the wonderful figure of the DYING GLADIATOR. This extraordinary statue is too well known to need any description here, but I cannot deny myself the pleasure of quoting the celebrated lines with which it has inspired the noble author of Childe Harold:—

"I see before me the gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
And through his sides the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won.

"He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday:
All this rush'd with his blood—shall he expire,
And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!"

In the Palace of the Senator are the interesting remains of the Tabularium and a Museum of Ancient Architecture, which is well worthy of a visit. That, however, which is most remarkable with regard to

this beautiful palace is the celebrated view from the tower, of which it is not too much to say, that there is no scene the world presents more moving and impressive,—no spectacle on which the eye of man may rest more extraordinary and magnificent. I had heard so much of this wonderful view, even before I ever crossed the Tiber, that I was scarcely a week in Rome when I hastened to gratify the longing I always felt to witness it. I ascended the tower in company of two or three Roman friends, and though I was in some measure prepared for the sight by the grand and awful picture which Virgil presents us of the Capitol,* I yet felt certain, when I fixed my eyes upon it, that I never before conceived even an idea of the emotion which I then experienced. The first thought that rose to my mind, as I gazed upon the glorious panorama that surrounded me, was the uncommon happiness of sentiment, and the extreme felicity of words that would be requisite to do it justice, and the utter impossibility of expressing by pen or tongue the sublimity and variety of the thoughts that must arise in every mind from the contemplation of such a scene. Before me the spectacle was no other than

* "Hinc ad Tarpeiam sedem et Capitolia ducit,
Aurea nunc, olim sylvestribus horrida dumis.
Jam tum religio pavidos terrebat agrestes
Dira loci, jam tum sylvam saxumque tremebant.
Hoc nemus, hunc, inquit, frondoso vertice collem,
(Quis Deus, incertum est) habitat Deus. Arcades ipsum
Credunt se vidisse Jovem: cum sæpe nigrantem
Ægida concuteret dextrâ, nimbosque cieret."
Æneid. viii. 347.

the "carcass of fallen Rome"—the city of cities—*urbs urbium*—the capital of the world! There it lay scattered in black and lifeless ruins over the seven hills on which once its splendour was enthroned. How desolate it looked, with its encircling solitude and over-brooding silence! Dark and broken—crumbling and dead! Ivy and weeds matted together! Arches crushed, and columns prostrate! Temple on temple hurled—tomb on tomb! Everywhere shattered forms—shapeless masses! Groves of cypress waving their arms sorrowfully over the traces of destruction, and the bright sun itself looking dreary upon the melancholy fragments! . . . . . And this is the "great city"—the *Domina rerum*—the Mistress of the World—the *portus omnium gentium*—the asylum of all the nations of the earth. This is that Rome

> To which 'twas given, with awful sway,
> To rule mankind and make the world obey.

This is that Rome—the abode of gods—the nurse of heroes; that city whose renown was spread over the earth for the genius of her sons, and whose name was honoured wherever her conquering arms clashed for the justice of her laws and the magnanimity of her citizens;—this is that *rerum pulcherrima Roma*—Rome, the fairest object in the world—Rome, in comparison with whose glory all the other cities of the earth

> "Appear
> Like shrubs when lofty cypresses are near."

This, in a word, is that Rome whose ancient origin

and venerable fame—whose mighty achievements and unbounded sway—whose polished literature and majestic language, have made her an object of interest and of reverence to every liberal and ingenuous mind. And now this mighty city is no more. There before me is the grave in which its greatness all lies buried; those tottering pillars and mouldering fanes alone remaining to testify the magnificence that is gone, and the splendour which once they witnessed. Alas! for the power that is mortal—the strength that is of the earth! Not only man himself dieth, but the proudest and most enduring monuments of his skill are subject to the same inexorable destiny. Decay and death are words written everywhere upon the earth—*Transit gloria mundi* is a sentence that meets the eye wheresoever it turns; but nowhere is our doom so impressively foretold as in this cemetery of ages—this unparalleled spectacle of ruin—the *Romani bustum populi*—the sepulchre of ancient Rome.

Immediately beneath the Capitol the eye rests upon the Forum, bordered with temples, and filled with solitary columns,—

> The Forum where the immortal accents glow,
> And still the eloquent air breathes—burns of Cicero.

Beyond rises the Palatine Hill, the nursery of infant Rome—the residence of imperial grandeur, now covered only with the ruins of its former splendour. To the right is the Aventine, almost as lonely and as

desolate as if it never knew the foot of man; and to the left, the Esquiline and the Viminal,—the former marked by the ruined Baths of Titus, and the latter by those of Diocletian. All is waste and desolation; and she that "sat upon the seven mountains," and "had dominion over the kings of the earth," is "fallen," and is "found no more." The Palace of the Pope upon the Quirinal, and the Basilica of Mary Major upon the Esquiline, are nearly the sole existing monuments in this extraordinary spectacle of destruction. Away beyond the walls stretches the Campagna. Waste and desolation here again! The storied plain of Latium, the country of the Etrurians and the Sabines, the Æqui and the Volsci—the scene of the wars and of the victories, the exertions and the triumphs of infant Rome; even this interesting region seems to have partaken of the calamity of "Babylon." The Hun, and the Vandal, and the Lombard, have been here, and its classical associations, and the picturesque amphitheatre of mountain that surrounds it, have been the only attractions of the Campagna for over a thousand years. "Alas! alas! that great city." You cannot look upon the scene and not be moved; but as you gaze, the Coliseum, lifting its hoary head from the "mournful fields" of ruin, will scarcely fail to remind you of the justice of the judgment: for "in her was found the blood of prophets, and of saints, and of all that were slain upon the earth."

The eye seeks for comfort after this woful view Thank God! it is not distant. I turn, and lo! the

"Holy City—the new Jerusalem," the "tabernacle of God with men"—appears before me with all its consolations, its hopes, its splendour, its sanctity. Another "Mistress of the World," but one whose claim to that venerable title depends no longer on the chances of the sword; another "Light of Nations," but one which enlightens with the "light of life"—

> "The one true light,
> That when all other lamps grow dim
> Shall never burn less purely bright,
> Nor lead astray from Him."

Not sitting like the fallen city on the "seven mountains," but making glad the plain by the beauty of her presence.* The grand old Tiber, gleaming like silver, sweeps majestically through her "streets of palaces and walks of state." Dome and spire look bright in the spendour of the Italian noon,—the symbol of salvation meets the eye wheresoever it turns,—church and convent bell salute the ear from every quarter, and all things assure the stranger of his presence in the "chosen city"—the metropolis of Christendom, the seat of a power greater than that which was enthroned upon the Palatine—the centre of a sovereignty deeply felt and lovingly acknowledged—where neither the victorious

* I do not mean by these quotations and remarks to assert that ancient Rome was the city referred to by St. John, but I merely wish my readers to remark, *en passant*, the fitness with which his words may be applied to it, and the impossibility of the City of the Popes being ever confounded with the Babylon of the Apocalypse.

legions of the Republic ever trod, nor the conquering eagles of the Empire ever penetrated,—

> "Sedes Roma Petri, quæ pastoralis honoris
> Facta caput mundo quicquid non possidet armis
> Religione tenet."
>
> "Rome, Peter's past'ral seat,
> O'er all the obedient world her mitred lord
> Rules by religion now, and not the sword."

Nor is this all. Gazing on the queen-city of the Church, you cannot forget that she is also the capital of the arts. This is the city in which Angelo built and Raphael painted,—this is the cradle of modern as it was the sepulchre of ancient art. The pencil, and the chisel, and the lyre, have ever flourished in connection with the Church, in whom they found their most munificent patron and most uniform friend. She who sought every means to touch the human heart, knew the influence of these, and she who "loved the beauty of His house, and the place where His glory dwelleth," sought to adorn it, not with the cheap decorations of gold and gems, but with the invaluable ones which the hand of genius could alone produce. Naturally, then, in that city where the Church has most fully triumphed, the arts have reached their fullest glory, and the painter and the poet, as well as the pilgrim and the priest, seek for inspiration and instruction in the City of the Popes.

> "Mother of Arts! as once of arms; thy hand
> Was then our guardian, and is still our guide.
> Parent of our religion! whom the wide

Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven!
Europe, repentant of her parricide,
Shall yet redeem thee; and all backward driven,
Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven."

But I must finish. I never could tell half the wonders of this view. Did I attempt to explore all its interest—to recount all its associations—to gather all the recollections that it brings, and to describe all the feelings that it excites, I never should have done. Those who would know such things must ascend the tower of the Capitol, and stand beneath the dome of the Pantheon,—there alone they can be fully understood.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PENCILLINGS IN THE SUBURBS.

The Villas of Rome, a striking Feature in the Magnificence of the City —The Splendour of these beautiful Residences—Natural Beauty—Treasures of Art — Admirable Position — Remarkable Views — Judicious Arrangement—Skilful Cultivation—Remarkable Objects of Art mentioned—View from the Belrespiro—From the Villa Mellini —From the Villa Ludovisi—Difficulty of describing these Views—Frequent Visits to these Villas—Their Appearance at Noon—Singular Tranquillity of an Italian Landscape at that Hour—Sunset in Italy—The Villa Borghese—Seen at Evening—Impressions produced by such a Sight not to be communicated.

The churches and palaces are not the only characteristic beauties of modern Rome. The City of the Popes, like that of the emperors, derives a great deal of the magnificence with which it strikes the stranger from the gardens with which it is environed,—the stately groves and princely villas with which the surrounding country is studded and adorned. Indeed, to my imagination, nothing in Rome surpasses the beauty of some of its principal villas. Everything contributes to increase the grandeur and heighten the charms which these elegant retreats possess. The splendour of nature is joined to the glory of art; and the picturesque advantages of position, which seems in every instance selected with so much care, unite with the peculiar felicities of perspective, for which the city of the "seven hills" is famous, in producing an effect

enchanting beyond whatever may be conceived. The rich, glowing nature of the South, which has lavished on Italy its rarest gifts, appears to lend itself with especial grace to the embellishment of these delightful spots. Trees the most majestic in form, flowers the most beautiful in hue, vales the most shady, hills the most sunny, lakes the most calm, fountains the most restless, glades the most open, nooks the most retired—all the advantages which are the most independent of the hand of man—and, above all things else, most superior to his works, are here assembled. The grace of cultivation is not wanting, and the land of the orange and the vine, even when neglected, so rich and beautiful, has no rival when it becomes the object, in the least degree, of human care. Nature has done so much for this lovely land that the smallest assistance of man is sufficient to finish the matchless pictures which she has already sketched.

But the elevated tastes and intellectual refinement of the Roman cardinals and princes were not satisfied with collecting around the retreats of their leisure all that was grandest and most pleasing in the productions of nature, nor even with the most judicious arrangement and skilful cultivation of those treasures afforded in their favoured clime. The wonders of art, as I have said, they added to the wonders of nature, ornamenting every grove and lake with a statue or a vase, or a valuable antique, and filling their galleries with the noblest works which human genius in any age has wrought. The walls are decorated with the rich colouring of Titian, the ceilings are resplendent with the

striking contrasts of Guercino, and at every turn the eye meets frescoes and cartoons, arabesques and medallions, by masters no less eminent than Raphael and Domenichino, Giulio Romano, and Annibal Caracci. Statues, such as the "Apollo Sauroctonos," of which Pliny speaks, and "Pauline Borghese," by Canova; bas-reliefs, such as the Albani "Antinous," which has been pronounced, "after the 'Apollo' and the 'Laocoon,' the most beautiful monument of antiquity;" and the "Marriage of Peleus and Thetis," which has been described as "one of the finest in existence;" sarcophagi of the most elaborate ornamentation; tazze of the rarest and most beautiful marbles; altars, busts, valuable terra-cottas, ancient mosaics, Etruscan urns of alabaster; columns of granite and giallo-antico; sepulchral cippi; colossal masks; curiosities in Egyptian breccia; sculptures in porphyry and rosso-antico; everything, in a word, that the highest artistic taste could desire or suggest, and the princely fortunes and unequalled liberality of their owners could acquire, have been crowded to overflowing into the halls and galleries of these luxurious villas.

Nor is this all. The position of these delightful abodes, and the admirable views commanded from them, are perhaps, in many cases, their most interesting features. Who will doubt it, that has reclined amid the flowers of the *Belrespiro*,* and fixed his eyes upon the proudest temple in existence; or that has ascended to the Belvedere of the Villa Mellini, and,

* The popular name of the Villa Pamfili-Doria. The grounds of this villa are very extensive, being over four miles in circuit.

looking out over its solitary garden, rested his gaze upon the slopes of the distant Apennines, crowned with a diadem of dazzling white, and tinged with hues of azure and of gold, or that has stood upon the terrace of the Casino Ludovisi and enjoyed the wondrous panoramas of city and Campagna obtained on every side from this elevated spot? Oh! the glory of these views, what pencil could depict, what epithets could describe! The very atmosphere in which they are seen, so transparent beyond whatever may be witnessed in other lands,—the splendour of colouring peculiar to southern climes,—the gorgeous tints with which Italian scenery is embellished,—the objects themselves, the noblest and most interesting that the world can present,—who could attempt the picture of such things, who adequately portray, or even convey a notion of their wonders? As in the case of so many other sights to be seen alone in Rome, words which express ideas familiar to us elsewhere, are insufficient and entirely unsuited here. *These views must be seen to be appreciated,*—a remark which I had often occasion to make when recording other memories in these pages, but which in no instance applies more truly than in this. Suburban residences, possessing such advantages, and filled with such magnificence as these, it will be readily acknowledged, are only to be found in the Eternal City. The reader will not be astonished, then, if I passed in their enjoyment a great deal of the time I spent in Rome. The truth is, I recollect few days—particularly during the lovely months of spring—that I did not visit some one of the villas. How often, in the heat

of a sultry noon, have I sought the shade of those lofty pines and venerable oaks! enjoying that singular tranquillity of nature which no one conceives but those who have lived in southern climes. Even now the recollection of that stillness is wonderful to my imagination. Not a breath of wind disturbs the perfect immobility of the scene,—not a blade of grass waves—not a petal stirs—not a leaf quivers! Even animate nature partakes of the indolence inspired by the moment, and not a bird sings—not a fly hums—not a cicada chirps! All sleeps the voluptuous sleep of an Italian noon,—nothing seems to fatigue itself with the smallest effort—the slightest motion . . . What a time for thought, for reverie, for imagination! . . . The soul dreams—all things around suggest visions the most lovely,—external nature seems to have assumed its closest relation with that which is within us, and there are moments when our happiness seems almost supreme!

Fairer still, however, is perhaps the illusion produced by the magic light of sunset. Oh! that sunset of Italy! I first beheld it in the marble city of the Genoese—*Genova la superba!*—and when the last light of life shall beam upon these eyes, its glories shall not be forgotten. How many delicious evenings did I pass with my friends in the Villa Medici* and the distant Villa Madama,† contemplating, with all the rapture of which my soul is

* The seat of the French Academy, and the property of the French Government.

† Situated on the eastern slopes of Monte Mario, about a mile and a half from the Porta del Popolo.

capable, the unspeakable wonders of that sight! Sometimes I enjoyed it from the ilex groves of the Villa Mattéi;* sometimes from the cypress alleys of the Villa Ludovisi.† Sometimes I gave the preference to the superb parterre of the Villa Albani; ‡ sometimes, and most frequently, to the magnificent park of the Villa Borghese.

The last-mentioned of these villas, although at the very gates of Rome, is situated in a position romantic beyond that of all others, and its gardens are laid out with the greatest taste and skill. The inequalities of the ground are used to produce effect in a manner the most happy, and nowhere else are the natural adornments seen in such pride of luxury and beauty. One never visits those gardens without discovering some new charm—something grand or at least agreeable which had not been remarked before—and one never leaves them without desiring to return soon again.

Alas! this elegant villa, I can see it now no more! but its noble features are imaged in my mind even as the spreading oaks are reflected in the peaceful bosom of its own lovely lake. They are as clearly present to

* This villa, which is situated on the Cælian, and now belongs to a confraternity of foreign nuns, is in general closed to male visitors.

† A part of the gardens of Sallust. This villa has the singular advantage of being inclosed in a great degree by the venerable walls of the city.

‡ Built by Cardinal Alessandro Albani. "Here," says Forsyth, "Cardinal Albani having spent his life in collecting ancient sculpture, formed such porticos and such saloons to receive it as an old Roman would have done. . . . . Here Winckelman grew into an antiquary under the Cardinal's patronage and instruction, and here he projected his history of art which brings this collection continually into view."

my mind at this moment as they were twelve months ago, when I looked upon them last. That incredible assemblage of statues and antiques! those picturesque *jets-d'eau* and cool cascades! those winding paths! those murmuring streamlets! those ever-verdant woods! I see them all; they are still green and bright within my heart! . . . Oh, what a pleasure it was to wander about this glorious park, when the summit of its groves and the depths of its waters were red with the rays of the setting sun. Nothing can equal the emotion which the aspect of this delightful spot is calculated to produce at such time. What delicious dreams of the past and of the future it inspires!—dreams tinged with a light as soft and golden as that which illumes the witchery of the scene—dreams beautiful as the flowers of those southern gardens, enchanting as the melody of those delicious groves! . . . A soul agitated by violent passions, or afflicted by the stroke of fate, might here find rest. The woes and discord of the inner life could hardly exist amid harmony so perfect in the outer world. . . . But it is impossible to describe impressions such as these. From their very nature they are incapable of being communicated, and, as I said before, must be seen to be understood. Those who have not known their influence by experience—who have not seen, as I have, the gardens and the bowers that encircle the Eternal City as with a girdle of delights, and contemplated their glories in the blaze of noon and the glory of twilight, can neither have any notion of the feelings they inspire, nor even fully comprehend the language in which they are sought to be disclosed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN EXCURSION.

Noisy Preparations — Breakfast — Departure — Description of the Journey to Tivoli—Change in the Appearance of the Country at the 12th milestone—Mountain Scene—Interesting Objects on the Tiburtine Way—Adrian's Villa—The Emperor's Object in the Construction of this extraordinary Villa—The Principal Features in its Original Arrangement pointed out—Its unparalleled Magnificence—The Causes of its Ruin—Its present State—Entrance into Tivoli—The Sibilla—Difficulty of describing the Scenery of Tivoli—Partiality of Horace, Augustus, Mæcenas, and other distinguished personages for Tivoli—The Objects which form the chief Attraction of this delightful Spot—So well known that they do not need description—The Cataract at Terni compared with those of Tivoli—The Temple of the Sibyl—The Villa d'Este—Return to Rome.

At four o'clock one grey morning, in the spring of '58, a stranger in the *Minerva*, if he were a man of warm imagination, might have fancied that that good *albergo* had taken fire, or, if he were not intimately acquainted with *terræ-motal* accompaniments, that the shock of an earthquake had been felt by some of his boisterous *colocataires*. To no less alarming causes could he have well attributed the extraordinary commotion; the banging of doors, the fracas of bells, the loud and hurried steps, the noisy altercations, and the cries of servants, each and all of which contributed to disturb his matutinal slumbers in so unpleasant a manner and at so unseasonable an hour. His fears, however, would diminish, and his surprise perhaps increase, when

informed that all this unusual and unwelcome tumult arose from, and was in fact, the mere preparation which some eight or nine ladies and gentlemen were making for a journey of sixteen or eighteen miles in the neighbourhood of Rome; and yet it was in truth nothing in the world more or less. . . . An Irish clergyman, an English gentleman and his wife, a physician of well-known name from New York, myself, and three or four others, had agreed the preceding evening on an excursion to the celebrated city of Tibur-Tivoli and its interesting environs, and having ordered carriages for five o'clock, we it was who, for that important reason, were disturbing the shades of the old Palazzo Conti and the lodgers of the Hôtel de la Minerve.

I know not if every individual in both wings of this vast establishment heard as much of this disturbance as I did; I sincerely hope that all did not; but this I am certain of, and will not soon forget, that the portion of the house in which I had the fortune to be located was the scene of as much confusion as one could possibly imagine to have been caused by circumstances of the kind.

"*Mille diables!*" exclaimed a Frenchman who occupied the room adjoining mine, upon the right, "this beats the noise of Quixote's cats. *Garçon,*" he roared, as a *cameriere* ran along the corridor, "*qu'est ce qu'il y a? qu'est ce qu'il y a?*"

And a German, who inhabited the apartment on my left, with as much alarm, no doubt, as his Gallic neighbour, but far more composure, kept growling in most unmistakable Teutonic fashion, that *der teufel*

was in the house, and that until his satanic majesty was dismissed, no one could sleep beneath the roof. . .

The bells, however, had at length ceased to ring, the doors were no longer banged, angry words and hurried steps were heard no more, and, to the infinite satisfaction, I have no doubt, of the choleric Provençal and the phlegmatic Hanoverian, we—the *mille diables* of the one and the *teufel* of the other—descended to the inferior regions of the *salle à manger*, there to fortify ourselves with *omelettes* and *orvieto*, however unsuited such fare may seem to appetites unearthly, against the chillness of that grizzly hour when, notwithstanding the theory of Horatio, we were about "to issue forth into the morning air"—that hour at which, as good Marcellus has it, "no spirit dares to stir abroad."

I will not stop here, however, to dwell upon this circumstance, singular though it be, nor even upon the *gusto* with which we discussed the merits of egg-puddings and *vin blanc;* suffice it to say, that, having finished breakfast, we started in lofty spirits on that memorable journey for which our preparations were so noisy, and which it now becomes my duty to describe.

Dashing out through the Porta San Lorenzo, we soon passed by the old basilica of that name, about a mile from the gate, and crossed the Anio—now the Teverone —about two miles farther on. An ascent of another mile brought us to the extensive plain through which the torrent of Le Molette flows; and at the twelfth mile-stone we stopped at the *Osteria* of Le Tavernuccole, where a column marks the boundary of the Agro Romano and the commencement of the territory of

Tivoli. At this stage of our journey, the appearance of the country began to change, and, though less fertile —for we had now entered on the Travertine region, which stretches hither from the Apennines,—the views which it offered were far finer, and considerably more picturesque. The low pointed hills upon the left, the lofty peak of Mount Gennaro, and the lovely villages and romantic castles that dotted their slopes and crowned their summits, formed as pleasing a piece of mountain scenery as I have ever anywhere beheld.

From the Tavernuccole we rode to the Lago de' Tartari, which is about fourteen miles from Rome, and is one of the most interesting objects on the Tiburtine Way; and thence proceeded to La Solfatara, whose sulphurous waters, flowing through a canal of two miles long, whiten the Teverone with their milky waves. Here we visited the ruined Thermæ of Agrippa, popularly called the "Bagni di Regina," in recollection of Queen Zenobia, by whom they were enlarged; and having duly broken off mementoes of our presence in these celebrated ruins, continued our journey till we reached the Anio for the second time. Before crossing the river, we stopped to admire the bridge—the famous Ponte Lucano—which forms the picturesque subject of the well-known painting in the Palazzo Doria, by Poussin; and then drove directly, and without further halt, to the extraordinary remains of the Villa Adriana.

There is no monument of antiquity, of which we possess any remnant, which gives a larger notion of ancient magnificence and imperial luxury than this enormous villa. It was built by Adrian, for the

purpose of realizing around him the *souvenirs* of his travels, and uniting in one spot faithful imitations of all that was most beautiful and remarkable in the Roman world. As the research of antiquaries and the history and geography of the empire enable us to form some idea of its arrangements, I will pause for a moment in my journey to point out a few of its principal features, in which I hope the reader's impatience to be at Tivoli will not prevent him from being interested.

The villa was entered by a private avenue, whose sides were bordered with the trophies, and adorned with the monuments which attested the glory of Imperial Rome. This avenue branched from the highway—the Via Tiburtina,—and ended in a gate of extraordinary splendour. At the entrance were barracks for cavalry and infantry, race-courses, several squares, surrounded with porticos, and places of exercise for the prætorian guard. A little farther on was an imitation of the great Pœcile of Athens, or the Stoa—a double colonnade, divided by a wall, which afforded an agreeable retreat to those who wished to avoid the ardour of the sun. By the side of this were other covered promenades, and temples of the richest materials and the most exquisite architecture. Then came the library, with its gardens, its fountains, and its colonnades, the great theatre, and baths of various kinds, and of the most unusual magnificence. In another part were the Academy of Athens, and the wood in which the disciples of Plato used to meet; temples of Apollo and the Muses; the Lyceum where

Aristotle taught; the groves and gardens of the Peripatetics; and a temple, consecrated with peculiar propriety to Pan, the deity who presided over the rural scene. There was also here an edifice constructed on the model of the Prytaneum, and a temple of Canopus, or of the Egyptian Neptune, built in the form of a shell; a basin surrounded by an amphitheatre, in which naval battles were fought for the amusement of the imperial party; and a valley watered by a streamlet, which represented the delicious Tempe reflected in the silvery wavelings of the Peneus.

In addition to all this, the whole structure, and particularly the Palace of the Emperor, was embellished with the most glorious works that the artists of Greece or Rome had ever produced; and all the grandeur that taste could suggest, or riches could procure, was lavished on it in profusion unmatched by any other example of prodigality with which we are acquainted.

But to have united the greatest monuments that the entire earth contained, the most beautiful works of art, and the most enchanting scenery,—natural as well as artificial,—was not sufficient to satisfy the desires of the founder of this luxurious villa; his unchecked imagination wished to penetrate the abode of death, and his inventive genius and immense resources furnished him with the means. In a retired and solitary portion of the grounds he created a miniature Plutonian empire, through whose gloomy caverns the infernal rivers flowed in darkness, and on whose hideous rocks the sombre palace of the Erebean

deities arose. The frightful torments of Tartarus were collected there,—the wheel of Ixion, the stone of Sisyphus, the tomb of the Danaides, the vulture of Prometheus, and the *tantalizing* abundance of the Corinthian king. Even the clanking of chains and the blows of scourges were made to resound through its dismal vaults; and the shrieks of the condemned rang in discord through its foul recesses. All the horrors, in a word, with which ancient fable, poetical machinery, or pagan superstition, had filled the abode of woe, were represented in these subterranean dungeons; and the ingenuity with which they were realized was only surpassed, as we are told, by the terror they inspired.

Nor was this all. It was still possible to add a climax to the wonders of the place; and this Adrian accomplished in forming, beside the prisons of misery, the region of delights. From the dark abyss of Tartarus he might have walked into the bright plains of Elysium, and after his ears were shocked by the howlings of the guilty, he might have gladdened them with the music of the blest.

There was nothing, in fact, that the genius of man could invent, or the power of the emperor command, that was not gathered into this extraordinary villa. Imperial Rome saw nothing more magnificent than it was when first constructed; and even now, in ruins, Italy has nothing more imposing.

The immediate successors of Adrian commenced to pillage the beautiful structure that he erected, neglect hastened its ruin, and the fire and sword of

the northern barbarian finished its destruction. What remains to us at present is but the mutilated skeleton of what once it was, bearing, no doubt, incontestable traces of its ancient splendour, but forming one of the most striking images that we know of the fragility and transitoriness of human things.

Leaving the Villa Adriana, the carriage-road, of about a mile and a half in length, brought us through groves of olives, to the delightful object of our journey *Superbum Tibur !*—Tibur the proud !—Tivoli the beautiful !

We entered by the Porta di Santa Croce, after having examined the villa of that name, and the noble site of the Jesuits' College, and drew up at the *Sibilla*, whose agreeable position commands an excellent view of the cascades, and whose *cucina*, I must add, affords a much better luncheon than our "Murray" had led us to expect.

Whoever wishes to describe the scenery of Tivoli, which pleases by a character so peculiar—a magic so much its own—will find difficulties in the subject for which he could scarcely be prepared. Its influence is felt—its impression remains for life; but the pen at least is unable to reveal its charms. I paint it to my own imagination in all its richness, its variety, its beauty;—I am lost in admiration of the picture it presents,—I am seized with the enthusiasm which it inspires! but there I stop; I feel unable to make these sensations known to others. With the pencil I might perhaps give an idea of what I have seen in this delightful spot, but the pen of necessity neglects

so many features in the original which it copies, that the image it can ever form of the unique loveliness of Tivoli must be an imperfect one indeed.

Horace preferred its charms to the noblest cities of ancient Greece. He praised it beyond Rhodes and Mitylene—he loved it before Ephesus and Corinth; its walls were dearer to him than those of Thebes or Delphi, and the voice of the cataract and the fall of the Anio had delights for him which the Thessalian Tempe could not offer.* The world had no retreat so grateful to his eyes, so cherished in his heart. It was there that he wished to spend the last days of life—it was there that he entreated his friends to pay the last tribute of affection to his memory—and it was there that, enraptured with the scenes by which he was surrounded, he cried out, he was content, nor wished for more.†

* Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon, aut Mitylenen,
Aut Ephesum, bimarisve Corinthi
Mœnia, vel Baccho Thebas, vel Apolline Delphos,
Insignes, aut Thessala Tempe.
* * * * *

Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,
Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus opimæ,
Quam domus Albuneæ resonantis,
Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.

Hor., Carm. lib. i. od. 7.

† Tibur Argæo positum colono
Sit meæ sedes utinam senectæ;
Sit modus lasso maris, et viarum,
Militiæque.
* * * *

Brutus and Augustus, Catullus and Mæcenas, also showed their partiality for Tibur; and their example was followed in all times, from theirs to the present, by illustrious warriors, famous poets, and distinguished scholars, in selecting its delightful environs as the place of their repose.

Were I speaking of a place less celebrated than this favoured spot, it might naturally be asked, "What were the wonderful charms which gained for it in every age a preference so remarkable?"

I anticipate no question of the kind, however, in the present instance; for who of my readers has not heard of the Falls of the Anio, the picturesque position of the town, the lovely valley, and the ruined temples, and patrician villas, which make up the interest of Tivoli?

Need I tell any one who peruses this page, of the grandeur of those falls, the beauty of those cascatelle,

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Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet; ubi non Hymetto
Mella decedunt, viridique certat
Bacca Venafro.
* * * *
Ille te mecum locus, et beatæ
Postulant arces; ibi tu calentem
Debitâ sparges lachrymâ favillam
Vatis amici.

Hor., Carm. lib. ii. od. 6.

Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus;
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum silvæ super his foret. Auctius atque
Dii melius fecere. Bene est: nil amplius oro,
Maiâ nate, nisi ut propria hæc mihi munera faxis.

Serm. lib. ii. sat. 6.

which are decidedly the first of Tivolian attractions? Need I speak of the effect of those silver waves, contrasting so finely with the dark green covering of the mountains, or that cloud of water on which the rays of the sun imprint the colours of the prism a thousand times repeated? Need I take my reader to the Oratory of St. Antonio, and bid him admire the scene which is there presented to the view? Need I conduct him to the Madonna di Quintiliolo, and point out the beauties of the enchanting prospect thence obtained? No—surely no! What could I add to what has been already said by others? and how vain were words, did I attempt to use them!

The cataract of Terni, which I saw some months afterwards on my way to Florence, has no doubt more volume, and perhaps more elevation, than any of those at Tivoli; but it is by no means so picturesque. At Terni it is a sublime grandeur, which moves and almost terrifies the spectator; at Tivoli it is a majestic beauty, which touches and attracts you. The fall of the Velino strikes you with amazement; that of the Teverone with delight. The sensation produced by the former is passing,—absence dissipates it; the impression left by the latter endures for life; far from the scene by which it was produced, its image follows you, and the memory of its loveliness is a joy for ever.*

* The cascade of Terni—the *Caduta delle Marmore*, or "Marble Fall," as it is called—is certainly one of the noblest objects of the kind in existence. Few sights I have ever seen impressed me more wonderfully than that immense rush of waters, boiling and hissing at the depth of three hundred feet beneath where I stood; and nothing can be more

Neither is it necessary for me to speak, I am sure, of the romantic situation of Tivoli—seated like a queen upon the sunny slopes of Monte Ripoli—nor of the lovely valley at its feet, through which the Teverone sweeps in floods of gold. I have seen this sight as the rays of the setting sun cast their glory upon it; and even the painter, I believe, would find it beyond the compass of his art at such a moment. How, then, could I attempt to realize it with the pen? It is another of the *inimitabilia* in which Rome and its vicinity abound.

Of the temples and the villas, I need hardly say much either. The temple of the Sibyl, however, or of Vesta—to whom it is now more properly attributed—should at least be mentioned in every article referring in any way to Tivoli. Italy has few ruins more beautiful; and its position, whence it seems to complete and embellish the delightful picture into which it has been so happily introduced, is really beyond all praise.

The Villa d'Este, as the principal modern villa in

beautiful than the effect of the sun upon its spray. The exquisite rainbows thus produced are described with enthusiasm by all who have written on the subject, and they suggested to Lord Byron two of his most sublime similes :—

"Beneath the glittering morn
An Iris sits amidst the infernal surge
Like hope upon a deathbed, and unworn
Its steady dye—while all around is torn
By the distracted waters—bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn;
Resembling 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching madness with unalterable mien!"

the locality, and the last remarkable object that we visited at Tivoli, may also claim a word or two in a notice of this excursion.

This handsome villa, which belongs to the Duke of Modena, was built by Cardinal d'Este, son of Alfonso II., Duke of Ferrara. It is picturesquely situated on the brow of a hill, near the Porta Santa Croce, and is remarkable for the splendid groups of pines and cypresses by which it is surrounded. Its gardens have been for a long time abandoned, and, in consequence, much neglected; but their natural beauties still remain, and abundantly testify, even in their present state, the happy development of which they are susceptible, and the elegance with which, in better days, this princely residence was adorned.

The magnificent view enjoyed from the balcony of the palace is also a delightful feature in the Villa d'Este. This view is one of the finest to be obtained in Tivoli. From the cedars and the orange-trees, the groves, the waterfalls, and the marbles, which are immediately beneath the gaze, the eye wanders over the storied plain which stretches towards the Capital; straying over forests of olives, and piles of ruins, until it is fixed in the distance by the beauty of a temple, the graceful outline of a column, or the colossal majesty of an aqueduct,—objects which present themselves in such fair profusion in every panorama formed by Rome or its environs. The golden light is streaming on the deserted garden, burnishing statue and antique; and far away it glows upon the purple plain, shedding brightness and beauty even on those mouldering relics

which death and desolation had long since shadowed and appropriated as their own. But the Abbé de Lille alone could describe and moralize on the wonders of such a scene. As I gazed on it, I could not help repeating his noble lines,—"O champs de l'Italie! O campagnes de Rome!"* In similar circumstances I

* O champs de l'Italie! O campagnes de Rome!
Où dans tout son orgueil gît le néant de l'homme!
C'est là que des aspects fameux par de grands noms,
Pleins de grands souvenirs et de hautes leçons,
Vous offrent ces objets, trésors des paysages.
Voyez de toutes parts, comment le cours des âges
Dispersant, déchirant de précieux lambeaux,
Jetant temple sur temple et tombeaux sur tombeaux,
De Rome étale au loin la ruine immortelle.
Ces portiques, ces arcs, où la pierre fidèle
Garde du peuple-roi les exploits éclatants;
Leur masse indestructible a fatigué le temps.
Des fleuves suspendus ici mugissait l'onde;
Sous ces portes passaient les dépouilles du monde;
Partout confusément dans la poussière épars,
Les thermes, les palais, les tombeaux des Césars;
Tandis que de Virgile et d'Ovide et d'Horace
La douce illusion nous montre encore la trace.
Heureux, cent fois heureux l'artiste des jardins,
Dont l'art peut s'emparer de ces restes divins.
Déjà la main du temps sourdement le seconde;
Déjà sur les grandeurs de ces maîtres du monde
La nature se plaît à reprendre ses droits.
Au lieu même où Pompée, heureux vainqueur des rois,
Etalait tant de faste, ainsi qu'aux jours d'Evandre,
La flûte des bergers revient se faire entendre.
Voyez rire ces champs au laboureur rendus,
Sur ces combles tremblants ces chevreaux suspendus,
L'orgueilleux obélisque au loin couché sur l'herbe,
L'humble ronce embrassant la colonne superbe;
Ces forêts d'arbrisseaux, de plantes, de buissons,
Montant, tombant en grappe, en touffes, en festons,

have no doubt they will recur to any one who has ever read them.

This, as I said, was the last remarkable object that we examined in the neighbourhood of Tivoli. We here dismissed the mules we had hired for visiting the falls, and returned on foot to dine at the *Sibilla* . . . Three hours afterwards we drove into the court of the Minerva, whence our departure had been celebrated that morning with so much confusion, and having ascended once more to the vicinity of our friends the Provençal and the Hanoverian, we were soon again—Morpheus is much a quicker traveller than a *vetturino*—in the midst of cedars and cypresses, vines and villas, temples and Teverones, which did not disappear till long after the light of another day had broken upon the spires and palaces of Rome.

Par le souffle des vents semés sur ces ruines,
Le figuier, l'olivier, de leurs faibles racines,
Achèvent d'ébranler l'ouvrage des Romains ;
Et la vigne flexible, et le lierre aux cent mains,
Autour de ces débris rampant avec souplesse,
Semblent vouloir cacher ou parer leur vieillesse.

CHAPTER XXV.

A FÊTE NOCTURNE.

Moonlight Festival—A means of fêting peculiar to the climate of the South—Farewell visit to St. Peter's—Appearance of this glorious basilica by Moonlight—Emotions excited—Visit to the Vatican—Torchlight Excursion through the Halls of this Palace—Effect of this illumination on the statues—The Apollo—Wonderful appearance of the Laocoon—The Ganymede—The Apollo Musagatus—Figure of Melpomene—Regret at leaving all those extraordinary objects—The Fountains—Their agreeable and useful Nature—Abundance of Water in Rome—The Fountains of Paris, Versailles, and St. Cloud, mentioned with reference to those of the Eternal City—The latter incomparably superior—The Climate of Rome suited to these delightful objects—Their appearance at Noon—At Evening—And by Moonlight—The Aqueducts of Rome—Termination of our Festival by a Torchlight Tour and Picnic in the Coliseum.

THE last night I passed in the Eternal City was one of those delicious "Nuits de Rome" which are famous all the world over. A few of my friends had united to celebrate my departure, and I was invited to join them in a moonlight festival which they had prepared for the occasion. This is one of those means of fêting unknown in northern countries—peculiar to the artistic imagination of the Italian, and really practicable only in the genial climate of the South. We do sometimes talk, it is true, of "moonlight rambles," even in the British Isles—at least, our poets and our novel-writers do—but I never hear of such things at the frigid distance of fifty-two degrees from the

equator without a shiver at the thought of "pale orbs" and "chaste Dians," which puts enjoyment outside the question altogether. If sonneteers and romancists are at all to be relied on in the matter, their descriptions must be read with reference to Italy, for there only are they true. In that bright land alone their visions can be realized, and there only is a *fête nocturne* the *souverain bien* that they have made it. Seldom, however, even in that favoured clime, was the poetical idea of moonlight charms so beautifully complete as on that lovely night when, for the last time, I strayed amongst the wonders of "almighty Rome."

We first drove to St. Peter's; I could not think of leaving Rome without paying a farewell visit to the great Basilica; and under what circumstances could I have done so more fittingly than in the calm of that glorious night, when the mysterious illumination and the dignified tranquillity of the hour conspired to give to the occasion and to the scene a solemnity so favourable to both?

Though I have already said that St. Peter's is best seen at sunset, and am still of the same opinion, I do not think that those who prefer the moonlight view show any want of taste or appreciation; for certainly at no other time does this splendid structure look so majestic. The effect produced by the back-ground of an evening sky may be more artistic—and of that I am convinced—but never is this unrivalled temple so mighty, so august, as when its glorious square is flooded, and its wondrous dome adorned, with the

radiance of the midnight hour. The lights and shadows are distributed in such enormous masses on the nearer portions of the building, while the more distant parts appear to vanish in the feeble and uncertain light, that an idea of immensity is excited in the mind even greater than St. Peter's at any other moment can inspire.

The dreamy sound of the marble fountains corresponded admirably with these vague and profound impressions. The calmness and silence of the night; the union of sacredness and beauty in the scene; the emotion produced by the occasion; and the mysterious influence of that luminary which

"Makes the bosom as the ocean rise;"

all joined in peculiar harmony with the uniform murmur of the falling waters, and the vastness of the principal object contemplated, to create a feeling in the mind extraordinary and touching beyond anything of which the general reader can form a conception.

An hour passed quickly in the contemplation of such a spectacle—in the enjoyment of such sensations; and then we entered the gallery which leads into the Vatican. Here my friends had prepared an exquisite treat, in the shape of an excursion by torchlight through the halls of this venerable palace. This is a treat which decidedly should not be lost by any one who visits Rome, and should be procured more than once by those who have it in their power. In no other light can the great sculptural treasures of the Vatican

be seen to such advantage; not only the false position in which some of them are placed being remedied, but new charms being added by this peculiar illumination.*

Never can I forget the hours I passed amid the ideal beauties which were thus evoked. As the moving torch-flame successively brightened the various portions of these noble works, and cast its warm hue upon their cold material, they seemed animated by a strange vitality; and the attributes of a superior nature by which I was surrounded appeared to start into a real existence, which would perhaps be terrible, were it not captivating in the extreme. The artistic genius of Greece and of Rome, by which these glorious monuments were formed, in all probability never suspected that their merits were capable of being heightened and embellished in a manner so delightful; and Agasias and Agesander would, I doubt not, be as much surprised as I was at the new appearance thus imparted to the work of their own hands. In some cases even characters seemed to be given to the figures entirely different from those which they represented in the light of day. The Apollo, for instance, is then no longer the enraged slayer of the serpent, who, after having drawn his silver bow against the hideous monster, scowls "with an immortal's vengeance"

* In these excursions the charge for thirteen persons is eighteen scudi (not quite £4), which is distributed amongst the attendants and in payment for the torches. They are generally arranged at one of the principal bookselling establishments (Piali's or Spithöver's), where names are taken, until a party sufficiently large is formed.

upon his terrified opponent; he is no longer the terrible and cruel judge of Niobe and her children; no longer the protector of Troy, who sends his poisoned shafts against the Grecian host;—no, he is ΦΟΙΒΟΣ—the ruler of the day—"the sun in human limbs arrayed," shedding from the splendour of his face the floods of light and the life and fecundity of the universe; he seems to lift his lofty brow, beaming with eternal youth, to dissipate the chaos of the night, and to bring back that brightness and harmony of which he is the celestial author, the recognized type, and the everlasting impersonation.

Nothing, however, that I saw on this occasion struck me as so remarkable as the appearance which the Laocoon then presents. The light of the flambeaux raises the painful effect of this triple struggle to a degree of terrible illusion, before which the heart shudders, and the foot involuntarily recoils. The muscles, strained by pain and by the vigour of resistance, seem to move and labour as the disposition of the torches is slowly changed—the veins swell—the contest seems more dreadful—the expression of agony becomes more intense—"the long envenomed chain rivets the living links"—and the unfortunate victims seem about to yield to the horrors of their fate. It is impossible that the imagination can be more painfully struck than by the contemplation of this spectacle, in which misery overwhelming and effort ineffectual are represented with the awful accompaniment of nightly silence and the suggestive concomitant of glimmering torches. The eye turns from it with a feeling of relief,

and seeks some other object on which it may more agreeably repose.

The lovely "Ganymede" is a refreshing sight after the terrors of this wonderful group. Delivered up to the sweet pleasures suitable to his age, he smiles with a contagious satisfaction at the idea that he is the favourite of him who "rules paternal" over gods and men.

The "Apollo Musagatus" has also a fine effect when lighted in this manner. He advances crowned with laurel, and covered with flowing drapery, the Corypheus of a celestial dance. The Muses are ranged around him, each of them marked with her distinguishing characteristic; and striking above them all the figure of "Melpomene," bound with a vine-branch round that head whose gracious beauty and winning charms are not surpassed even in the Medicean Venus. So perfect in form and execution, she seems in the ruddy torchlight less the Tragic Queen than the Genius of Loveliness, which an inspired artist created to be the protectress of his beloved.

Many other pieces also attracted our notice, and excited our admiration; and when at length we left the Vatican, it was with regret I reflected that I could gaze no more upon objects which produced emotions of so touching and elevated a nature.

From this we drove to visit some of the fountains—a class of ornaments which are certainly amongst the most agreeable and useful in the city. Nothing, indeed, struck me, during my sojourn in Rome, with more admiration than the unceasing flow of water on every

side, the pleasing manner in which it is supplied, the refreshing coolness which it diffuses, and the graceful form of life and motion with which it impresses the spectator. You cannot, indeed, imagine anything finer in their way than some of the principal fountains of Rome. Before my visit to the Eternal City, I had been accustomed, for over two years, to the fountains of Paris, and had frequently seen those of Versailles and St. Cloud; but I could not think for a moment of comparing these "ornamented pumps," which play only as occasion may require, with the perpetual abundance and solid magnificence of the corresponding Roman decorations.

The very climate even of this favoured land is particularly adapted to the presence of these delightful objects. Gushing and sparkling in the noontide sun of [illegible] is a luxury, the full enjoyment of which is only known to those who feel it, to breathe their delicious freshness, and to listen to the music of their tinkling murmur; and when the blaze of day fades into the evening glory, to look upon the graceful [illegible] of those falling waters, is a voluptuous delight incomprehensible in Rome. But it is by moonlight, perhaps of all other times, that they are most beautiful. Glittering in the silver radiance of the [illegible] lifting their mingled voices in the [illegible] of stillness and repose, it is most gratifying to the imagination. The [illegible] of the *Paolina*, the [illegible] brilliant shower of [illegible] they all looked, [illegible]

In fond admiration of any single one of them, I could have passed the entire night; but the programme of my friends embraced so many objects to be visited, and we had already remained so long before St. Peter's, and in the Vatican, that I could devote much less time than I desired to any of them individually.*

From the fountains we naturally turned to the aqueducts, having obtained permission to pass the gates; and after an hour or two spent in admiring these wondrous structures, and the effect of moonlight on their tall buttresses and ruined arches,† we terminated our *fête nocturne* by a visit to the Coliseum.

* Besides those fountains referred to in the text, there are several other very remarkable ones in Rome. That of the *Acqua Felice*, for instance, is interesting as the first erected in the city, and attracts many visitors by its celebrated "Moses," the author of which is said to have died of grief at the ridicule it excited. The central fountain in the *Piazza Navona*, which won for Bernini the favour of Innocent X., has been roundly declared by Martyn as "the most magnificent fountain in the world, and allowed by Coxe to be "much more nobly decorated" than even that of Trevi. Those in the *Piazza Farnese* are also particularly beautiful; and the fountain of the *Monte Cavallo*, though simple, is one of the prettiest in Rome. The *Barcaccia*, or boat, in the Piazza di Spagna, has been both praised and dispraised more than it deserves; but it is certainly, as a work of art, inferior to any of the others I have mentioned.

† By many writers the aqueducts have been considered—and I think with justice—amongst not only the most stupendous, but also the most picturesque monuments that remain to us of ancient Rome. Of their original number and magnitude, the following passage, which I translate from Pliny, will afford the reader some idea:—

"If we consider the incredible quantity of water brought to Rome for the uses of the public, for fountains, baths, fish-ponds, private houses, gardens, and country-seats; if we represent to ourselves the arches constructed at a great expense, and carried on through a long distance, mountains levelled, rocks cut through, and valleys filled up;

Here, again, we had the picture in "Manfred" realized once more,—"the blue midnight and the stars," "the time-worn breach," "the tuneless birds," "the noble wreck," and the "rolling moon." Here, too, we had another torchlight entertainment, having made a tour through the *ambulacra* and galleries of this extraordinary fabric; and the whole concluded in genuine English—though highly unromantic—fashion amid the rattle of knives and forks, and the other suggestive sounds of a midnight picnic in the ruins.

it must be acknowledged that there is nothing in the whole world more wonderful."—Hist. Nat. lib. 36, c. 15.

They were nine in number, from twelve to sixty-two miles in length, and, to use the words of a celebrated author, "conveyed whole rivers to the centre of the city."

For their appearance at the present day, I will let Eustace answer:—

"The ruins of these prodigious edifices, towering far above all modern buildings, attract the eye on the Cœlian and Esquiline mounts, but fix the attention still more powerfully when, sweeping in broken lines over the solitary Campagna, they present in the midst of desolation one of the most awful instances ever, perhaps, exhibited of magnificence in decay."

CHAPTER XXVI.

DEPARTURE FROM ROME.

The Morning of my Departure—The Appearance of the Country—Reflections—Rome and Florence—Superior interest and splendour of the former—Emotion at Parting from Rome—Reminiscences—The Festivals—The Statues—The Paintings—The Pope—Love for Rome increased by my sojourn therein—Adieux—Friends—My Last Adieu—Last View of Rome—Feelings experienced in leaving Rome described by an Ancient Writer (*note*).

It was a bright morning in the commencement of May, when, rolling under the arch of the Porta del Popolo, and along the famed Flaminian Way, I looked my last upon Eternal Rome. The sweetness of the later spring had ripened into the maturity of the early summer, and the carpet of verdure and embroidery of wild flowers that it spread before me, seemed almost sufficient in their loveliness to blot out even the memories of desolation, and the feelings of regret, with which one ever leaves the capital of the Cæsars and the city of the Popes. The fresh morning air played gently around my thoughtful brow, and bore to me on its soft wings the delicious fragrance of the hour; a deep silence prevailed around, and it seemed to me as though everything whereon my eye might rest had put on the witchery of its most enchanting smile, and strove to look its loveliest as I was parting from them all. Tiny leaflets that had just thrust themselves from the branching twigs were green and bright in the freshness of the

sunrise. Violets and flowering shrubs smiled out a sweet farewell; dark velvet pine-trees were rich with their massy crown of foliage; the vine stretched its tendrils into the sunshine; strange flowers festooned the hedges with their heavy, odoriferous masses; and here and there the ripening corn flowed in golden billows beneath the morning gale. The white orange-blossom sent forth its weight of perfume, and even the distorted cactus-leaf wore the grace of its yellow bloom. Dark olive-groves flung their shadows into the curving valleys; bright lines of snow sparkled and glittered on the distant mountain-tops, and a vault of the purest azure covered the delicious scene.

That moment what a crowd of reflections and reminiscences rushed upon my mind! The gate closed behind me on Rome; the vetturino's whip resounded on the air; the bells rang around the horses' necks; the red tassels waved amid their manes; and off we went upon our first day's journey, towards "the city by the Arno's bank." Would Florence interest me as much as Rome? Ah! *Santa Maria dei Fiori* cannot stand in comparison with St. Peter's. The *Galleria* is not equal to the Vatican. And then, where are the memories, the monuments, the marvels? Where is the Mistress of the World?—where is the capital of the Church?—where is the metropolis of the arts? No, no! Florence cannot win my heart as Rome has done. Even this consolation was denied me; and sadly indeed I turned with my fellow-travellers, as we crossed the Milvian Bridge, and bade my last adieu to "the noblest city in the world." Ay, the noblest! One of its hun-

dred palaces would make any other city famous; one of its three hundred and sixty churches would give a charm to any other spot; one of its innumerable ruins would make a centre of pilgrimage of any other country. And now I had taken my leave of all these glorious scenes! What mind so dull, what heart so cold, would not feel a throb at such a moment? I never expected to part from Rome with such emotion; and yet how could it be otherwise? Eight months' residence had wound the old city deeply into my affections,—the genius of the place had worked into my soul,—the fascination which belongs to the very air of Rome had seized upon my senses. How could I carelessly break the silken cords with which it bound me,—how could I tear its sweet flower-chains from my heart without a sigh? Days that I had spent in Rome,—friendships I had formed,—evenings I had enjoyed,—all were present to my mind. I thought of bright festivals I had seen; wreaths of incense and the voice of song floated amid the memories of the past. The happy, joyous Christmas time, with its gorgeous ceremonies and "peace on earth;" the close of the year, when Rome resounded with the anthem of thanksgiving, and the Father of the Church blessed his children in the light of its last purple sunset; the unequalled spectacles of the Holy Week; the "weeping of angels dissolved in melody," as the Miserere has been called; the echo of the silver clarions in the dome of the Vatican; the thunder of the cannon from St. Angelo; the prolonged peals of gladness from the olden towers of the basilicas and the belfries of modern churches; the

clash of arms; the fall of fountains; the benediction of the Pope—the gorgeous processions; the splendid groups; the dazzling uniforms—the illumination of St. Peter's, when the blazing temple shone over Rome like the star over Bethlehem, and the city swam in the glory of its light; the military music; the crowds of people, and the wonderful Easter fire upon the Pincian, —these, and a thousand other sights and sounds, presented themselves together to my excited memory. The gay carnival-throng moved again before me, and I mingled once more in imagination in the gladsome merry-makings of Testaccio. I passed in review the glorious productions of art that I had seen; the transcendent beauties of the "Apollo" and "Antinous;" the mortal anguish of the "Laocoon" and the "Gladiator;" the perfection of the "Torso;" the sublimity of the "Moses;" the divinity of the "Transfiguration;" the unity and simplicity of the "Communion;" the dignified vengeance of the "Archangel;" the celestial sweetness of the "Madonna!"—all the most wonderful works of the most celebrated masters—the most splendid triumphs of artistic genius—the most gorgeous forms of ideal loveliness—the most noble representations of every deity—the most accurate expression of every passion,—all seemed present again before my gaze. Long I meditated on these glorious shapes, till I felt my soul improved by their contemplation. Noble enthusiasm and virtuous emotion are ever inspired by thoughts like these, and the memory of the beautiful refines and elevates the mind of man; but it was in that moment of separation, when regret for having

already lost them mingled sadly with the impressions they had made, and the feelings they created, that I experienced their most powerful effect. The voice of religion,—its splendid ceremonies,—the sweetness, the love, the poetry with which it is surrounded in the capital of the Popes; the shadows of historical and classical reminiscences that hang upon every object in Eternal Rome; even the uncultivated country around me, whose solemn desolation seemed to scorn the vulgar ornaments with which cultivation and the neatness of modern taste encircle the ordinary cities of the world; and those tender wild-flowers that sprung from the ashes which they fain would cover and caress,—all appeared joined to heighten the effect, and to increase the desolation of heart with which I left them.

That bright day returned to my mind when, bending in the Vatican before the ruler of this beautiful land, I received the blessing of the Vicegerent of Heaven, and paid the tribute of my respect to the highest dignitary upon earth. His mild, handsome face shone sweetly over the crowd of recollections, hallowing all, brightening all, by the light of sanctity that beamed therefrom.

On entering Rome, I little thought I should have come to love it thus. True it was, even then, a city venerated in my imagination above all others—respected for its former glory and its present sanctity; but now it was an object to which I was bound by a closer tie—it was an object sacred in my heart—an object of my affection. "One loves it," says a celebrated writer, "as a living being; its edifices, its ruins, are friends to

which we say adieu!" Even so I felt. I bade farewell to the Coliseum as the representative of ancient Rome, and to St. Peter's as the figure of the modern city. I addressed my parting regrets to the Pantheon and the Castle of St. Angelo, and I saluted, for the last time, the Vatican and the Lateran, the Capitol and the Forum,—in a word, each of these various places, the sight of which had so often delighted my imagination; I bade adieu to all—adieu to Rome!

Farewell, land of glorious memories!—city of venerable name!—*world of sentiment, without which the world itself were but a desert.*

Eine Welt zwar bist du, O Rom: doch ohne die Liebe
Wäre die Welt nicht die Welt, wäre denn Rom auch nicht Rom.

Farewell, city of artists—home of the *savant* and philosopher—mother of saints and sages—shrine of religion—treasury of genius!

"Thou wert the throne and grave of empires; still
The fount at which the panting mind assuages
Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing there her fill,
Flows from the eternal source of Rome's imperial hill."

Farewell, bright, beautiful nature of this southern clime!—voluptuous sunshine which developes the imagination and softens the manners of thy children! Farewell, delicious perfumes in which by day the senses revel, and ye melodious sounds which increase the sweetness of the night! *Avez-vous entendu les sons mélodieux qui célèbrent la douceur des nuits?—Avez-*

vous respiré ces parfums, luxe de l'air déjà si pur et si doux? Farewell to those delicate pleasures which are tasted only here—those sensations and impressions which are felt alone in Rome. Elsewhere I may enjoy as bright a sun, as beautiful scenery—in Naples or in Venice, in Florence or Milan; but here only are they associated with such a crowd of sentiments—such a universe of wonders. Adieu!—once more, Adieu!

The charms of friendship, the kindly voices of those I loved, mingled with the emotion of the moment. Two dear friends—one a Neapolitan baron, the other a Roman nobleman—accompanied me for some miles outside the city. Oh! who has not felt, in the sadness of life, the joy which wells ever from the pure fountain of friendship? who has not felt how powerful are its kind accents, its sunny glances, to dispel the clouds of sorrow and regret which so often gather round the heart? Dark as our course is "through thorns to ashes," how much darker would it prove if the light of Friendship gleamed not on our path. I could not, however, but think that in such a moment the presence of friends, whom I was so soon to lose, was but an additional, and, for aught I knew, the bitterest pang. Long we travelled together—thoughtfully, silently; our hearts were too full for words; and when at length we were about to separate, the all-significant "Addio," the affectionate "Carissimo," and the last fond embrace, were almost the sole expressions of that deep mutual love we cherished—that heartfelt sorrow which we experienced.

I watched their carriage till it disappeared from my

view in the windings of the road; and when it was no longer visible, what words could tell the loneliness that fell upon my heart! . . . . . .

A child sat by the roadside binding lilies in her raven hair: as we passed, she raised her hand towards us, and I felt as if her sunny eyes laughed out a sweet farewell. *Addio, bellina!*—it was the last adieu I spoke!

We reached the eminence of Baccano, from which I enjoyed another view of Rome—glittering, as Eustace saw it, in the rays of the morning sun! The whole firmament was glowing with the rich hues and dazzling splendour which are peculiar to the lucid atmosphere of this favoured clime. The golden light, the airy perspective, in which everything was adorned and revealed, gave an air of beauty and magnificence to the scene which shall long remain impressed upon my mind. The towers and domes of the Eternal City lifted themselves in majestic masses against the deep-blue sky, and marked their beautiful forms on the purple distances of the horizon. It was the last time these eyes rested upon Rome. . . . I rode on, wondering if I should ever see those towers and those domes again. *Chi sa?* I know not. . . . But for the present—FAREWELL TO ROME!*

* The feelings experienced in the moment of departure from the capital of the world are thus eloquently and poetically expressed by an ancient writer:—

"Crebra relinquendis infingimus oscula portis;
Inviti superant limina sacra pedes. . . .

Exaudi Regina tui pulcherrima mundi,
Inter sidereos Roma recepta polos!
Exaudi genetrixque hominum, genetrixque deorum;
Non procul a cælo per tua templa sumus.
Te canimus, semperque, sinent dum Fata, canemus;
Sospes nemo potest immemor esse tui. . . .
Auctorem generis Venerem, Martemque fatemur,
Æneadum matrem, Romulidumque patrem.
Mitigat armatas victrix clementia vires,
Convenit in mores nomen utrumque tuos. . . .
Tu quoque legiferis mundum complexa triumphis,
Fœdere communi vivere cuncta facis.
Te, Dea, te celebrat Romanus ubique recessus,
Pacificoque gerit libera colla jugo. . . .
Quod regnas minus est quam quod regnare mereris,
Excedis factis grandia fata tuis."

Rutil. Iter. lib. i. ver. 43, *et seq.*

APPENDIX.

ST. PETER'S.

THE following selections from other writers, who have described this matchless structure, though too lengthy to be inserted in the text, will, I have no doubt, be read with considerable interest as a note.

Byron's lines, from which I have already quoted, stand thus in full :—

> "But thou, of temples old or altars new,
> Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
> Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
> Since Zion's desolation, when that He
> Forsook His former city, what could be
> Of earthly structures in His honour piled
> Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
> Power, glory, strength, and beauty—all are aisled
> In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.
> Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
> And why? It is not lessen'd; but thy mind,
> Expanded by the glories of the spot,
> Has grown colossal, and can only find
> A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
> Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
> Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
> See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
> His holy of holies, nor be blasted by His brow."

And Forsyth, Hilliard, Eustace, Gray, Mabillon, Madame de Staël, and Dr. Meyer are no less enthusiastic when they touch upon the same lofty theme.

"The cupola is glorious," says the accomplished Forsyth

"Viewed in its design, its altitude, or even its decorations; viewed either as a whole or as a part, it enchants the eye, it satisfies the taste, it exhausts the soul. The very air seems to eat up all that is harsh or colossal, and leaves us nothing but the sublime to feast on—a sublime peculiar as the genius of the immortal architect, and comprehensible only on the spot. The four surrounding cupolas, though but satellites to the majesty of this, might have crowned four elegant churches."

"From the bridge and Castle of S. Angelo" (thus speaks the author of the "Classical Tour"), "a wide street conducts in a direct line to a square, and that square presents at once the court, or portico, and part of the basilica. When the spectator approaches the entrance of this court, he views four rows of lofty pillars, sweeping off to the right and left, in a bold semicircle. In the centre of the area formed by this immense colonnade, an Egyptian obelisk, of one solid piece of granite, ascends to the height of one hundred and thirty feet; two perpetual fountains, one on each side, play in the air, and fall in sheets round the basins of porphyry that receive them. Before him, raised on three successive flights of steps, partly of marble, extending four hundred feet in length, and towering to the elevation of one hundred and eighty, he beholds the majestic front of the basilica itself. This front is supported by a single row of Corinthian pillars and pilasters, and adorned with an attic, a balustrade, and thirteen colossal statues. Far behind and above it rises the matchless dome, the justly celebrated *wonder of Rome* and *of the world.* The colonnade of coupled pillars that surround and strengthen its vast base, the graceful attic that surmounts this colonnade, the bold and expansive swell of the dome itself, and the pyramid seated on a cluster of columns, and bearing the ball and cross to the skies, all perfect in their kind, form the most magnificent and singular exhibition that *the human eye perhaps*

ever contemplated. Two less cupolas, one on each side, partake of the state, and add not a little to the majesty, of the principal dome.

"The interior corresponds perfectly with the grandeur of the exterior, and fully answers the expectations, however great, which such an approach must naturally have raised. . . . .

"As you enter, you behold the most majestic hall ever constructed by human art, expanded in magnificent perspective before you. Advancing up the nave, you are delighted with the beauty of the variegated marble under your feet, and with the splendour of the golden vault over your head. The lofty Corinthian pilasters, with their bold entablature; the intermediate niches, with their statues; the arcades, with the graceful figures that recline on the curves of their arches, charm your eye in succession as you pass along. But how great your astonishment when you reach the foot of the altar, and, standing in the centre of the church, contemplate the four superb vistas that open around you; and then raise your eyes to the dome, at the prodigious elevation of four hundred feet, extended like a firmament over your head, and presenting, in glowing mosaic, the companies of the just, the choirs of celestial spirits, and the whole hierarchy of heaven, arrayed in the presence of the Eternal, whose 'throne, high raised above all height,' crowns the awful scene.

"When you have feasted your eye with the grandeur of this unparalleled exhibition in the whole, you will turn to the parts, the ornaments and the furniture, which you will find perfectly corresponding with the magnificent form of the temple itself. Around the dome rise four other cupolas, small, indeed, when compared with its stupendous magnitude, but of great boldness when considered separately; six more—three on either side—cover the different divisions of the aisles, and six more, of greater dimensions, canopy as

many chapels, or, to speak more properly, as many churches. All these inferior cupolas are, like the grand dome itself, lined with mosaics. Many, indeed, of the masterpieces of painting which graced this edifice have been removed, and replaced by mosaics, which retain all the tints and beauties of the originals, impressed on a more solid and durable substance. The aisles and altars are adorned with numberless antique pillars, that border the church all around, and form a secondary and subservient order. The variegated walls are in many places ornamented with festoons, wreaths, angels, tiaras, crosses, and medallions representing the effigies of different pontiffs. These decorations are of the most beautiful and rarest species of marble, and often of excellent workmanship. Various monuments rise in different parts of the church; but in their size and accompaniments, so much attention has been paid to general as well as local effect, that they appear rather as parts of the original plan than posterior additions. Some of these are much admired for their groups and exquisite sculpture, and form very conspicuous features in the ornamental part of this noble temple.

"The high altar stands under the dome; and thus, as it is the most important, so it becomes the most striking object. In order to add to its relief, and give it all its majesty, according to the ancient custom still retained in the patriarchal churches at Rome and in most of the cathedrals in Italy, a lofty canopy rises above it, and forms an intermediate break, or repose for the eye, between it and the immensity of the dome above. The form, materials, and magnitude of this decoration are equally astonishing. Below the steps of the altar, and, of course, some distance from it, at the corners, on four massive pedestals, rise four twisted pillars, fifty feet in height, and support an entablature, which bears the canopy itself, topped with a cross. The whole soars to the elevation of one hundred and thirty-

two feet from the pavement, and, excepting the pedestals, is of Corinthian brass; the most lofty, massive work of that or any other metal now known. But this brazen edifice, for so it may be called, notwithstanding its magnitude, is so disposed as not to obstruct the view by concealing the chancel and veiling the *cathedral* or *chair* of St. Peter. This ornament is also of bronze, and consists of a group of four gigantic figures, representing the four principal doctors of the Greek and Latin churches, supporting the patriarchal chair of St. Peter. The chair is a lofty throne, elevated to the height of seventy feet from the pavement; a circular window, tinged with yellow, throws from above a milder splendour around it; so that the whole not unfitly represents the pre-eminence of the Apostolic See, and is acknowledged to form a most becoming and majestic termination to the first of Christian temples."

"I saw St. Peter's," says Gray, "and was struck dumb with astonishment."

And Mabillon expresses perhaps greater wonder:—

"Ad basilicæ Vaticanæ vestibulum subsistimus," says this learned writer, "neque audemus tam divinæ fabricæ majestatem rudi calamo violare. Sunt enim nonnulla quæ nullo melius modo quam stupore et silentio laudantur."

"We stopped at the vestibule of St. Peter's, nor dare we, with unhallowed pen, violate the majesty of so divine a structure; for there are some things which are never more adequately praised than by amazement and silence."

Madame de Staël's remarks are worthy of being quoted entire; but I will not ask the reader to peruse more than a few passages selected from them:—

"Alors Saint-Pierre leur apparut" (to Lord Nelvil and Corinne), "cet édifice le plus grand que les hommes aient jamais élevé, car les pyramides d'Egypte elles-mêmes lui sont inférieures en hauteur. . . . . Oswald sentit une

émotion tout-à-fait extraordinaire en arrivant en face de Saint-Pierre. C'était la première fois que l'ouvrage des hommes produisait sur lui l'effet d'une merveille de la nature. C'est le seul travail de l'art sur notre terre actuelle qui ait le genre de grandeur qui caractérise les œuvres immédiates de la création. . . . .

"La place de Saint-Pierre est entourée par des colonnes légères de loin et massives de près. Le terrain, qui va toujours un peu en montant jusqu'au portique de l'église, ajoute encore à l'effet qu'elle produit. Un obélisque de 80 pieds de haut, qui paraît à peine élevé en présence de la coupole de Saint-Pierre, est au milieu de la place. La forme des obélisques elle seule a quelque chose qui plaît à l'imagination ; leur sommet se perd dans les airs, et semble porter jusqu'au ciel une grande pensée de l'homme. Ce monument, qui vint d'Egypte pour orner les bains de Caligula, et que Sixte-Quint a fait transporter ensuite au pied du temple de Saint-Pierre, ce contemporain de tant de siècles, qui n'ont pu rien contre lui inspire un sentiment de respect ; l'homme se sent si passager, qu'il a toujours de l'émotion en présence de ce qui est immuable. A quelque distance des deux côtés de l'obélisque, s'élèvent deux fontaines, dont l'eau jaillit perpétuellement, et retombe avec abondance en cascade dans les airs. Ce murmure des ondes qu'on a coûtume d'entendre au milieu de la campagne, produit dans cette enceinte une sensation toute nouvelle ; mais cette sensation est en harmonie avec celle que fait naître l'aspect d'un temple majestueux. . . . .

"Il s'avança dans le temple, et l'impression qu'il reçut sous ces voûtes immenses fut si profonde et si religieuse, que le sentiment même de l'amour ne suffisait plus pour remplir en entier son âme. Il marchait lentement à côté de Corinne ; l'un et l'autre se taisaient. Là tout commande le silence ; le moindre bruit retentit si loin qu'aucune parole ne semble digne d'être ainsi répétée dans une demeure

presque éternelle ! La prière seule, l'accent du malheur, de quelque faible voix qu'il parte, émeut profondément dans ces vastes lieux. . . . .

" Je vais m'y promener souvent pour rendre à mon âme la sérénité qu'elle perd quelquefois. La vue d'un tel monument est comme une musique continuelle et fixée, qui vous attend pour vous faire du bien quand vous vous en approchez. . . . .

" Ce temple est comme un monde à part ! . . . .

" Ce dôme, en le considérant même d'en bas, fait éprouver un sentiment de terreur. On croit voir des abîmes suspendus sur sa tête. . . . .

" Encore un dernier coup d'œil vers ce sanctuaire immense, dit-elle à Lord Nelvil. Voyez comme l'homme est peu de chose en présence de la religion, alors même que nous sommes reduits à ne considérer que son emblème matériel ! voyez quelle durée, quelle immobilité les mortels peuvent donner à leurs œuvres, tandis qu'eux-mêmes ils passent si rapidement, et ne se survivent que par le génie ! Ce temple est une image de l'infini ; il n'y a point de terme aux sentiments qu'il fait naître, aux idées qu'il retrace, à l'immense quantité d'années qu'il rappelle à la réflexion, soit dans le passé, soit dans l'avenir ; et quand on sort de son enceinte, il semble qu'on passe des pensées célestes aux intérêts du monde, et de l'éternité religieuse à l'air léger du temps."

" The sight of this church," says Meyer, a German writer, " dazzled me. I was struck as if with lightning."

And the elegant author of " Six Months in Italy," though a modern writer, yields to none of his predecessors in admiration of St. Peter's. Take, for instance, the following remarks upon the dome :—

" The pilgrim is now beneath the dome. The spirit of criticism which has hitherto attended him with whispers of doubt, goes no farther. Astonishment and admiration

break upon the mind, and carry it away. To say that the dome of St. Peter's is sublime, is a cold commonplace. In sublimity, it is so much beyond all other architectural creations, that it demands epithets of its own. There is no work of man's hand that is similar or second to it. Vast as it is, it rests upon its supporting piers with such serene tranquillity, that it seems to have been lifted and expanded by the elastic force of the air which it clasps. Under its majestic vault, the soul dilates. To act like the hero—to endure like the martyr—seems no more than the natural state of man."

My honourable friend, the member for Dungarvan, has also given his impression of St. Peter's; but although his words are as forcible, and at the same time as graceful, as any I have quoted, I think it better to refer my reader to the original work,* where he may peruse the entire chapter Mr. Maguire has written on the subject, than to present him with the few unconnected passages, for which I could alone make room at the close of this lengthy note.

THE APOLLO AND THE LAOCOON.

The following criticisms of the Abbé Winckelman on these two remarkable works of art are well worthy of being read:—

THE APOLLO BELVEDERE.

"Of all the productions of art which have escaped the ravages of time, the statue of 'Apollo Belvedere' is unquestionably the most sublime. The artist founded this work upon imagination, and has only employed substance

* "Rome: its Ruler and its Institutions." By J. F. Maguire, M.P. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans.

for the purpose of realizing his ideas. As much as the descriptions which Homer has given of Apollo are superior to those given of him by other poets, in the same degree is this statue superior to any other statues of that deity. Its stature is above that of man, and its attitude breathes majesty. An eternal spring, such as reigns in the delightful plains of Elysium, clothes with youth the manly charms of his body, and gives a brilliancy to the animated structure of his limbs.

"Endeavour to penetrate into the regions of incorporeal beauty; try to become the creator of a celestial nature, in order to elevate your soul to the contemplation of supernatural beauties; for here there is nothing mortal: neither the veins nor sinews are too conspicuous; a kind of celestial spirit animates the whole figure. The god has pursued Python, against whom he has for the first time bent his dreadful bow; in his rapid course, he has overtaken him, and given him a mortal blow. In the height of his joy, his august features denote more than victory. Disdain is seated on his lips, and the indignation which he breathes distends his nostrils and affects his eyebrows; but still his forehead expresses serenity, and he is all full of sweetness, as if he were surrounded by the muses, eager to caress him.

"Among all the figures of Jupiter which we possess, you will not see one in which the father of the gods displays so much of that majesty described by the poets, as does the statue of his son. The peculiar beauties of all the other gods are united in this figure in the same manner as in the divine Pandora. The forehead is the forehead of Jupiter, impregnated with the goddess of Wisdom; his eyebrows, by their movement, declare their wishes; his eyes, in their celestial orbs, are the eyes of the queen of the goddesses; and the mouth is that which inspired the beautiful Bacchus with voluptuousness. Like the tender branches of the vine, his fine hairs play about as if they were slightly ruffled

by the breath of zephyrs; they seemed perfumed with celestial essence, and negligently tied by the hands of the Graces.

"On seeing these two prodigies of art, I forgot the whole universe; I placed myself in a more noble attitude to contemplate it with dignity. From admiration I passed to ecstasy; filled with respect, I felt my breast agitated like those who are inspired with prophecy.

"I felt myself transported to Delos and the sacred woods of Lycia, places which Apollo honoured with his presence; for the beauty which was before my eyes appeared to be animated, as formerly the beautiful statue produced by the chisel of Pygmalion. How can I describe you, O inimitable *chef-d'œuvre!* Art itself must inspire me, and guide my pen.

"The outlines which I have traced I lay at your feet; so those who cannot reach to the head of the deity they adore, place at his feet the garlands with which they wish to crown him."

THE LAOCOON.

"Laocoon presents to us a picture of the deepest distress, under the representation of a man contending with all his powers in his own defence. While his muscles and sinews are dilated and contracted by agony, you may still perceive the vigour of his mind expressed on his wrinkled forehead. His breast, oppressed with restrained respiration, seems to contend against the pain with which it is agitated.

"The groans which he restrains, and his breath which he holds in, seem to exhaust the lower part of his body; and the loins, by being drawn in, seem to discover his very entrails. Nevertheless, his own sufferings seem to affect him less than those of his children, who look up to him, as if imploring his succour. His physiognomy denotes com-

plaint, his eyes are directed towards heaven, imploring assistance. His mouth bespeaks languor, and his lower lip is fallen. Agony, mixed with indignation at his unjust punishment, is displayed in all his features.

"The contest between pain and resistance is displayed with greatest skill; for while the former draws up the eyebrows, the latter compresses the flesh over the eyes, and makes it descend over the upper eyelids. The subject not allowing the artist to embellish nature, he has exerted himself to display contention and vigour. In those places where there is the greatest agony, there is also great beauty. The left side, on which the furious serpent makes its attack, seems to be in the greatest pain, from its proximity to the heart. This part of the body may be called a prodigy of art. Laocoon wishes to raise his legs in order to escape. No part of the figure is in repose. The very flesh, by the skill of the artist, has the appearance of being benumbed."

AGRICULTURAL INDUSTRY AND ART IN THE STATES OF THE CHURCH.

To those who have been taught by the English press to regard Papal government and retrograde policy as convertible terms, I recommend the perusal of the following articles, which I extract from the valuable Roman correspondence, published some four or five years ago in the *Weekly Telegraph*, a Dublin paper at present known as the *Catholic Telegraph, or Irish Sun*. The agricultural prosperity and industrial progress which they show to have existed so soon after the shock of a revolution, from whose disastrous effects the country has scarcely yet recovered,

will perhaps astonish some who have derived the little information they possess upon these subjects from (to speak mildly) sources considerably less veracious than that from which I quote.

The first article, dated from Bologna, July 31st, 1854, refers to the agricultural condition of that portion of the Roman States known as the Provinces of the Legations, and furnishes an admirable account of the Agrarian Society, which has so largely contributed to encourage and give an intelligent direction to the rural industry of "Fat Bologna:"—

"The manner in which agriculture has been encouraged by the Church is well known to all versed in the story of Christian civilization. Catholicism has, one might say, not only afforded stimulants, but imparted a sacredness to these pursuits, so intimately connected with the welfare of humanity. And in no region under the temporal dominion of the Papacy may this principle, with its results, be studied more interestingly than in the provinces of the Legations, or 'Emilia Pontificia.' It is sufficient to glance at the luxuriant and beautiful regions of mountain and plain, the culture carried high up the swelling Apennines, and extending like one vast garden over the low country bounded by the Adriatic, as visible from every elevated spot near this city, to be convinced that *here* a direction has been given to human industry from the highest principle, and one great object in the occupations of man upon earth has been worthily accomplished. I look at Bologna and the magnificent landscape around from the heights immediately beyond the western line of its walls, and cannot help being sceptical as to the representations of misery, of social disorder and inertness, resulting, by fatal necessity, from the assumed defectiveness of ecclesiastical government. Much rather might the imagination infer, in regard to the rulers of this fair and heaven-favoured territory, that *theirs* must indeed

be a place among the enviably happy princes, whose beneficent vocation has been

> 'To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
> And read their history in a nation's eyes!'

"It was in 1802 that an Agrarian Society was first founded at Bologna, though not till five years subsequently that its systematized studies and periodical conferences had commencement. For facilitating its operations, this society divided the province into imaginary regions, from each of which were sought out, for corresponding members, the individuals most capable of assisting in the attainment of the main objects proposed; namely, to effect improvements in the general methods of rural industry; to bring to light the most useful reforms, and give the most intelligent direction to the practice of agriculture in these parts. Rules were drawn up, and approved immediately by the Government at Rome, which did not hesitate to supply a fund for its expenses, and assign an estate for the experiments of this society. But in the political vicissitudes which supervened shortly after the date 1807, these useful labours were suspended, the funds were withdrawn, and silence was imposed by authority on the members of the association promising so many advantages. It was not till the time of the Legation of Cardinal Spinola, under Gregory XVI., that the urgent representations of the Bolognese municipality in favour of, and praying restoration for, the suppressed society, were submitted to Government through the recommendatory interposition of the Legate, and a sanction for the reintegration finally obtained from his Holiness. An exhibition of the agrarian products of these parts became the great *desideratum* after the recommencement of operations by the society; and on occasion of its extraordinary session in 1850, a welcome communication was received from the Apostolic Commissary, Monsignor

Bedini, announcing that, through his influence, the Minister of Commerce and Public Works had been induced to authorize the opening of such an exhibition. This was accordingly carried into effect during October of the year following, when the collection exhibited remained public for four days, in the restored Legatine villa, S. Michele, obligingly lent for this occasion by the Commissary. A committee, which had made every previous arrangement to secure a worthy representation of local industry, produce, &c., acted as umpires, to select, among the objects presented, such as were entitled to the prizes munificently bestowed by Monsignor Bedini. The exhibition was divided into twelve classes, including implements of agriculture, models for the various purposes of rural industry, specimens of every description of grain, fruits, legumes and herbs, flowers, animal and vegetable productions (among the former, different silks, among the latter, a variety of wines), besides a show of cattle, sheep, and horses. The last-issued regulations for the Agrarian Society, decreed in December, 1847, I have before me. They import that the main object of this body's existence is the general amelioration of agriculture, but particularly in this province; that the Cardinal Legate is to be *ex officio* its protector; that its *personnel* is to be composed of ordinary, honorary, and corresponding members—the ordinary to be in number forty, those only having votes in the conferences, and selected from the most experienced in practical or theoretical agriculture to be found among proprietors of this province; the honorary to be chosen with similar regard to qualifications, and within the same prescribed limits, their number being undetermined; the correspondents to be divided into two classes—first, those distinguished for practical knowledge of agrarian art, domiciled within this province, but not resident in its chief city; second, persons of whatever province or country, similarly distinguished; and in both these classes the num-

ber also is indefinite. Sectional deputations are established in the chief town of each division marked out on the provincial map, to whose body the parochial clergy, with others of respected position, by right pertain. The President of the Society is nominated by the Sacred Congregation of Studies at Rome, on a *terna* or proposal of three, by a plurality of votes from the entire body, united in extraordinary session; and this official names the Vice-President at his pleasure. A Secretary and Treasurer are attached to the Society; and it is the office of the former to present a report of the proceedings in the previous year, at each public session, annually held for the distribution of prizes, proposition of problems and experiments. The ordinary and private sessions are held during six months of each year—from December to May; and at each of these is read at least one dissertation on some agronomic argument, followed by discussion, suggestion, or explanation. In those sessions, also, experiments are proposed for approval, to be carried out with funds assigned by the Society, and under the superintendence of an apposite committee. Every year at least two prizes are offered for the encouragement of agrarian enterprise, besides that also annually promised for the solution of a problem. proposed—essays of competitors for which will be admitted from whatever country, with the usual precautions adopted by academic bodies in Italy, and permission of the anonymous to concurrents. Memoirs read in the sessions are annually published, with the consent of their authors, in a volume, and at shorter intervals in the form of unbound pamphlets. Those compositions to which prizes have been adjudicated the society also makes public, and occasionally causes to be printed instructions addressed to agriculturists, for their practical guidance."

The second article which I quote gives some statistics of the same province, which, as the writer remarks, will

be interesting "to those who desire more than generalities:"—

"Details throwing light on the condition of a country, where the outward signs of prosperity are striking as here, may be of interest to those who desire more than generalities of description or sketches drawn from a picturesque combination of externals. From the publications above alluded to I am able to supply particulars, that might be extended far beyond the limits of any letter, and still prove worthy attention to those curious respecting this country. The indirect taxation (or catastal value) of the Bolognese province is estimated, in its rural district, at £3,804,355. 8s.; that of the urban districts, taken collectively, at £1,155,106 (amounts I give in English money). Every year are sown in this province 260,000 bushels of grain, legumes, &c., and reaped from 750 to 800,000 of the measure called *corba*—equivalent to two bushels. In other kinds the average annual produce is about 26 million pounds of hemp, and 180,000 lbs. of rice—the cultivation of which was, not long since, first introduced by a proprietor member of the Agrarian Society. The usual quantity of wine yielded by the Bolognese vintage is from 25 to 30,000 *castellate* (the highest liquid measure in use here)—a castellata being equal to 600 *boccali*, and the latter to four *faghitte*, or pints; but that of the last year did not yield more than 9,199; in consequence of which the price of the ordinary wines is at present almost quadrupled. What great reason, however, can there be for complaint even at this maximum, when the gifts of Bacchus are, as I find now the case here, attainable to all classes for sums equivalent to a few pence in English coinage; six bajocchi (about 3d.) being the price for a substantial bottle of very refreshing, if not first-rate, white wine. About 110,000 head of oxen pasture on these fields and mountains, with 70,000 sheep; and to complete these statistics of animal life, must be enumerated 30,000 swine

and 8,000 horses. In the mountain region the inhabitants, who are reported as 94,218, are for the most part small proprietors. On their soil is annually sown about the measure of 80,000 bushels of grain, and cultivation has been for many years gaining ground among the Apennine valleys and acclivities they inhabit. But this fact is not hailed with unmitigated satisfaction by the experienced, as it is found that the cutting of forests, and removal of other natural barriers, expose both mountain and plain to more desolating tempests, more overwhelming inundations; during the last ninety years observation having ascertained that these visitations have become more frequently and disastrously violent to the Bolognese neighbourhood. From 1801 to 1845 the waters of the Reno, whose bed is now completely dry in the track nearest to this city, reached or exceeded the height of their banks in 236 instances. From 1846 to 1850 those partial inundations occurred in fifty-four instances; and thus the average appears to have increased by six, attaining now the number of eleven inundations in the year—not that *all* are to the same extent seriously detrimental. The population of the plains is given as 187,782; and here are those harvests produced in which consists the main wealth of the province, the amount of grain annually sown being 180,000 bushels; and taking the returns of produce, in an unusually unfavourable harvest, that of the past year, I find 192,120 *corbe* of wheat, 82,514 of other grains and legumes; while for 1852 the former amounted to 212,176 *corbe*, the produce of the vintage to 18,934 *castellatè*. The high cultivation of this territory is considered not so much due to the natural qualities of soil as to the energy and expenditure of its owners. Taken in its normal state, that cultivation is divided into three classes, determined by the nature of the soil (which, formed by fluvial deposits, in its prevailing geologic character, is for the most part argillaceous). To

the first pertain, arriving at the greatest redundance, corn, wheat, hemp, every species of legumes and herbs, fruitful vines of the best quality, and meadows for grazing; to the second, the same description of grains and hemp, but less luxuriant, requiring more toilsome industry and more expensive systems of culture; in the third, whose level is the lowest, both corn and wine are yielded, but the former in less abundance, the latter of inferior quality. Marshy tracks are appropriated to rice-plantations; and much extent of land, where there is little natural irrigation left to pasturage or hayfields. The most depressed in level and unfertile portion included within this division is only serviceable for the production of reeds and other wild plants, that serve for manure, litter, the uses of cultivating and training hemp or the vine. The condition of the Bolognese husbandman is in every respect comfortable. He is not paid by his employer in money, but equally divides with him the entire produce in kind, the cattle, the orchard and garden fruits, the measure of the new-made wine—one-half pertaining to the master, the other to the aggregate body of his labourers. The lately completed harvest has been one of the most prosperous; and though the disease of the grape has become in several places manifest, the same threats of its desolating violence have not been by any means apparent as within this distance of time from the vintage in past years. On the picturesque old Piazza Maggiore of Bologna, the daily market of vegetables and fruits, with piled-up stalls for the sale of the whitest bread I have ever seen (and the sweetest), is now presenting, in most animated scenes, sufficiently convincing proof how bounteous Nature has been to these regions. Here the stalls, spread out like an encampment, under awnings, are, I am assured, replenished not less than seven times daily with their tempting provisions—such the consumption of well-fed Bologna!".

The third of these remarkable articles, and the last one I shall quote, is dated from Rome, and is a summary of a report published in the official paper, of manufactures and produce sent to the French Exhibition in 1855.

"Industrial progress in the Papal States has lately been attested in a satisfactory manner by the report published in the *Giornale di Roma*, of manufactures and produce sent for the Great Exhibition to Paris. In this list, besides a great variety of objects belonging to the categories of fine arts, are included specimens of manufactures and manufactured articles from most of the provincial towns, as well as from Rome. Bologna contributes several samples of silk, hemp, rice, &c.; and the Agrarian Society, long established in that city, forwards specimens of every description of wood, indigenous or cultivated after transplantation, in its province. The institution analogous to the above-named at Ferara, sends ears of wheat, the hemp called 'Canapis sativa,' and other kinds, raw silks, plants, tartaric acid of potass, conserves of fruit, and tiles for pavement, ingeniously painted, so as to represent carpets, damask, or *tarsia* of inlaid woods. Silk is also forwarded from Ancona, and paper from the great factory of Fabriano, in the province of Macerata. The principal hospital and polytechnic school in Rome, San Michel, furnishes copies in tapestry from antique mosaics, and dyed clothes for regimentals, Among the most distinguished artists in Rome, native and foreign, who have forwarded some of their works, we find the names of Gibson, Benzoni, and Wolff; also Podesti, who supplies a great historical picture, which I have lately seen at his studio, and much admired for its power of conception no less than vividness of colouring—an episode in the siege of Ancona (his native city), where so gallant a defence was made against the troops of the Emperor, headed by the Archbishop of Mayence, A.D. 1160. In another walk—that of mechanic industry applied to art—a new discovery has

been carried to perfection at the Roman College, by the learned Father Taperelli-Azeglio, one of the principal writers in the *Civiltà Cattolica*. Aided by a skilful mechanic named Alessandroni, he has at last matured the invention which had occupied him many years ago, of a musical instrument he calls 'violecimbalo' (or *violin-cymbal*), described as one in which the chords of the pianoforte, rendered sonorous by means of attrition, which can be increased or relaxed at pleasure, produce sounds analogous to the violin, in the acute, and the viol in the middle, and the violoncello in the bass notes. When at Palermo in 1842, he had resolved first to apply the mechanism thus united to the pianoforte chords, and the application is said to have been progressing to successful results, till interrupted by the troubles of '48, when (as the *Civiltà* expresses it) 'the great promoters of all civil improvements' drove him from the quiet of his cell, and destroyed a fine organ he possessed in the convent, to cast the lead, of which its interior was partly constructed, into bullets. By the judgment of the first masters in Rome, it is added, this instrument is allowed 'to vie with every other yet invented, in the suavity, vigour, and readiness of its tones.'"

STRAY NOTES ON ART.

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

(The following article, which I published lately in the *Lamp*, has, perhaps, sufficient connection with some of the subjects introduced into the foregoing pages to warrant its insertion here):—

"When Reynolds commenced his career, he found art opposed in England by every obstacle that could be thrown in its way: painting and sculpture alike interdicted, the hand of genius cramped and fettered, the talents of English-

men checked and their imagination chilled into unnatural repose; the fame of the mighty had passed away, and that of the feeble and insignificant had taken its place. At this period, however, a few of the better spirits rallied, united their forces, and, having made good their claims to a settlement, after wandering on the earth like paupers without a home, a resting-place was found, and 'a local habitation and a name' were assigned them. But not yet had England regained her ancient taste, not yet had warmed in its favour the coldness and indifference which long had sneered discouragingly upon art. When the artists, desirous to show their gratitude for having had thus much conceded to them, made a proposition to ornament some public and national buildings with examples of their prowess, and offered their labours gratuitously, their offers were rejected. Boydell, too, who proposed about this time a national illustration of Shakspeare, was beggared, and his gallery dispersed by lot amongst gamblers. And Barry, at the same chilly period in the history of English art, might be seen, without means, without friends, and without the stimulus of sympathy or encouragement, for seven years labouring devotedly all day at his great work at the rooms of the Adelphi Society, and at night, in the gloom and chill of loneliness, in the cold that pinched the body and the neglect that wrung the heart, with eyes worn with toil, limbs wearied with exertion, spirits exhausted, and feelings tortured by alternate hopes, fears, and disappointments, obliged to make some little picture-sketch or etching to raise the means of subsistence, with the dread certainty in his mind that if this means failed his work must stop. However, the struggle, thus nobly begun by the fathers of British art, was continued and upheld with that sort of spirit and perseverance which warm hearts and steady principles never fail to bestow. The consequence was, that public attention was excited, and the good feeling and natural

affection for art common to all ranks and classes, which had so long lain dormant, was roused into life and stimulated into activity. Ever since, a taste for the fine arts has been spreading more and more widely amongst the people, and one of the happiest signs of the age in which we live is, that, contemporaneously with an unexampled development of mechanical science, there has sprung up a healthy and increasing popular regard for the fine arts. True, we may now and then catch the muttered reclamations of some mercenary dullard, or see his eyes and hands raised in sordid consternation at the price that is sometimes paid for a picture or a statue of extraordinary excellence; but yet it is undeniable that great and manifest improvement has of late taken place. The throwing open of the national collections for public inspection, and the establishment of Schools of Design and Mechanics' Institutes have done much in this way. They have awakened the public interest and largely contributed to the popularization of art and its extended cultivation; and now we may often find individuals of even the less-informed classes looking with countenances beaming with intelligence upon a statue or a painting, and if not admiring with a critical eye and refined taste, at least exhibiting a natural gratification at the contemplation of the sculptor's and the painter's labours. This, indeed, is highly satisfactory, for all men of sound and liberal feeling are now agreed that the arts have a place among the noblest influences that can be brought to bear on the formation of human character,—an influence awakening and unfolding wide and subtile and heavenly sympathies with all that is grand and beautiful in the universe, tending to strengthen, and so purify, the soul by the familiar 'joy of elevated thoughts,' and to invest it with an habitual air of nobleness and delicate susceptibility, the true elements of honour, the essential virtue and the chivalrous spirit of courtesy, and the dearest attributes of a generous and manly nature.

"Still, however, while we look with satisfaction on this general growth of reverence for art, we cannot but notice the necessity for the inculcation of clearer and juster views than have hitherto found acceptance with the multitude, as well of the differential ideas and specific designation of the particular forms of art as of their common utility and moral value. At present we will confine ourselves to the task of pointing out the cardinal distinctions which obtain between one and another of the genial arts, and particularly the distinctive rule of sculpture as opposed to the sister art of painting; and as we are about to enter into this subject, the first thing that challenges our observation is the vast superiority of the old Greek sculptors to all that the world has seen in later times. In what, and why, have they been superior?

"We answer, they in the first place excelled in the knowledge of the human figure, obtaining at the national games a knowledge as necessary to the accomplished artist as are the common principles of mechanics to the carpenter. For who looks — even the most cursory observer — at those glorious monuments of ancient Greece, those models of structure and of beauty, of which a *torso* alone was sufficient to school the grandest genius in the renewal of art, and does not note with wonder the amazing perfection of their external anatomy? Hence the grandeur and likeness to nature in those great remains of art. Hence the perfect embodiment of torturous grief in the 'Laocoon,' and of godlike dignity in the 'Apollo.' But the superiority of the Grecian sculptor lay not alone in the faultless anatomy of his productions, nor even in the exquisite moulding and clearness of outline, preserved through all the softnesses and delicate flexures of a carnation, so flowing and lifelike as to suggest the thought of sensibility, and even of vital warmth in the cold marble, but in the very subject and the mode of its conception. The quick and ardent tempera-

ment of the Greek, with its rapid power of perception, enabled him to enter with enthusiasm into the most minute shades of character which his work was intended to display, and to bring his mind into perfect conformity with it. The grand secret, however, of the supremacy of the Greek in sculpture lay in the mythic character of the beings represented. There was nothing of actual nature about them—they were not complicated with worldly accompaniments, or realistic memories—they were copies of no existing forms—they were imitations of no flesh-and-blood originals—there was about them nothing of the individual, with its thousand unfixable accidents of passion and circumstance—nothing of the fluctuating and transitory self; all was of the changeless and immortal, fresh with the dews of perennial youth, and steeped in the light of that peace which the storms of time cannot trouble. The glorious shapes of the Greek mythology were universal truths of humanity to which an outward sensuous adumbration had thus been given; they were absolute ideas humanized and made palpable,—living thoughts, wrought by the master-mind that conceived them, into actual and visible revelation. True, they bore the names of individual gods and heroes; but it must be remembered that these were known to the artist not as the mere creatures of doubtful tradition, whom the popular fancy had hung about with quaint legends and stories of incredible achievement, but the celestial incarnation of those deep and clear verities which the legendary figments and corrupted allegories of former generations had enveloped and outshadowed. Take, for instance, the 'Apollo.' What was the Deity himself but another name for the young spirit of joyousnesss—the impersonated temperament of genius,—that spirit of which harmony is the utterance, and light the very effluence and symbol?

"But it has been said that Christianity affords the modern sculptor more felicitous subjects for the exercise of

his art than the inventions of mythology, or the creations of uninspired poetry presented to the Greeks. This, however, is an error, and one fruitful of much mischief among sculptors of the present century. Nothing is statuesque that cannot be conceived absolutely and apart. But the main ideas of Christianity are in themselves so essentially undefinable—they so implicate themselves on every side with other and kindred truths—they so involve and inextricably blend with, melt into, lose themselves in one another, that you could as easily mark the precise boundaries of each several hue in the rainbow, as isolate or call up an abstract notion of any of them. The Christian religion, moreover, appeals to feelings far deeper than those from which the old religious system had sprung, and the new life which it infuses into the whole spiritual being of man, the seriousness with which it invests all occupations, and the awful responsibilities of an unseen and eternal world which it teaches, do not naturally ally themselves to forms of external beauty.

"But then, again, it may be urged that the Christian histories, abounding in incidents pregnant with the nobleness of man—ministrations to suffering humanity under every shape—uncompromising conflicts with the demons of vice and error, and all the rich pathos of those strong endurances which are the mightiest of all contests, offer subjects for the chisel far grander and more impressive than the fables of mythological antiquity. Another error. Incidents are not the property of sculpture, but of painting. St. Peter curing the cripple, makes a fine picture, and is one of the most striking and effective of Raffaelle's cartoons; but not Praxiteles himself could out of that incident evolve a truly fine statue. No; the subjects afforded both by the Christian religion and its history are totally foreign to the legitimate province of the chisel; and hence it is that with Paganism we see sculpture has also declined, and the rudely-

carved crucifix, or the still more unshapely image of some patron saint, is all that the artistic spirit of the Greek produced after the establishment of Christianity as the religion of the State. Nay, so far had the art of which we speak been injured by this event, that the ancient religious system having been looked upon either as a monstrous fable or the delusion of evil spirits, and the graceful embodiments of its mythology as the residence of demons, not a single statue has come down to us which has not been mutilated by the hammer of the iconoclast.

"But certainly, as much as Christianity, by displacing the old mythological faith, has withdrawn from the readiest sources of sculpture, so much has it conferred of new splendours and affluence upon painting. The reality with which it invests everything, the lofty moral which it inculcates, the deep pathos which it breathes, awaken and enlist the strongest emotions of the heart; whilst the unequalled grandeur of the great events which it records presents to the pencil of the painter objects upon which to exercise his powers so transcendent and unearthly that the most soaring genius could never have caught a glimpse of them even in his loftiest flights. And here we find the reason why the masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were as far superior to the painters of ancient Greece as were the Greek sculptors to Bandinelli or Canova,—the reason why the paintings of the Medicean age were of such infinitely rarer worth than any which came from the pencils of Apelles or his brethren. We know it has been said that the ancient Greeks were as accomplished and pre-eminent in the art of painting as in that of sculpture, and that as late as the middle of the thirteenth century it was actually the Greek painters who fled to Italy on the sacking of Constantinople that taught the Italians the grace of their art. But the testimony of all the examples preserved to us, and the authority of recorded facts, are directly opposed

to this absurd supposition. The fact is, the Greeks brought over with them but the lifeless remains, the mere implements and materials of their departed art. It required the vigorous soil of new unexhausted minds to revive them into effective existence; and these Italy spontaneously afforded in her Cimabue, Giotto, and the whole glorious line of creative minds of that period, closing with Michael Angelo and Raffaelle the divine.

"But now that we have spoken so much of Greek and Italian artists, and are on the subject of painting, we cannot refrain from turning homeward again, and concluding by briefly comparing the productions of our native painters with those of the continent. No—we will not make an entire comparison. We would willingly say a word of praise and encouragement here to the British and Irish artists, and we will confine ourselves to the single branch of landscape-painting, in which we unhesitatingly adjudge them the palm of excellence. Who will deny it that has seen their productions of this kind? Who that has seen the grey moss-clad ruins telling us of the dear old time long, long ago,—the lonely sunny islands, girt with a zone of silvery waters,—the broad, wild seashore, with its bright breakers and free winds, and sounding rocks, and eternal sensation of tameless power,—the plesaunce fair,—the meek, low dwelling-house, covered with wild roses and clematis, and the thousand other happily-selected subjects of our native pencil.

"But while we thus give our countrymen all the praise they deserve—and are proud to have it in our power to do so—we must at the same time remind them that they are not to take too much credit to themselves for their superiority in this department of art. The circumstances under which they are placed are more favourable to the development of this particular talent than those enjoyed by the painters of Rome, Naples, or Madrid. Beneath the azure

sky of those sunny climes there is little opportunity of studying the exquisite beauty attendant upon the foliage, the verdure, the aqueous vapour of atmosphere, which so peculiarly belong to our ever-varying climate. The tints —independently of form, and of light, and of shadow—which are displayed in vegetation, are not visible in an Italian landscape; the mosses, the flowering, the creeping plants which give an air of richness which it is within the compass of art to delineate, are almost unknown in that favoured land. And on this account it is that Claude, with all his fine feeling for beauty of form, has not attempted to imitate those wonders of nature with which he had no opportunity of becoming familiar. Passing the greater part of his existence at Rome or at Naples, highly-ornamented nature was the result of the circumstances under which he was placed. The neighbourhood of Rome furnished him with buildings falling into ruin, the characters of beauty still lingering over their decaying columns. These he has delineated with masterly effect; but he could not be expected to have reaped from his field of study what did not exist therein.

"True, the Italian landscapes of a particular class are very lovely. Take up, for instance, a picture of Naples. Do you not feel as if you had been suddenly transported to the resplendent City of the Syren—that piece of heaven fallen to earth! There it is—the bright, the beautiful—*fidelissima Napoli!—Napoli la gentile e la nobile!* Behold Vesuvius at its side, losing its gilded tops amidst clouds of purple smoke, and the forests of Castellemare dipping their dark foliage in the azure sea.

"'I see it all—'tis all as bright as when upon my brow
Fell the full gleam of gladsomeness which is but memory now.'

Notice that house with its grotesque carving and character; that one next it, with its arabesques rich as a bank of flowers in spring, and lovely as a dream; and that one farther off,

with its gray dome and marble shafts fading faint into the purple light of distance. Mark the clearness of tint and tone in that bright, measureless, liquid, unfathomable sky. The streets are hushed in the midday quietude of southern climes. It is the hour consecrated by the Italians to repose or domestic intercourse. The long-bearded lazzaroni are stretched with closed eyes against a church pillar, or under the shade of some projecting portico, where the sun's rays find no access. The few pedestrians seem to loiter with noiseless steps. Even the old dream-like, richly-chiselled marble *palazzi* themselves appear to slumber in their own broad-cast shadows; not a breeze or zephyr disturbs the drapery of their overhanging balconies. Domes, columns, and spires are all bathed in the warm, voluptuous, golden lustre of dazzling Italian sunlight, beneath whose brightening influence they tower in grandeur to the sky. The glorious bay itself is without a ripple; the soft, balmy air, loaded with flower-breaths, scarcely stirs, and everything that meets the eye speaks the *dolce far niente* of the southern land. While you look on this enchanting picture, can you forbear to exclaim with the enraptured inhabitants of the delightful city it represents, 'See Naples and die!'—*Vedi Napoli e poi mori.*

"Or take up that picture of Rome. It is a gorgeous evening. The skies are full of light and glory, although the sun has already sunk from view. The young crescent of the early moon sheds as yet but a faint illumination over the wondrous sublimity of St. Peter's and the stupendous majesty of the Coliseum. Away on all sides twilight is still purpling with its dying fires the surrounding country, which, drooping from the heat of a summer day, seems to gain new life from the perfumed breeze of night. You cannot mistake it. This is Rome—*Roma la Santa!* Proud, glorious Rome! seat of the Popes, citadel of the Cæsars! Here thou art with all the glorious associations which cluster

around thee! Rome! on which no eye can gaze with indifference; the Eternal City, once the abode of gods and the grand asylum of mankind! Rome! which religion has consecrated! Rome! on which painting and sculpture have lavished their choicest inspirations, and for which music and poetry have lent their aid to stir the deepest fountains of the heart! Those temples and palaces raise themselves proudly to heaven, types of the mighty minds that have called thee home; and the souls of the great and good still seem to hover over and to hallow thee!

"Or from this turn to that lovely country landscape. The beauty of the scenery, the sweet seclusion of the place, and the bust which graces that quiet grave, tell us that we are in Arqua, and at the tomb of the immortal Petrarch. One almost feels the wind breathe gently here; the clear, calm moonlight smiles chastely on this silent spot, as if nature herself would fain shed her softest, sweetest beauty over the poet's resting-place. The passing traveller stops to pay his tribute of veneration to the ashes of the illustrious dead. 'How vain,' he seems to say, 'is the desire of renown, the wish for earthly honour! The grave opens alike for a Petrarch, a Dante, a Tasso, as for the meanest husbandman that tills the vineyard of their native land; and what avails it now that their memory is embalmed in the hearts of all those who can appreciate genius, elegance, and poetry?'

"All this is beautiful, highly beautiful. But now let us look for a moment at the productions of the British painters. One takes you to the gentle undulations of mountain scenery. Do you not think that those mist-wreaths roll away while you look on, or that you can brush the dew off the heather of those breezy and wide-stretching downs? Another presents you with a forest scene. Mark his firm, nervous touches; how wildly he throws about the gnarled arms of those short-stemmed,

broad-headed oaks; how gently he contrasts with them the silver birches running up beside their rugged neighbours, like lines of light! What faithful expressions he gives of the different kinds of foliage! And again, what knowledge he shows of the play of light and shade, which weaves a golden lacework over every inch of fern and greensward! A third displays to you, in the misty effects of sunrise and sunset, Nature in her glorious dreams, in which all hard realities seem melted into forms of ideal beauty. A fourth places before your view the inland sea cradled in the green bosom of the hills—the lake dark, yet lustrous as highly-polished marble, with its wooded islet and the precipitous crags that, crowding together over its brink, burst upon the sight in gloomy grandeur,—the majestic river that flows on in peaceful pomp through pastoral or sylvan valleys,—the running stream and the broad torrent, that dashes along from crag to chasm. Observe the sparkling purity of those crystal waters, and the magic of reflection which this artist gives us. A fifth again takes you among the uplands. It is showery weather. See that ploughman driving his team up the brown shoulder of that hill, while the watery rays of the sun gleam upon his passing share. Look, with a sixth, at that long plain stretched out before you, bathed in mellow sunlight; the tall, stately trees fling their shadows on ruminating cattle and ever-browsing sheep; and in the distance the blue smoke creeping slowly over the landscape gives a feeling of intense repose to the scene. And a seventh introduces you to an old lock-keeper. He is opening the gates with his back, gradually pushing against the lock-arm, chatting the while with the bargee in his red woollen cap, who lazily sways the helm with his hip—the quiet, crooked smoke-wreaths climbing up from the little funnel of the cabin against the shadows of that old majestic tree.

"Such are the subjects of British landscape-painting. We

have shown enough to give an idea of its characteristics, and to justify us in the high opinion we have expressed in its regard. And we doubt not that those who will examine the specimens we have produced, and even they who may consider this subject more fully than we have thought fit to do here, will agree with us in saying that our countrymen have a well-established superiority in this branch of art. Not a word will we say of their defects, and thus we get ourselves out of that *malheur des malheurs*—an artistic contest; for, be it observed, that there is no antagonist—not poet nor journalist, no, nor lady enraged—so inveterate as your polemic artist."

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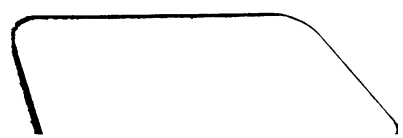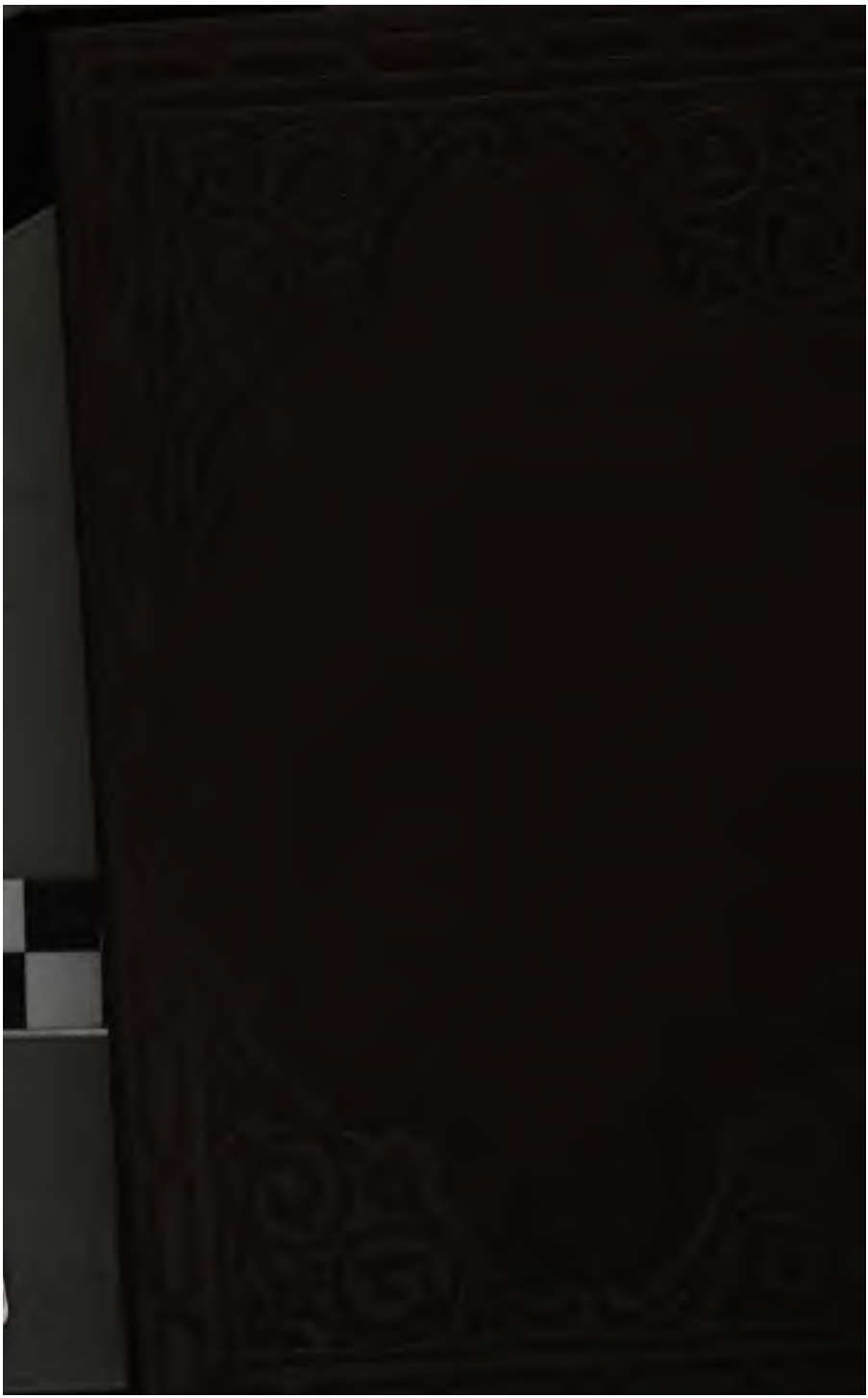
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